THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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Greeting.

God save ye all, my merry masters
And kindly dames, from all disasters;
Accept a hearty Christmas greeting
On this our annual Christmas meeting
We greet each in his own abode
Or in the town or on the road.
Tragic or comic, stock or star,
We greet you near, we greet you far,
From "Old Long Island's sea-beat shore,"
Where wild Atlantic surges roar,
To that mysterious Golden Gate
Where Fame and Fortune lie in wait
To crown the hardy miner's toil
With wreath of gold and silvern spoil,
While wandering o'er our Western lands,
Well-nigh worn out with one-night stands,
The weary barn-stormer eye doth pine
(One foot too much in that last line;
"But that's not much") to grasp our sheet,
Names of far distant friends to meet
And news of interest to all
Who by the *Drr* a stand or fall.
The manager, with purse well filled,
Sees what attractions should be billed,
And, seated in his regal chair,
Dictates his terms, or foul or fair,
To knots of anxious combinations
Who wait his stern decrees with patience.
The star remarks, with conscious pride,
His name spread o'er a whole broadside
Of cards, and in the local columns
His triumphs and receipts speak volumes,
And swell "the bubble Reputation."
For quite a "small consideration"
The stock inserts his modest card,
And gets engagements by the yard.
Wherefore, 'tis plain the advice is wise,
"Advertise!" or else "advert*ise*"
Pronounce it how you please; but do it;
You'll find your interest "into" it.
The Amateur, who would to follow try
The "goddess," or goddess, "of idolatry,"
Will find on our fair page the record
Of his, or her career. Tho' chequered
It may be, yet 'tis "fairly writ,"
And read by gallery, boxes, pit,
For wheresoever the Drama's found
Our "trusty messengers" abound,
And send by telegraph or mail,
Or wafted by the tav'ling gale,
Or by the swift-revolving screw,
The late items fresh and new.
Thus distant objects are brought nearer
Reflected in our magic MIRROR.
"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;"
And so, we never take e'en one bar's rest—
Sempre crescendo, accellerando,
You'll find all things we put a hand to.
From London we receive a letter
From Howard Paul—who can be better?
And news from Paris you will find
From one who ne'er will lag behind,
But skim the cream of that gay city,
Whence come the styles that make so pretty
Our lady readers, who are "*Worth*
A Jew's eye;" please assist the birth
Of that poor pun, nor deem us silly,
Because you know that, willy-nilly
All female aspirants for fame,
Tragic or comic be their aim,
Must still be measured by their *Worth*—
For Fashion reigns supreme on earth.
And without *Worth* they'll surely fail,
And be, as stars, worth—naught at all.
And now, kind friends, we've said our say.
To all, both near and far away,
We wish in Love and Friendship dear,
A Merry Christmas and a blithe New Year!

A Rocky Mountain Shampoo.

BY JOHN McCULLOUGH.

Some years ago, a trip to California across the plains was not a luxurious slide in comfortable parlors over steel rails, as it is now. Part of the journey, to be sure, was by steam; but the rest was by Concord coaches, mule teams, ponies and other miscellaneous means of transit. The "last spike" had not yet been driven; the Atlantic and Pacific had not shaken hands across the Rocky Mountains; the prairie dog did not sit on his latter end, combing his whiskers with his fore-paws as the train rushed past, with a sublime indifference, as he does now. Antelope and buffalo were plenty on the plain, and "bar," both grizzly and cinnamon, haunted the far-reaching rocks; the sage hen laid her eggs and brought up her offspring in peace, and the song of the coyote was heard in the land. Mr. Lo still pervaded his happy hunting-grounds in force. Not the poor Indian of the latter days, who paints one side of his figurehead red and the other black when he has made a strike at poker, and whose scalping is confined to skinning his fellow-bucks out of their hard-begged dimes; but the real, genuine "noble savage" of romance, full of dirt and deviltry, raving for rum, and ready for the rampage.

In those trying times I crossed the plains in company with a stout old California forty-niner, a man of mettle, whose name was——never mind; everybody called him "General," so General let him be. Full of strange oaths and hearded like the pard was the General, and his voluminous hirsuteness was grey with alkali dust, contracted during a long day's travel over the wide waste of desert that forms the *plateau* round about which the Rocky Mountains rise in pinnacled grandeur. Toward sundown we halted at a place now called Green River and one of the stations on the great transcontinental railroad that girds with a band of iron the American continent. In those days it was a lonely settlement, consisting of a few shingle shanties, six gambling saloons, where faro and monte were played in the free air of heaven, with no police to molest them, and a canvas-back hotel, where hash was dispensed and liquor flowed freely. A billiard table and barber's chair decorated the interior; two small bedrooms were at the back, as if they were not liable to be often called for, as indeed they were not, the citizens mostly preferring to turn in standing under the nearest table. A bar of a size proportionate to its importance in the social polity of the community occupied the main part of the edifice, and here the prominent citizens convened for rest and relaxation all hours of the twenty-four, for night was unknown in a place where nobody ever went to bed except in cases of *delirium tremens*, when the sufferer failed in his efforts to "drink right through them," that being the received and acknowledged medical treatment for the malady known in the mountains as "jim-jams," and rather cultivated as a pleasant excitement varying the monotony of existence, and leaving a flavor of romance that elevated it to the same plane of nervo-cerebral excitement or spiritual frenzy that inspired the Pythoness of Apollo in Delphos, or stimulates the Fakir in "the gorgeous Ind" as he "wheels about and turns about and does just so" in the performance of his sacred salutations, or twists his limbs into human filagree work like a contortionist of arrested development.

We arrived—the General and I—and entered the "hotel" for hash and repose. The hash was not ready, and the repose was problematical; but as we pursued our way to the office, a pine-wood table in a remote corner of the bar-room, the General was aware of the barber's chair towering in solitary majesty above the thong-bottomed seats and three-legged stools that furnished forth the saloon. The sight of the tonsorial accommodation caused the alkali dust to tickle the commander's head and jaws; visions of a soft shampoo rose before his inflamed vision, and, jumping into the chair, he called for the barber.

After about a quarter of an hour's hollowing a greasy citizen with a bulbous nose, redolent of rum, and quivering with recent "shakes," shambled along.

"What appears to be the trouble, pard?" said he with that easy familiarity that is so sweetly characteristic of mountain manners; "is yer Ma handed in hef checks, or has somebody busted yer Pa's crust, and yer bewailin' the loss of yer parients?"

"I want a shampoo," said the General, mildly, for he, mighty man of war though he was, felt somewhat awed by the manner of the man, and was willing to conciliate him.

"Shampoo," returned the barber of Green River. "Shampoo! haint got none, nary bot. All drunk up when the surveyors was here last."

"I don't mean champagne," mildly replied the officer in the chair; "I want a shampoo, you know—wash my head and beard off with bay rum to clean out the alkali."

"Bay rum!" shouted the barber of Green River. "Why, you goldurned, everlastin' fool, bay rum's worth ten dollars a bottle here, and the boys has drinked it all up last night. D'ye think I'd waste good bay rum on the outside when there's so many insides a thirstin' for it? Not much. I won't, old pard, and don't ye forget it."

"Florida water," meekly suggested the General?

"Floridy water," howled the now infuriated tonsor. "Floridy water's kep here for to bring up the babies on. I'll rub your skull with pepper-vinegar if ye like—that's the best thing for alkali dust."

"Thank you," observed the General, mildly getting up from the chair, "I don't think I'll be shampooed this time, another time," and we proceeded on our search for hash, unwashed, unshampooed and wondering.

EDWIN BOOTH AS RICHELIEU.

How an Opera Company Worked Its Passage.

BY FRED LYSTER.

There is some strange affinity between actors and sailors. Rarely does one meet an operatic or dramatic company in which you will not find some members who have, at one period of their lives, followed the sea; and there are few ships' crews without a sprinkling of castaway actors who have deserted the shrine of Apollo to worship at that of Neptune. On one occasion a marked instance of this came under my notice which may be worth the telling.

I was managing an opera company in the Australian colonies, and in the course of our peregrinations we came to Hobart Town, Tasmania, in which very pretty but very peculiar little city we played for two weeks with varying fortunes, The Bohemian Girl and Mattana drawing full houses, while Don Giovanni was sung to "a beggarly array of empty boxes." Aye, and empty pit and gallery also. In fact, one gentleman was kind enough to inform me that he would rather stand out in the rain than listen to such "blooming rot," as he called Mozart's divine music.

When the engagement was ended some of our party took steamer for Melbourne, intending to go from thence to Sydney, at which city we were due in three weeks. Others, however, having in the course of their wanderings discovered a barque on the berth announced to sail for Sydney with immediate despatch, took a notion that it would be very romantic and adventurous, and all that sort of thing, if they were to take passage by her. Of this latter party I was one. The idea of a trip in a sailing ship had its charms for us, who had been knocking about the Australasian coasts in small steamers for a couple of years, and visions of shark catching, dolphin striking and barracouta fishing came o'er our senses with a pleasing savor of the salt-sea foam. In short, we took our berths in the *Queen of the Wave* and waited, each day we came down to the dock, expecting to see Blue Peter at the fore; but the "bonnie blue flag" did not flutter at the royal mast-head, and we waited—waited—waited, till we dare not wait any longer. At last I sought the skipper, by name Oliver Bond, and told him of our plight; that we must be in Sydney by a certain date or render ourselves liable to serious damages for nonfulfillment of contract, and that, as there was barely time to make the trip, it behooved him to sail without further delay.

"My dear sir," responded the skipper, "I would sail with pleasure, but I can't get a crew."

There was a dilemma—the Melbourne steamer was half-way across; the rest of the company would be in Sydney awaiting our arrival, and we were in Hobart Town, desolate. I took counsel, and then came to the Captain again.

"Captain," said I, "we must be in Sydney by the 15th. Now, I have an idea. There are eight of us all told who have taken passage with you. Of these eight four have been to sea more or less. I myself have been in the Navy three years; our second tenor, Frank Tyrrell, was third mate of an Indiaman before he took to the quarter-deck for the stage; and the others are good enough to do ordinary seaman's work if it should be necessary. Pick us up a hands, you can get, some way or other, and I promise you, if blow and you know what I mean, we will get to Sydney in time."

"Well," says the skipper, "what we can do we will do, but suppose anything was to happen, would you stand by Lloyd's with a man in command?"

"Lloyd's be blowed," said Captain I "the blessed old Baltimore ain't insured at

"The devil she ain't!" ejaculated I.

"Not a bit of it," said the skipper. "I the old tub, and I'll take my chances time."

"All right," said I, "turn in. I'll look and if it comes on to blow I'll call you."

He dived, and for eight mortal watches did I pace the deck of that vowing in my inmost soul never again to work my passage in a Tasmanian

N. B.—We arrived safely and in At Sydney, but, alas! Captain

ship and so that chances on deck to sot e passenger who than I did, or whether the her own accord, none can

The Lost Grave.

A COSTERMONGER'S STORY.

[illegible] never say the fault is all mine—
[illegible] and I own it;
[illegible] now and then
[illegible] shown it.
[illegible] ready to boast what they'd done
[illegible] chances like me;
[illegible] knew of my trouble indoors
[illegible] out on the spree?

[illegible] heart, lad, and listen awhile,
[illegible] if 'scarce' if you choose;
[illegible] drinkin' from mornin' till night,
An' must die to be down with the blues!
It's eight long months since, one Saturday morn,
I got up with the crow of the cock,
An' I walked on for miles thro' the rain and the slush,
To the market afore five o'clock.

"I'd been out on the Friday, 'twas snowin' like mad,
An' what with the traffic an' carts,
On a day like it was, the streets I trudged thro'
Was up to your knees, Bill, in parts.
An' fish was too dear for my customers—see?
An' my own bit o' money was small;
I'd a middlin' good show, but lor' bless you, Bill,
On the truck it looked nothin' at all,

"Leastways for the coin I'd laid out on it, Bill,
But I pushes the barrow along;
I'd a cup and a slice at the old woman's stall,—
The wind—it blowed terrible strong!
A piercin', a searchin', a through-and-through wind,
Such as freezes the snow as it falls,
And it drove through the feathers that shook in the air,
The sound o' the hour by St. Paul's.

"There was few in the streets, barrin' tradesmen like me,
An' the cabs an' the solit'ry police;
I was down in the mouth, Bill, an' dreadfully dull,
So I had half-a-go at the Fleece.
It warmed me all thro', an' it brightened me up
For a time, and I thought of her name;
I cried with a will the fish I'd to sell,
But I cried in my heart all the same

"For my Nance, as I'd left, Bill, a fadin' away
On my old tatter'd coat for a bed;
An' I thought of that day, just three years afore,
When they told me her mother was dead!
Nance wasn't my child,—that's she wasn't my own,—
But her mother, half sister o' mine,
Had married my 'butty,' a proper young chap!
Who'd died in a wastin' decline.

"He were welliah to do, owned a pony an' cart,
Just afore he knocked-up poor old lad;
But, lor' when a hawker gets laid on his back
Things precious soon goes to the bad,
An' to pay for his grave, an' the coffin, an' black,
They'd to sell both his pony and cart;
Then the business went queer, and my sister, poor gal,
She died of a real broken heart.

"They put in the brokers for rent as were due,
An' they left her the walls an' the floor;
This comin' so soon arter losin' her Jim,
Crushed her heart, and she never spoke more,
I takes to the kid—she was then only seven—
An' I done, Bill, the best that I could;
What can a man do, sittywated like me,
Who is out all the day, if he would?

"But a party who lived just a door or two off,
Was that kind, she quite took to the girl;
An' o' Saturday nights she would see her to bed
Arter putting her hair up in curl.
I heerd tell as how she'd been up in the world,
An' come down through misfortune, they said;
But what did it matter, her heart was all right,
Though at times a bit queer in the head.

"An' while she were able to hobble about,
Like a mother she treated our kid;
But a fever broke out, an' with her went so hard,
That she died of a sudden—she did,
The day she was buried poor Nancy took bad,
But, lor', how she stood it—the sweet!
We could not persuade her to eat or to drink,
An' like ice were her poor little feet.

"Her lips went all dry, an' her tongue became parched,
An' she wandered, an' talked about heaven,
An' angels, an' sitch like, quite wonderful, Bill,
For a child as had only turned seven!
And—well, I got home, Bill, one night arter dark,
And took hold of her mite of a hand,
Which, through bein' so ill, were as slender as' white
As any fine girl's in the land.

"I leaned on my elbow, an' looked in her face,
An' wiped the cold drops from her brow,
When the lids of her eyes both closed as in sleep,
An' she whispered 'Dad, I'm comin' now!'
It was cut to the heart, for I loved her, old mate,
An' my brain seemed to turn in my head;
I fell down on the floor, an' when I'd come round
It was all over, poor Nancy was dead!

"There was not a soul, Bill, my troubles to share
As I leaned on the beautiful dead;
I had not a shillin' to buy her a grave,
All had gone to provide her with bread.
So, glad for to miss such a scene to shake off,
I crossed slowly from the corpse to the door,
Looked it pottily, an' staggerin' went
Into the Fleece, where I fell on the floor.

"[illegible] gone, I was ravin' for days,
[illegible] scarcely could save;
[illegible] Bill, they buried my Nance,
[illegible] show me her grave!
I've made from the hedgerows this posy of flowers
To lay on the newly-made mound,
For the graves of the poor are all so much alike,
Poor Nancy's can never be found."

WALTER PEPHAM.

A Ride with Prince Thomas.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

I am not certain that he is a Prince, or even the son of a Prince. But I do know that he has the most prodigal and princely nature of any man I ever met. And while here in New York he was the handsomest and most manly of all men in this city celebrated for its noble examples of manhood. His name appears on the register of the New York Hotel, where he makes his home while here, simply as Mr. Thomas. His intimate friend was the brilliant and brave Redpath, the last of John Brown's raiders, and now editor and proprietor of a leading newspaper.

"Where does Prince Thomas get all the money which he throws away with such profusion?" asked a reporter one day of Redpath.

"W[illegible] don't know whether the Prince is a Mexican brigand or only an ordinary pirate," whispered Redpath confidentially; and the reporter left him.

I have also, as an explanation of his extravagance and wealth, heard it whispered that he once had the good fortune to find a sunken galleon, off the shore of Mexico, filled with Spanish doubloons.

My own theory is that he is the owner of some mine of marvellous wealth, either in the Andes or Cordilleras.

It is quite a quarter of a century since I [illegible] rather flight; and I trust I betray [illegible] sketching here a single day from [illegible] more reckless than romantic.

I was a prisoner among the Indians, at the [illegible] Shasta, where I had heard their [illegible] of their wrongs had been their [illegible] annihilation. I became their friend. It would take volumes [illegible] this comes right; how I [illegible] had to attempt the establishment [illegible] Republic, with snow-[illegible] for its centre; how I [illegible] the mountains on a [illegible] of John Brown's.

The raid had been successful and my Indians had returned with much plunder, many horses and the most coveted and indispensable ammunition; and I had come further down to a mining camp for the purpose of recovering Indian children who had been carried off the year before, and were now left in slavery on a ranch near the mining camp.

As I lingered about this camp, unsuspected of being the man who lived with the Indians and advocated their rights, I met Prince Thomas, then a dashing youth engaged in recruiting men for his friend Gen. Walker, in Nicaragua. How perfectly magnificent he was! Not a suggestion of gray then in the shower of black hair falling to his shoulders; straight as an arrow, tall and commanding, clad in the richest Mexican costume, with all the grace and bearing of a Spaniard, he was my ideal of a hero and had my entire confidence from the first.

He laughed at my idea of the Indian Republic; but eagerly entered into my plan for the escape of the two Indian prisoners whose parents had been butchered and despoiled of a herd of horses at the time of their capture. He also presented me to a friend of his, a theorist, a helpless old German philosopher and writer of books, who had no more business in the mountains than a grandmother. Yet this dried up and exhausted old Doctor of Laws determined at once to go with me back to the Indians and cast his fortune with them. I disliked him from the first; but the Prince insisted, and as the young Indians assured me they could stampede the horses taken from their parents, and with our assistance escape to their tribe with them, I consented, and soon all was ready for the reckless venture.

The two escaping prisoners were to start the horses at dawn up the mountain stream above the camp; I, the Prince and the Doctor would join them there, rush them on up the gorge, and once well on the way the Prince would ride quietly back to camp as if he had never heard of such a thing.

At the promised hour and place the two little fugitives came, but not with the rushing herd of half-wild horses. The girl was calm, very gentle and very beautiful. But the boy was dark-browed, desperate and wild with excitement. He had stolen a gun and two horses, but the great band of mustangs had been carefully coralled that night, and the Indians had only these two jaded animals. The Prince and the Doctor had their own mules; but I was on foot. The boy threw himself from his pony and made me take his place.

Dawn was breaking and there was a cloud of dust down the valley. The theft and flight had been discovered and officers were in pursuit!

The Prince bit his lip and hitched a pistol around in readiness. "You are riding a stolen horse," said he to me quietly at length; "if taken, you, with these Indians, will be either hanged by the mob or sent to States Prison by the law."

"But we will not be taken," I answered.

The Prince no longer hesitated. Here were three lives entrusted to his keeping. He had not expected such a responsibility or such a peril in his venture to help these Indian prisoners escape. But the crisis was upon him and he was equal to it. He glanced at the Indian boy and pointed high up the mountain to the right.

The Prince assigned the boy the post of honor, and he was carried away with delight. He seemed to forget that he was the only one on foot.

Alexander gave away to his friends the last of the spoils after a great battle. "And what have you kept for yourself," said one. "Hope and glory," he answered. This was an infant Alexander.

Once across the stream, he led steeply up the hill for a time; then he would chop and cut to right and left in a zigzag route, until we had reached the rim of a bench in the mountain. Here he stopped and motioned the Prince to approach. The Prince rode up to the boy; the little fellow lifted three fingers, looked excited, and pointed down into the trail. It was more than a mile away, nearly a mile below; but the sun was pitching directly down upon it, and all things stood out clear and large as life. There was a consultation away down there; three heads, in broad hats, close together as they could get sitting on the mules. Now a hat would be pushed back and a face lifted up exactly in our direction. We had sheltered behind the pines. The boy was holding the Prince's mule's nose to keep it from braying to those below. The girl had dismounted a little way off, behind a clump of pines, and was plucking some leaves and grasses for her pony and the Doctor's to keep them still. The Doctor never seemed more stupid and helpless than now; a poor, crooked, imitative little monkey he looked as he bent to pluck the grass. Mules are noisy of a morning when they first set out. The utmost care was necessary now to insure silence.

Had the wind blown in our direction, or even a mule brayed below, these mules in the midst of our party would have turned their heads down hill, pointed their field-glasses sharply for a moment or two at the sounds below, and then, in spite of kicks or cuffs, have brayed like trumpets, and betrayed us where we stood.

There was no excitement in the face of the Prince, not much concern. His foot played and patted in the great wooden stirrup, and shook and jingled the bells of steel on his Spanish spur; but he said nothing. Sometimes the men below would point in this direction, and then in that, with their long yellow gauntlets, then they would prick and spur their mules till they spun round like tops.

When a man pricks and spurs his mule, you may be sure that he is bothered.

A Yankee would scratch his head, pull at his ear or rub his chin; an Englishman would take snuff; a Missourian would take a chew of tobacco, and perhaps swear; but a Californian in the mountains kicks and cuffs and spurs his mule. At length the officer set his spurs in the broad hair sinch, with the long steel points of the rowels, and rode down to the water's edge. A twig was broken there. The Doctor had done that as we passed, to get a switch for his mule, and brought down the wrath of the boy, expressed, however, only in grimaces and the flashing of his eyes. The officer dismounted, leaned over, brushed the burrs aside, took some of them up, and examined them closely.

An arm was now lifted and waved authoritatively to the two men sitting on their mules in the trail, and they instantly struck the spurs into their mules and ambled down toward the officer at a rapid pace, when—consternation! One of them threw up his head and brayed as if for life. The Prince's mule pointed his field-glasses, set out his legs, took in a long breath and was just about to make the forest ring when his master sprang to the ground, caught him by the nose, and wrenched him around till he fell upon his haunches,

Here the boy made a sign and led off up the hill. We followed as fast as possible; but the Prince's mule, as if in revenge, now stopped short, set out his legs, lifted his nose and brayed till the very pine quills quivered overhead. After he had brayed to his satisfaction, he gave a sort of grunt as if to say, "we are even now," and shot ahead.

We could not keep pace with the boy, hasten as we might, through the pines. Like a spirit, he darted here and there through the trees, urging and beckoning all the time for us to follow faster. We could not see our pursuers now, yet we knew too well that they were climbing fast as their strong-limbed, sturdy mules would serve them. The advantage on one hand was theirs; on the other, we had things somewhat our own way. The chances were about evenly balanced for escape without bloodshed.

Anyone who frequents the mountains of the North, will soon notice that on all the hillsides facing the Sun there is no undergrowth. You may ride there, provided you do not wedge in between the trees that grow too close together to let you pass, or go under a hanging bough, the same as in a park. But if you get on the north side of a hill, you find an undergrowth almost impassable for man or beast. Chaparal, manzanita, madrono, plum, white-thorn and many other kinds of shrubs and trees, contribute to make a perfectly safe retreat for the wild beasts of those regions. In a flight, this is the chief thing to do. Keep your eye on the lay of the hills so that you may always be on the south side, or you will find yourself in a net.

When we had reached the second bench we turned to look. Soon the heads of the men were seen to shoot above the rim of the bench below, perhaps less than a mile away. No doubt they caught sight of us now, for the hand of the officer lifted, pointed in this direction, and he settled his spurs in his sinch and led his men in pursuit.

Deliberately the Prince dismounted, set his saddle well forward, and drew the sinch tight as possible. We all did the same; mounted then, and followed the boy, who had by this time set both arms free from his red shirt, which was now belted about the waist, up the hill as fast as we could follow.

We reached the summit of the ridge. Scintillations from the flashing snows of Mount Shasta shimmered through the trees, and a breath of air came across from the Klamath lakes and the Modoc land beyond, as if to welcome us from the dark, deep canon with its leaden fringe and lining of dark and eternal green.

The Doctor pushed his hat back from his brow and faintly smiled. He was about to kiss his hand to the splendid and majestic mountain showing in bars and sections through the trees, but looked around, caught the eye of the Indian and his hand fell timidly to his side.

As for the girl, she leaped from her pony and put out her arms. Her face was radiant with delight. Beautiful with a wild beauty, she arched her hand above her brow, looked long and earnestly at the mountain, and then, in a wild and unaccountable sort of ecstasy, turned suddenly, threw her arms about her pony's neck, embraced him passionately and kissed his tawny nose.

The men at last appeared on the bench below. We had evidently gained on them considerably, for here we had ten minutes' rest before they broke over the mountain bench beneath. This was encouraging. No doubt a saddle had slipped off back over a mule's rump in some steep place they had just mounted, and thus caused the delay, for they had neglected to sinch their saddles in their great haste. They dismounted now and settled their saddles. We tightened our saddles also. This was the summit, and now came the demand for skill.

When the officer threw his leg over the macheers of his saddle below, the boy set forward. His skill was as wonderful as his endurance. Being now on the summit, he could travel without halting to breathe; this, of course, would be required if he hoped to keep ahead. And even then, where would it all end? It is most likely no one had thought of that. For my part, I kept watching the sun and wishing for night.

This is an instinctive desire of all things rational or irrational, I think, that are compelled to fly.

"O that night or Blucher would come.'

It was hardly possible to keep ahead of our pursuers all day, well mounted as they were, and one of our party on foot; yet that seemed to be the only hope. There yet was an alternative, if the worst came to the worst. We could ambush and shoot them down. I saw that the boy kept an eye constantly on his rifle when not fixing the trail and eyeing the pursuers.

The Prince was well armed. He carried his double-barrelled piece before him in the saddle-bow. The rest of us were not defenseless. The deed was more than possible.

Now and then the boy would turn his eyes over his shoulder, toss his head and urge on. The eagle feathers in his black hair, as if glad to get back again in the winds of Shasta, floated and flew back at us, and we followed as if we followed a banner. A black banner this, made of the feathers of a fierce and bloody bird. Where would it lead us? No buccaneers of the sea were freer, wilder, braver at heart than we. Where would it lead us?

We did not taste food. We had not tasted water since sunrise, and it was now far in the afternoon. The Doctor began to sit with an unsteady motion in his saddle. The mules were beginning to bray, this time from distress, and not excess of spirits. The Prince's mule had his tongue hanging out between his teeth, and, what was worse, his ears began to flop to and fro as if they had wilted in the sun. Some mules put their tongues out through their teeth and go very well for days after; but when a mule lets his ears swing, he has lost his ambition, and is not to be depended on much longer.

The only thing that seemed unaffected was the boy. Two or three times through the day he stood his rifle against a pine, drew his belt a knot or two tighter, fastened his moccasin-strings, and then dashed ahead without a word. Our banner of eagle feathers still floated defiantly, and promised to lead even further than we could follow. Closer and closer came the pursuers. We could see them striking their steel spurs in their sinches as if they would lift their tired mules along with their heels. Once they were almost within hail; but a saddle slipped, and they lost at least ten minutes with a fractious mule, that for a time concluded not to be sinched again till it had taken rest.

The sugar-pines dropped their rich and delicate nuts as we rode by, from pyramid cones as long as your arm, and little foxy-looking pine squirrels with pink eyes stopped from their work of hoarding them for Winter to look or chatter at us as we hurried breathless and wearily past. Mount Shasta still flashed down upon us through the dark rich boughs of fir and pine, but did not thrill us now. Suddenly the boy led off to the right as if forsaking the main summit for a spur. This seemed a bad sign. The Prince said nothing. We had no time to dispute now; besides, almost any change from the toilsome and eternal run was a relief. We were edging around at right angles with our pursuers. They could cut across if we kept on, and head us off. We were making more than a crescent; the boy was leading us right back to the men we wished to escape.

Soon he went out on a point and stopped. He beckoned us to ride up. We did so. It seemed less than half a mile to a point we had passed an hour since, and as far as we could see, there was only a slight depression between. The officer and his party soon came in sight. As they did so he raised his arm. We were not unobserved.

The boy sat down to rest, and made signs that we should dismount. I looked at the Prince to see what he would do. He swung himself to the ground, looking tired and impatient, and we all did the same. The Doctor could not keep his feet, but lay down, helpless, on the brown bed of quills from the sugar-pines that clustered around and crowned the point where we had stopped to rest.

The officer and his men looked at their catenas; each drew out a pistol, revolved the cylinder, settled the powder back in the tubes by striking the ivory handles gently on the saddle pummels, saw that each nipple still held its cap, and then spurred their mules down the hillside as if to cross the depression that lay between, and head us off at once. They were almost within hail, and I thought I could hear the clean, sharp click of the steel bells in their Spanish spurs as they descended and disappeared among the tree tops as if going down into a sea.

Every moment I expected to see the muzzles of those pistols thrust up through the pines as the three men turned the brow of the hill. They did not appear, however, and as we arose to adjust our saddles after some time, I stepped to the rim of the hill and looked over to the north side. The hill was steep and rugged with a ledge, and lined with chaparal. A white-tailed rabbit came through, sat down, and looked back into the canon. Some quails started and flew to one side; but that was all.

The Doctor had to be assisted to his saddle. He was pale, and his lips were parched and swollen. Slowly now the boy walked ahead; he, too, was tired. He had rested too long, perhaps. You cannot get an Indian to sit down when on a long and severe journey, unless compelled to, to rest others. The cold and damp creeps into the joints, and you get still and tenfold more tired than before. Great the temptation is to rest, you should first finish your race, the whole day's journey, before you let your nerves relax.

Slowly as we moved, however, our pursuers did not reappear. We were still on the ridge, in spite of the sharp and eccentric turn it had taken around the head of the river. "Saved," whispered the Doctor. And the Prince took our hands in silence and, dismounting, led his tired mule down the steep mountain toward the camp that lay almost beneath us, and we rode slowly on.

As the sun went down, broad, blood-red banners ran up to the top of Shasta, and streamed away to the south in hues of gold; streamed and streamed as if to embrace the universe in one great union beneath one banner. Then the night came down as suddenly on the world as the swoop of an eagle.

The Doctor, who had all the afternoon kept an uncertain seat, now leaned over on his mule's mane, and but for me had fallen. The boy came back and set his rifle against a pine. We laid the feeble man on a bed of quills and prepared to spend the night. It was impossible to go farther. The Doctor was very ill. It was a cold evening. The Autumn wind came pitching down from Shasta sharp and sudden. "A fire," gasped the Doctor.

The boy protested against it. The sick man grew worse. We must have a fire. The girl gathered up some pine knots from the hillside. A match was struck in the quills. The horses started, lifted their noses, but hardly moved as the fire sprung up like a giant full-grown, and reached for the cones of the sugar-pines overhead. There was comfort and companionship in the fire. But the Indian girl and boy would not come near it. They went back from the fire-light as if they had been a part of the darkness that fled before it.

Click! click! click! a tired horse started, sniffed, and then dropped his head, for all was over in an instant. The fire had done the mischief, and the Doctor and I were prisoners.

"Musical Mirror" Miseries.

BY R. G. MOORE.

The quiet of the Square in the vicinity of THE MIRROR office is broken between seven and eight A. M. by the arrival in quick succession of the coupés and barouches which convey the compositors of this model paper to their daily labor. The latter upon arriving hurry up the broad staircase leading to the cloak-room, and after there divesting themselves of their sealskin overcoats and other wraps, step into the spacious composing-room fully prepared to "manipulate the little leaden messengers of thought" which are to carry pleasure and instruction to all the intelligent members of the dramatic profession in this country and a large number of their fortunate brethren in other lands.

The gentlemen, being now ready for the business of the day, step, one after another, with a quiet dignity peculiar to the employés of this office, to the "copy-hook." This "copy-hook," by-the-way, is the repository of the effusions of the most eminent dramatic and musical critics. The first man reaches the hook; he seizes the "take" with nervous fingers, and a single glance satisfies him that his worst fears are realized.

"The Musical Mirror" is the heading of the MS.

The pleasant smile which pervaded his countenance on entering the room has been changed off for a blood-curdling anathema which is heartily endorsed by the companions as they, one by one, receive the successive "takes" of the undecipherable chirography. When all are supplied the men retire to their "cases" and a death-like stillness for a few minutes pervades the room. So quiet is it that an unsophisticated stranger might suppose that they had with one accord sunk into a gentle slumber.

But they are not asleep. Oh, no! They are painfully awake. They are trying to discover the alphabetic analysis of the first word on their "copy." The occasional muttered imprecation or vicious expectoration testifies to the success of the writer in eluding their efforts. After struggling for a while in this manner, each compositor, excepting the one having the initiatory page, asks his predecessor at the "hook" what his last word is, in hope of thereby gaining a clue to the first word on his own. In asking this question and speaking of the manuscript there is a wonderful, because unrehearsed, similarity in the adjectives used. At last they get under way, and everything proceeds quietly, with the exception of an occasional hint at the usefulness of the public schools and pointed suggestions of an available pupil, until the "matter" is "proved" and handed to the proof-reader.

Now is the time for the latter gentleman to "get square" with his natural enemy, the compositor.

He thinks of the numberless marks on the proof-sheets that have never been corrected; of the infuriated editor and writers who have hurled invectives at his devoted head because of so-called glaring errors running through the editions uncorrected. He now sees an opportunity for revenge without the danger of being called to account by the victims. He grasps the general subject of the article, and places his own construction on the text. His opinions are directly opposed to those of the compositors. He sharpens his pencil.

A proof-reader always sharpens his pencil when he means to mangle a proof.

He curtails sentences, transposes words, changes the punctuation; sows commas, semicolons and full-points with a prodigal hand, and, in fact, alters the whole original sense of the types, and, with the grim satisfaction of an Irish Nationalist who has successfully "removed" an obnoxious landlord, returns the "slip" to the composing-room. The "comps" gather to gaze upon it. They cannot say whether the changes marked are alterations from the original copy or not. Judging by the number and peculiarities of the hieroglyphics marked on the margin, they must have been attempting to read their copy upside down. They correct it.

Then comes the author. This gentleman glances at the "revise;" compromises between the compositors' and proof-reader's versions; more corrections, and the article, after being examined by the editor, is ready for perusal by the public.

Thus it may be seen that the apparently luxurious life of a printer is not all that the glittering exterior would suggest. The languid elegance of his *pose* while enjoying the balmy breezes of a midsummer night, reclining on a bench in the park, or the æsthetic grace with which he acknowledges a "hand-out," is likely to mislead an envious amateur; but a compositor has his little troubles and vicissitudes as well as bankers and 'longshoremen.

The Baggage-Master's Story.

BY DAVID BELASCO.

I shall try and relate to the readers of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR a little Western incident that occurred out "on the road" a few years ago when I was traveling. It will show, in a measure, I think, that the much-abused and often misunderstood individual, the baggage-master, is possessed of as warm a heart as many other persons in this big world. He has a hard and often a thankless duty to perform; but my experience has led me to believe that many a noble man may be found in the humble ranks of baggage-men. It is not necessary for me to give the name of the station or the railroad where the scene of my story is laid, for every "professional" who has traveled in the fertile State of Illinois well remembers this baggage-master of whom I am about to speak.

I was at this time acting as stage-manager of my play Hearts of Oak, which was in its first season. We had given a performance in the town of ——, and were obliged to take the night train to enable us to reach our next point, which, as it is termed, happened to be quite a "jump." The company had assembled at the railroad station, and were snugly ensconced in the sitting-room patiently waiting for the train, which happened to be forty minutes behind time. I was in the baggage-room busily attending to the checking of our baggage, the only occupant beside myself being the baggage-master. It was in December. The night was a bitter cold one and the snow fell fast. The wind howled and moaned and seemed to penetrate through the chinks and crevices of our shelter. The baggage-master, who had seen some sixty winters, was a pleasant man whose countenance lighted up with a genial smile when he spoke. I had finished my business with him, and we were sitting around the stove talking about the weather and other topics in harmony with such a night, when suddenly the door opened. Both of us looked eagerly to see who our visitor was. The intruder shut the door with a slam, and approaching the stove where we were sitting, and addressing me, said: "Mister, isn't it about time that the train were in?" "It is about forty minutes late," I replied, supposing he was referring to the train I was waiting for. I began by this time to scrutinize my interrogator. He was a very seedy-looking individual, and what struck me forcibly was his wild, haggard look. His faded coat was ornamented with a withered bouquet. He wore an old blue necktie and a black slouch-hat. "Chrissie will be here soon," he continued, addressing me; "I know she will, because she only went to see the minister." Then he fumbled in his pockets and drew forth a letter that was very much soiled. He handed it to me.

"This is Chrissie's letter; *my* Chrissie."

I did not take the letter, because I began to suspect that the man was demented. He almost immediately turned on his heel, and before I could recover from my surprise he had disappeared through the door. The baggage-master and I walked to the window to see whether he had gone. He walked to the end of the platform and sank wearily down upon the steps, folding his arms around his knees as he looked wistfully down the track. All this time the snow had been falling very fast. "What a miserable wreck of manhood that poor fellow seems," I remarked to the baggage-master, who remained at the window with me.

"He," pointing to the drooping, motionless figure, with its worn, pallid face and patient, pathetic eyes; "why, that's Funny Dick, that is."

"Funny Dick," I replied in astonishment; "why do you call him Funny Dick?"

"'Cause at one time he traveled with a show and played the funny man."

"Ah!" said I, becoming interested; "then he has been an actor?"

"Yes, and he was a good 'un, too. I seed him play in that piece where there's a drunken man—what do you call it?"

"Do you mean Toodles?"

"Yes, Toodles, that's it, and I tell you he made a big hit in this town. Now you're one of those show-folks yourself, and as we have a little time to spare, I'll just tell you something about Funny Dick that will interest you, if you'd like to hear it."

"I certainly should be pleased to hear the history of Funny Dick, as you call him."

We resumed our seats around the stove, and the baggage-master told me the story of Funny Dick. It left a vivid impression on my mind, and were I to live a hundred years I am sure I never would forget it. I shall try to give it in his own words.

"Well, sir," he began, "I ain't much at putting a story together; but I'll do the best I can. It's just eight years ago to-morrow since Dick came to this town with the —— Comedy Company, to play in the Opera House. He had been here before with another company, and was a great favorite with every one in the town. It was on his first visit, I believe, that he became acquainted with Chrystal ——, the daughter of the landlord of our leading hotel. She was about the prettiest creature that ever drew the breath of life. What a slim, dainty little body, with her clear, shining blue eyes, beautiful golden hair, and her face all pink and white, like a posey. I feel, sir," said he, brushing away a tear that was coursing down his weather-beaten cheek, "that I can almost see her before me now. I had got quite well acquainted with Dick during his second visit. He used to come here for to check the baggage of the troupe, and in that way I seed a good deal of him. He was a fine-looking young gentleman then, and one, too, any girl might be proud of. He wasn't known as Funny Dick then; he was Mr. Richard ——. Ah! I see, sir, you remember him now. Well, it became known in the town—I think after his third visit—that Chrissie was engaged to be married to him. He fairly got to worshipping the little lass, and I used to see them very often together. It seemed to me as though she looked up to him as if she were a delicate flower and he the sun. You would have declared that it was as good as looking at a picture to see them together. So it was. Well, sir, Dick told me of his engagement with Chrissie, and that he was to go on traveling with the show for another season, at the end of which the company were to return and finish the season here. The manager, who was as good and kind-hearted a chap as ever walked, promised to give Dick a 'benefit' after his marriage, which was to come off at that time. Well, the company returned. It was in May, and I never saw that month open pleasanter than it did that year. Such blue skies! such sweet breezes! The fields were thick with buttercups and daisies; the country looked like a garden. It seemed to me, sir, as though all nature were wearing holiday attire in honor of the approaching marriage of Dick and the fair Chrissie. It's all stamped into my memory to-day like a picture. The good Lord above knows what followed; that which turned the face of every man, woman and child in this town pale as death and made every heart sick with horror.

"It was the morning of the 17th of May. The company were to arrive that afternoon, when Dick and Chrissie were to be married. It had been arranged, as I said before, that the first performance was to be for the benefit of Dick. Every one knew of the coming marriage and benefit, and as Dick was to appear in two of his favorite parts, all the seats in the Opera House were sold. I had bought three for myself, intending to take my wife and daughter. Just before the train arrived, I was standing on the platform outside there, when who should come along but Chrissie. Said she, 'I am going over to see Mr. —— [meaning the minister, who lived a short distance down the road]. He is to marry Richard and me this afternoon, and I want to be sure that he will be at the hotel in time.' She gave a ringing little laugh as she said 'Good-bye' and jumped aboard the local train that was just moving off. Those were the last words that I think she ever spoke in this world."

At this stage of the story the baggage-master became visibly affected, and for a few minutes was unable to proceed with his story. At last he continued:

"I'll always have the picture of Chrissie stamped in my memory just as she looked at that moment in her dotted muslin dress, pretty black silk cape and a little cottage bonnet with blue ribbon strings tied in a dainty, neat bow under her dimpled chin. Shortly after this the train with the comedy company arrived. I stood on the platform helping put their baggage in the wagon, when Dick approached me. He had on a new black suit, and wore a deep red rose fastened on the lappel of his coat, and seemed glad to see me. He had learned that Chrissie had gone down to the minister's on the local train, and was waiting to take her to the hotel, where the friends and company had assembled to witness the marriage ceremony.

"'Isn't it about time that the train was in?" said Dick. 'It won't be due for ten minutes yet, Mr. ——,' I replied. He turned impatiently away and walked a bit down the track, whistling softly a popular air. I looked at him as he stepped off, and I can't help recalling what a fine, manly, handsome fellow he was. He carried himself as if every foot of the earth belonged to him. He bore about as much resemblance to that forlorn, stoop-shouldered idiot yonder there as the green young tree does to the shattered old stump that has been struck by lightning. Presently he returned.

"'You'll be happy as a pair of robins, you and Chrissie,' said I.

"'So we will, indeed, God bless her! To think of her, surrounded with every luxury her heart could wish for, marrying a poor devil of a strolling actor, with no home, no money, with not a cent more than he gets from week to week—and sometimes not even getting that! By George, it's enough to make a man feel like getting right down on his knees and worshipping such a girl; yes it is;' he said, in a voice quivering with emotion.

"'Never mind, Mr. ——,' said I, 'cheer up. You will have a big benefit to-night, and be rich with money. Why, man! every mother's son of us in this town will be there to-night, and I know you will have one of the biggest houses ever seen in the Opera House. I wish you and Chrissie all the good luck and fortune that it is possible for any two mortals to enjoy.'

"'God bless you for those words,' said he, grasping mp hand. 'I appreciate them.'

"Then he turned away and stood on that step where you see him sitting now, gazing steadily down the track. Pretty soon we heard the engine whistle at the crossing half a mile below. I joined him and we stood watching for the train to round the curve. All of a sudden I heard a dull, grating noise and a crash; then a confused, distant sound of screams rising upon the still Summer air. I bent my head and listened. It seemed as if every drop of blood in my veins turned to ice. I remembered that Jack Sanderson, the brakeman on the 10:40 night freight, had said to me only the evening before: 'Jim, let me tell you something! That new bridge down at the —— crossing is not safe. There's going to be a smash there some day, as sure as you're a living man.' Alas! sir, the smash had come. In a minute I knew what an awful thing had happened. I knew as well then as when the terrible news was brought, a few minutes later, that the train carrying Chrissie—poor Dick's betrothed—had broken through the bridge. My heart almost stopped beating at the thought; I grew numb and dizzy, as if some one had paralyzed me. The first thing I remember was Dick staring at me with a wild, frightened look.

"'Is it an accident?' he cried.

"'Heaven knows,' I answered. 'I am afraid so.'

"'Great God!' he exclaimed; and with a look such as I never will forget, jumped off the steps and ran down the track like a wild man.

"'I wouldn't go, if I were you,'" said I, followfng after him.

"His pale lips uttered one word: 'Chrissie.'

"Being a young man, he soon out-distanced me. Well, sir, the local train that had Chrissie on board was almost a total wreck, and nearly all the passengers were killed. They soon began bringing in the dead and wounded. I never saw such a heart-rending sight as on that day, and I hope to God I never shall again."

The baggage-master took his handkerchief from his pocket and wept like a child. I must confess that I, too, was very much affected. He told the story with so much feeling that it seemed as though I had just witnessed the awful tragedy.

"About four o'clock that afternoon," resumed the baggage-master, "they brought Chrissie to the station. Her golden hair was matted with blood. A frightful gash across her left temple told only too plainly how quickly her young life had gone out. Following the mangled body was her poor old mother and a crowd of friends who that morning had seen her bright and happy, looking forward to a joyous future. Poor little Chrissie! Poor little Chrissie! As I looked at the dreadful sight, tears ran down my face, and I sobbed aloud as I sobbed forty years before at the death-bed of my poor mother. I was a young man then, and I thought my heart would break. I tell you, sir, there wasn't a dry eye on the platform that day. If I remember rightly, some seventeen persons were killed outright, and many more afterward died through injuries received in the crash. The whole town turned out, and the sights that I witnessed that day would have unnerved the strongest man. Presently one of the company asked for Dick. I had forgotten all about him, and as I turned to look for him he staggered along the track like a drunken man. He pushed himself through the crowd to the side of his little girl; and with a cry that pierced all hearts, he caught the pale, bleeding, lifeless form in his arms and pressed it to his bosom, shrieking: "Chrissie! Chrissie! open your eyes! speak to me! We are going to be married and we must hurry; it's my benefit night!'

"This was six years ago last May, and from that day poor Richard has been a harmless lunatic. 'Funny Dick' is his name now. He is a frequent visitor round here, and it's plain that he has no idea of the time that has gone by, nor does he remember when Chrissie was brought to him dead. He asks every one, as he asks you, 'When will the train be in?' He fancies that Chrissie is still away, and he is always wondering what keeps her so long. Every day he comes down to the station and waits for that 2:40 train. Poor Dick! He has grown very thin and feeble-like of late, and I guess the end of all his troubles is near at hand. I hope he will meet Chrissie in Heaven. Ah! there comes your train now. Good-bye, sir."

A Christmas Sum in Arithmetic.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

We are not lucky people—speaking collectively. I mean as a family, central and collateral. We never found any gold or silver mines; never made any particularly lucky ventures; never speculated, except in a very small way, and then always lost—never succeeded in anything but hard work, bringing up sturdy boys and girls, and in a modest way in "keeping" Christmas. Christmas is a pet festival at our house; the children talk about it all the year round, and begin to prepare for its advent as soon as they return from their Summer stay in the country. Formerly, when there were fewer of them, I anticipated it with as much pleasure as they did, and entered upon the preliminary proceedings with as much zest; but alas! it is not so now. Everything has grown—the size of the family, the number of our friends, the wealth of many of them, the cost of living, everything but our income; that has grown the wrong way, and has shrunk instead of enlarged, until it presents miserably inadequate proportions to the expenditure it is required to meet.

Yet I cannot claim sympathy, because by my friends—even by my husband—I am considered a very fortunate woman. I have an income of my own which amounts to three hundred dollars per year; and a woman with three hundred dollars per year, who is not obliged to purchase flour, potatoes and fuel out of it, is an object of envy to nine-tenths of her acquaintances. But if they will stop to consider that it has to buy all my clothes, and furnish all sorts of odds and ends in the way of "outings" for the children, matinee tickets, little "luncheons," "teas" "treats," birthday and wedding presents, and other of the domestic and social liabilities which men groan over but will never provide for, the intelligent reader will begin to see that there may be limits to the happiness which three hundred dollars per year will bring its possessor; and understand also the amount of self-sacrifice required to deliberately make a reserve fund of one-sixth for Christmas gifts—a sufficient sum if you have to buy only one, but frightfully small if it has to be made to cover sixty, more or less.

Fifty dollars into sixty gifts, sixty gifts into fifty dollars—this is the problem that for two months has occupied by sleeping and waking thoughts. It couldn't be done even in a "dollar" store, which are happily or unhappily now extinct. Can the list be cut down? No; for Christmas affords an opportunity for acknowledging, if not repaying, quantities of obligations, and one would like to extend the list rather than reduce it.

The difficulty is increased by the magnificent dimensions which your "income" assumes in the eyes of your own family, as well as outsiders, when it is a question of Christmas provision and distribution. "It is a shame for a woman with three hundred dollars per year, to spend as she pleases, to let her husband wear an old dressing-gown like that," remarks the man of the house on a Sunday morning as the holiday season approaches, looking at the frayed facing of his breakfast robe. Now, everybody knows that a new morning wrapper for a gentleman means from fifteen to twenty-five dollars, and this amount taken out of fifty leaves—well, never mind what it leaves—I never was very good at arithmetic, and successive Christmases have muddled completely whatever faculty of calculation I once possessed. My Christmas present last year from this individual of large ideas was a horn, shaped like a fish, with a nickel head, which was supposed to endow it with the power of holding ink. I must say it was not appreciated. He never buys me a sealskin sacque or a velvet gown, like some husbands I could name, because I have an income of my own. His purchase last Christmas was made because some one told him it was the "latest thing" out. I have since discovered that there is a horn mania, and have put the thing in the most conspicuous place I could find consistently with the fear that its lopsidedness will do a mischief some day; but as for its ever being put to use—the most sanguine person could never imagine such a thing, or feel anything but a sense of relief at its being out of harm's way.

A few hours after the modest wish mentioned on the part of *pater familias*, our eldest daughter intimated a decided desire that Christmas would bring her a "beaver set." Now, a beaver set means a pelerine cape and muff, the cost of the two being about forty dollars, at a very moderate calculation. This hint was, I knew, intended for me; it being "Papa's" habit to wait till the night before Christmas, and then bring home a small wagon load of articles sold at booths and on the sidewalks, which make a show but are not to be relied upon for permanent usefulness. The youngest, too, taking pattern from her elders, but more outspoken than they, declared her intention of being satisfied without another thing, if she could only have the "Ira" series of hooks in a box, which cost only eight dollars and twenty-five cents. All this is distracting enough under the circumstances; but it is not the worst. The hardest part of the Gordian knot consists of the "girls" in the kitchen. They know to a nicety the cost of "yard wide" prints, and despise any attempt to add to the importance of such a gift by smuggling in red woollen jackets, aprons, gloves, neckties and minor gear. They have a wholesome regard, too, for *real* things—one which has been religiously impressed upon them, but which has its inconveniences at this season, when one would sometimes be glad to have one's offerings estimated at something more than their actual value. Real cashmere, real jewelry, even real sincerity, is impossible to a woman who has to get sixty gifts out of fifty dollars.

Then there are the friends to please, who have not only much more of money, but much more of everything than you possess, and whom, nevertheless, you would not leave out of your calculations for anything. They are very old friends, have known you since childhood—look down upon you in a pitying way for not having got on better in the world; but still you know they have a kind of affection for you, and we learn as we grow old that there is not enough of this to justify the throwing of any away. Besides, they always send something—not always what you most want, or that is best suited to your tastes and circumstances—but still intended as a Christmas remembrance, and therefore entitled to respect and acknowledgment.

To be sure, the bottom dropped out of the box which you fondly imagined was genuine old Indian workmanship, and a monstrous "ebonized" china jar had to go to the attic or the cellar, because there was really no place for it, and a "gypsy" table had to be banished also, because it would not hold anything with safety. It went to my heart to return for this a lovely little bit of Venetian glass. I usually deal in small things, because I hate common things, and cannot afford big things of value.

I wish, too, that people generally had more intuition—a finer sense of what other people like, and what they want, as they always have in Christmas stories. Before my list had grown so large I used to endeavor to put away a certain sum out of my Christmas money to buy the gifts for myself that I wanted but did not get, and it was a great comfort. A book that one has set one's heart upon—a pocketbook, (real Russia,) that is needed—(I mention the kind in case anyone should consider this a hint), a case of choice perfumery, or a box of gloves, how welcome such gifts as these, even if you have an income of three hundred dollars per year.

Two Balloon Voyages.

BY HENRY EDWARDS.*

In the year 1858, the well-known Australian manager, Mr. George Coppin, among the many other attractions which he introduced for the amusement of the good people of "the colonies," imported two large balloons with their attendants, Messrs. Dean and Brown, both aeronauts of large experience in the mother country, and after some rather unsuccessful attempts in Melbourne, sent them on to Sydney, in which city I was then residing. A considerable sum of money had been expended upon the speculation, and one time it appeared as if a very heavy loss would be entailed. So that, being well known in the capital of New South Wales, and prompted by the belief that the confidence which had been somewhat impaired by the comparative failure of the enterprise might be restored if a satisfactory ascent could be made, the incidents of which could be vouched for by some one outside of those who were immediately concerned, I volunteered to accompany the aeronauts upon their first voyage. Accordingly, on the 19th of December, the process of inflation took place in the lovely domain of Sydney, and the arrangements for our trip were completed. An immense concourse of spectators was present; but the provisions for keeping the crowd from the immediate vicinity of the balloon were far from complete, and during the swaying of the huge globe (the result of a high wind blowing at the time) a large rent was caused in the silk by a looker-on holding up his umbrella to shield himself as the vast mass turned toward the spot on which he was standing. This allowed the gas to escape, and it was for a time feared that the ascent would have to be abandoned; but the rent was soon partly repaired, and more gas being pressed into the bottom, the aeronaut, Mr. Brown, entered the car. I followed—we were set free, and shot up suddenly to a height of about two hundred feet. But the motive power was insufficient to carry us out of the lower stratum of air, and although the ballast was thrown out almost to the emptying of the car, we could not rise, but were carried rapidly by the wind in the direction of the city. In our course we struck against the pinnacle of a church near at hand, and for a few seconds (for this occurred in the space of less than a minute) it seemed as if our time had come. Brown called out to me, "Throw everything overboard!" I obeyed his instructions by pitching out first our lunch basket and its contents, and then (from what I use I know not) my coat, overcoat, waistcoat and hat. A large crowd had followed our course, talking and shouting vociferously, and increasing the excitement by their half-frantic gestures and tumultuous cries. Among this wild human mass my garments fell, and it should be recorded to the credit of the populace of Sydney that they were all carefully cared for, and with my gold watch, which was in the pocket of my vest, restored to me "safe and sound." The balloon being entirely out of control, was dashed hither and thither, striking against chimney-tops and other projections, rendering it very difficult for us, even by clinging to the ropes, to maintain our position in the car, until in crossing Macquarie street, a little above the elevation of the tallest houses, the grapnel, which had been thrown out in the chance of fastening somewhere, caught in a window-sill, the ropes we had sent over the side were seized by willing hands, and we descended in safety. We had been, as we afterward learned, but seven minutes in air; but those seven minutes seemed like a lifetime, and on stepping once more upon *terra firma*, I realized the possibility of the hair turning suddenly white as the effect of a severe mental strain. Warm hearts and kindly words, however, speedily dispelled our terror, and we were soon once more among our friends.

*From "A Mingled Yarn," a series of sketches on various subjects. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York: 1882.

ended my first balloon voyage. And [illegible] back upon the incident over the [illegible] I appreciate our wonderful success, and [illegible] thankful that the adventure, though it [illegible] be regarded as a failure of the [illegible] had not a termination more painfully [illegible] The object of the voyage, however, was [illegible] unaccomplished, and another ascent was [illegible]ly proposed, of which no notice was to be given. With something of the [illegible] which belongs to the early days of [illegible] determined again to try to "win my spurs," and in opposition to the wishes of my friends, resolved to do or die." On the 30th of the month, the balloon was conveyed to a [illegible] part of the Government Gardens, and there it was once more prepared for its lofty flight. The day was such as is only to be experienced in this lovely climate, clear, bright and balmy, and at about a quarter past twelve, accompanied on this occasion by Mr. Dean, I entered the car. The cords which held us to the earth were loosened, and amid the shouts of the excited bystanders, we rose slowly and steadily into the blue, until we attained the height of about half a mile. Here our speed was greatly and suddenly increased by our coming in contact with the upper portion of the current of air by which we were carried on our course. In a few minutes we found ourselves immediately over the prison at Cockatoo Island, about two miles in a straight line from our starting point, and here all motion seemed to cease, and for upward of a quarter of an hour we were almost stationary. After hearing from my companion that we were all right, and exchanging with him a hearty hand, I leaned over the side of the car and gazed, not without a feeling of awe and wonder, upon the scene around and beneath me. Pen and tongue utterly fail to do justice to the sublime spectacle. Long as I had been impressed with the beauty of Sydney, and more especially of the harbor of Port Jackson, I found that until then I knew nothing of the magnificence of this Queen of the Southern Hemisphere. The city itself, with its many little points running out into the bay, each one dotted with buildings, looked like a miniature Sebastopol, and though its streets lay no longer bare the signs of their usual stir and bustle, though the forms of those whose eagle eyes had watched us from beneath had faded from our view, and the cabs and other vehicles which give so much animation to a city were the aspect of flies of different orders and genera, the hum of a thousand voices and thousand sounds fell often upon the ear and told us that we were yet within the region of our fellow-men. Rising, however, more and more rapidly, until we attained our greatest altitude, that of about two miles, these sounds gradually ceased and the most deathlike and solemn silence prevailed. So profound indeed was it, and so rarified the condition of the atmosphere, that the pulsation of my own heart could be distinctly heard; the opening and shutting of the valve sounded like a pistol-shot, and the flapping of the balloon like the flapping of a ship's sail in a gale of wind.

> Far, far below the chariot's path,
> Calm as a slumbering babe,
> Tremendous ocean lay;

while immediately beneath our track were spread like a network, the countless creeks, inlets and bays of the beautiful harbor, and far off in the northern distances we could discern the waters of the Hawkesbury in their junction with Broken Bay. To the eastward, the North and South Heads appeared like projecting fragments of rock, and the "waste of waters" beyond seemed to mingle with and loose itself in the clouds. Shark, Clark and Garden Islands were but little patches, smaller than one's hand, and the many sandy beaches of the harbor like strips of the whitest calico. The [illegible] anchor were many of them soon lost to view, and when I last saw her, the Endeavour steamship looked no larger than the plaything of a child. The almost interminable [illegible] trees trending toward the north of [illegible] Harbor, the stretch of orchards of [illegible] vines with which the country towards Parramatta is studded, dotted here and there with pretty cottages, rising up among them like [illegible] on a greensward, the magnificent reach of undulating land to the base of the Blue Mountains, a hundred miles away, the grand view of the cliffs toward Botany, and of that bay itself—all this must be left to the imagination of those less fortunate than myself, as any attempt at description must utterly fail.

We experienced several trifling changes of current, and at one time our course was directed toward Broken Bay—a fact which excited in my mind my only uncomfortable feeling, as nothing seemed to await us but a descent in an almost uninhabited district, and a prospect of lodging beneath the trunk of an ancestral gum-tree. I was all the more anxious as it was part of my duty to support Mr. G. V. Brooke in Love's Sacrifice the same evening at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and an early return to Sydney was among my calculations when I started upon the trip. After reaching the greatest elevation (before referred to as being about two miles), we had gradually descended, until the various objects on the earth could be clearly distinguished; and in the direction in which we were carried by the wind we could discern some open patches of land in the neighborhood of Parramatta, in one of which we hoped to make our landing. The grapnel was thrown over, the ropes loosened, the valve opened to allow the escape of the gas, and in a few minutes we descended in an orchard at Kissing Point, near the banks of the Parramatta River. The car struck the ground with considerable force, rebounded, struck again, and the second time the grapnel caught in the branches of an apple-tree; and with a few trifling bruises and some damage to our clothes, we were enabled to alight. The huge machine was emptied of its contents, folded and placed in the car, and by the kindness of the many people who had assembled to our assistance, it was conveyed to the river bank and placed on board one of the steamers plying between Sydney and Parramatta. We reached the city about seven o'clock, and before eight I was dressed for Eugene de Lorme and was recounting to a generous and partial audience in the green-room my adventures of the day.

We had traveled about nine and half miles as a base line—about twenty-two, allowing for variations in our course, and were in the air little over fifty minutes. There is no [illegible] of a disagreeable nature in ascending in a balloon, as the occupant of the car [illegible] perfectly stationary, and the [illegible] it seem to be sinking away from [illegible] temperature was purer and [illegible] than any I ever before enjoyed. [illegible] fear was lost in the contemplation [illegible] jesty around me, and beyond a [illegible] which seized me at our [illegible] which lasted but for a few [illegible] experience the slightest

Ballad of Bilda Bonne.

In [illegible] Alsatian valley
[illegible] Bilda Bonne,
[illegible] of the *corps de ballet*
[illegible] beloved by every one;
[illegible] danced for bread and butter
Through the Winter, more or less,
[illegible] in the Summer utter
Rare and single blessedness.
[illegible] amid the bees that buzz
Knew her plaintive murmur through:
"If I only had a hus—
If I only had a hus—
If I only had a husband or two!"

Sang a tenor and a basso
'Mid the *corps* where Bilda danced
And her heart each strove to lasso,
As between his notes he glanced;
High the tenor sang as ever
Yet was reached by tenor's skill,
While the bass in mad endeavor,
Bellowed low and lower still.
All entranced Buolda was,
As she waited for her cue.
Sighing, "If I had a hus—
If I only had a hus—
If I only had a husband or two!"

Each besought her hand in marriage,
And Buolda, nothing loth,
Since she neither could disparage,
Straight accepted of them both.
And the tenor sang still higher
Than yet tenor's voice did go;
And the bass, with wild desire,
Sang immeasurably low:
Naught Buolda's hope undoes,
For her love is staunch and true!
"Sweet," she thinks, "to have a hus—
Sweet it is to have a hus—
Sweet it is to have a husband or two!"

Laughed the maidens in the valley,
When they heard of Bilda's plight;
But she answered every sally
With an air that said "I'm right!"
And, despite of clamor, when her
Wedding day drew very near,
She observed "I'll wed my tenor,
Likewise wed my basso dear."
Very proud Buolda was,
As she roamed her garden through,
Singing "Oh, to have a hus—
Singing "Oh, to have a hus—
Singing "Oh, to have a husband or two!"

But the tenor singing higher
Than all mortal voice should reach,
Burst him in his mad desire,
And expired with a screech.
And the basso singing under-
Neath where bassos ought to be,
Rent his larynx all asunder
And exploded with a G.
Now amid the bees that buzz
Bilda sighs her garden through!
"If I only had a hus—
If I only had a hus—
If I only had a husband or two!"

MORAL:

Fervent maidens pray take warning,
Let your matrimonial plan,
Point out him who's ripe for scorning,
And select the marrying man;
Though your wooers number twenty,
Be not baffled or undone.
History teaches one is plenty,
If he is the proper one.
Do as every good girl does,
Seeking for a lover true.
Sigh not "Oh to have a hus—
If I only had a hus—
If I only had a husband or two."

—SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

Eldad Hinckley's Christmas Snap

BY MARY H. FISKE.

I.

For fifty-five uncommonly tough Summers Eldad Hinckley had been a horny-handed farmer on one of those stony tracts of land that adorn the face of Nature up in Connecticut. But during a warm spell, when Eldad was doing the final chores, burning brush, and clearing off his ungrateful farm before putting it under white bed-clothes for the Winter, an elder brother died, and left, beside a little property, $2,000 in hard cash. This sum set him up at once—promoted him from the steps of the tavern, where he usually hung out, to the best rush-bottom chair on the stoop, and the increased confidence and esteem of his fellow-townsmen.

It was while occupying this proud eminence that his advent into things theatrical occurred. A bogus Hazel Kirke company struck the town about the time of Eldad's brother's funeral, and one day Eldad found a strange apparition on the tavern piazza, walking up and down as one in authority. He was a perky little man, with sloping shoulders, and he wore a collar and cuffs that made his ears and thumbs matters of painful inquiry. A small boy in a wheelbarrow, with the side-boards up, has about as good a chance to see the world as Lord Travers of the Hazel Kirke company had to make Eldad's acquaintance; but the curiosity of a Connecticut farmer never lets a little thing like a piccadilly collar shut out information. So when Lord Travers sat down, Eldad dropped in on him, so to speak, from above.

"You hain't made a mistake," he began, through his nose, "and got it on upside down?"

"Got what on upside down?" inquired the young man.

"Why, your shirt. Marthay don't put so much cloth into the tails of my shirts, let alone starching it in collars."

"Well, Marthay don't make my collars. There's none too much of mine for the fashion."

"I-r-you seem to be a stranger 'round here," began Eldad, after a short pause.

"I am, thank Heaven! I belong to the Hazel Kirke company."

"I want to know—an actor man?"

"Exactly; an actor."

"Business must pay pretty good, judging by shirts and cuffs."

"Oh, better is the world."

"I want to know!"

"I'm the leading man of the company."

"Wall—and you led it down here. Well, I wonders shows themselves every day," continued, unconsciously quoting the funeral, "they're here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"Precisely," returned the actor.

Eldad unbosomed himself [illegible] telling about his [illegible] on our person, 'Siah [illegible] regular meetin'-[illegible] *Play*, and he [illegible] into it; so does [illegible] a thinking

Lord Travers turned upon him with sudden interest, exclaiming:

"My dear friend, don't think of it for a moment. You will fritter away your fortune. Theatrical management—that's the bonanza. Why, look at the Mallorys; the Doctor—you've heard of the Doctor—his case was like yours, only more so. He had a meeting-house paper—for that matter he's got it yet; but he struck out on the broad sea of theatrical management, and he's making barrels of money."

"Barrels?" gasped Eldad,

"Barrels I said. He heads 'em up every Sunday and rolls 'em away."

"Is it—easy to begin?"

"Undoubtedly and easy to leave off. Oh, it's a great business."

"I should say so," murmured Eldad.

Far into the night the two new friends discussed the advantages of a traveling company. Lord Travers lighted a match and showed the dazed farmer a telegram. In the blaze of the pine splinter Eldad read: "Hazel Kirke Co. No. 15 made a cord of money at Akron." Another match and another telegram: "Hazel Kirke Co. No. 26 made a pot of money in the State of Maine;" and finally a third match and a third telegram set forth how "Hazel Kirke Co. No. 34 had made a barrel of money on the borders of Canada." That settled it. Eldad went cross-lots to the waiting Martha, an embryo manager and an incipient millionaire. Potatoes and apples had no interest for him. He meant thenceforth to barrel money. What were the small receipts of a religious paper that sold for five cents beside the glorious revenue of a theatre where the privilege of sitting down for two hours and a half was worth $2 a head?

While Martha fried the matutinal slapjack, Eldad sat by and discoursed enthusiastically—and when the noon train stopped at the little station on its way to the city, the band of Hazel Kirkers got on board, and with them what the leading lady styled a "very tart citizen."

"Catch on to the gripsack," remarked Pittacus Green, as Eldad, with an antique carpet-bag, a linen duster, and a leather pocketbook clutched in his bosom, marched beside his ally and business partner, Lord Travers. The new theatrical combination, Hinckley & Travers, conversed in low tones all the way to New York, much to the disgust of the members of the company; for, as the first old man said, "There looks to be much fun in that duster; but Travers was always a hog."

II.

And now, after some days, Eldad, fairly launched on Union Square—a familiar sight daily at the House of Collins—a well-known object in the Morton House bar, and a fixture in the offices of Brooks and Dickson and Brown, began to feel at home with the boys and considerable of a manager already. True, he had had his perplexities; the first drawback in his career was, the fact he learned on his arrival, that he couldn't very well play Hazel Kirke, because the other Deacon—Deacon Mallory—was protecting his rights vigorously with half the lawyers in the land.

"But," said Travers, "that makes no difference; it ain't much of a play; there's a thousand 'em better for us."

"Do they make barrels of money?" asked Eldad.

"They will, properly played; the world hasn't seen me tackle any of 'em yet, to bring out what's in 'em."

At last, after protracted meetings in Eldad's bedroom at the Morton House, it was decided that Christmas night and The Lady of Lyons should be the time and piece. Travers read the play to Hinckley, and Hinckley agreed it was a showier work than Hazel Kirke, and if the public desired a blind father in it, he saw no reason why Monsieur Deschapelles should not be struck by lightning after the front scene, where Claude "thus mantles" Pauline, and do a regular game of blindman's buff, chasing his eloping daughter. At all events, The Lady of Lyons was the work selected, and Eldad wrote to Martha all about it. "It isn't a circus or menagerie piece," wrote Eldad; "the Lyons is spoke of frequently, but don't come on."

Then the great business of engaging the company began. "We'll cast it with the full strength of the Union Square," said Travers. "We want a very young and beautiful woman for Pauline."

Eldad rubbed his hands. "It's a splendid life," said he.

"It's a great racket," returned Travers.

That afternoon a wild and exhilarating spectacle presented itself in the Morton House bar to Lord Travers, drinking quietly with John Matthews—it was Deacon Hinckley bearing down on the pair, waving a photograph.

"I've got her!" he cried. "Just the ticket, she's a daisy." (By this time the Deacon spoke the theatric language with fluency.)

"Less see," said his partner, reaching for the imperial.

"It takes me to drop on a good thing," continued Eldad. "I found this picture at Brooks and Dickson's, and that mighty pleasant-spoken chap, John Warner, let me take it over to show to you. She's an actress—he told me so, and she's just the gal for our show." Matthews drew the portrait from the trembling hand of the excited manager.

"Why, it's Mary Anderson!"

"I should smile—to be sure it's Mary Anderson, and that's going to be our Pauline if she's the highest-priced card in the pack!"

When he was made to understand the impossibility of engaging Miss Anderson, he dwelt with much fervor on the charms of Bonfanti, whom he had seen somewhere.

"But then, my boy," said the instructive Matthews, "Bonfanti is a dancer. She doesn't play Pauline."

"I s'pose she could study it if I made it an object."

"I doubt it. She's a premiere danseuse—that's her business."

"Now, see here," explained Eldad to a crowd of actors, "I'm none of your old fogy managers, tied up with what my friend here, Mr. Collier, calls the traditions of the stage. I'm not traditious; I'm going to introduce things into plays to make 'em boom. If Bonfanti will tackle Pauline, I'll give her a chance to show what's in her legs. It's easy enough, ain't it, Travers, to have a little set-rock on in that place where Claude and Damas has the fight, for Pauline to creep on, hide behind it till they go away? Then the set-rock can be drawed off, discovering Pauline, and she can come down, the music strike up, and she do a dance. She wouldn't ask a better chance than that."

Perhaps it is needless to say that Bonfanti was not engaged, and, as Harry Edwards advised him to get some well-known, reliable people, the old man went down to see Louise Eldridge to engage her for Pauline. That lady was engaged for Christmas week; but she thought Mrs. Phillips, of the Union Square, might have a few nights off for a lucrative snap such as Eldad said his forthcoming show would prove.

Mrs. Phillips advised him to see Brooks and Dickson about Mrs. Wilkins, and that firm assured him The Romany Rye wouldn't bust soon enough to oblige him, but thought the Forrest Home might loan him Mrs. Jane English long enough to start a season.

In this fashion, engaging the company, Eldad pursued his devious and troubled way. The "wages" staggered the old man. "Why," said he to Harry Lee, "one would think acting was harder work than sawin' wood the way you tax for it."

It wanted only ten days of Christmas and Travers hurried up the preliminaries—the company was engaged, and Eldad gave his partner a couple of hundred dollars for printing.

"We must have a fine stand of printing or we'll stand no show," observed that worthy, "and we'll have to have zinc trunks for the bills and the properties. All successful shows have zinc trunks." Then in the solitude of their chamber Travers and Hinckley sat down to make out a list of properties for their play. "There's a gun," began Travers, "a first-class gun, offered for a prize, you know, that Claude shoots for and wins."

"Wouldn't a plated castor do just as well," suggested Eldad.

"Never. You'd ruin the success of the whole snap if you try to do things cheap," returned Travers.

One hundred dollars for a gun was promptly put down; next $250 for printing and trunks.

"Twenty dollars, snuff-box and ring, presented by the Prince of Como," went on the active partner, "two kegs of white lead."

"What's them for?"

"Why, you see in that scene where the young folks talk about renting a house, Claude says: 'Would'st have me paint the house,' etc. There's no knowing what a Pauline may want. She may clinch him on the bounce, and then if we didn't have the paint you'd feel mighty cheap."

"It don't seem quite clear to me; but there, never mind, go on."

Twenty dollars for paint and brushes was entered, and, after various items, Travers reached the formidable one of $500.

"What's that for?" gasped Eldad.

"Why, for the last act, where Claude gets back behind a big military chapeau and outbids yon sordid huckster for your priceless gem, he says 'here's your sum twice told' and chucks a pocketbook on the table."

"I see, I see," mused Eldad; "but how do we know that our Cloud must have $500 into his pocket? I don't recollect no statement about the figures."

"No; that's talked of by Deschapelles and Beauseant in the wings. 'Tisn't likely the old man would take less than $250 for such a Pauline as we're going to sock 'em."

"Of course not; the money is to be given back every night after the show?" said Eldad.

"Certainly," responded Travers, and after further details the parties departed to meet at the depot at four the next day.

III.

To avoid competition, the town of Bartlett's-Corners, fifteen miles out of Leavenworth, Kansas, was selected by Travers. Eldad had stuck out some time; but there were so many arguments brought forth by his partner for beginning at this tip-top theatrical town, and playing back East, that Eldad disgorged $25 a head for railroad expenses. By this time the capital of $2,000 was sadly depleted; but Travers cheerily said, "One week's good business will make us square, and Christmas night will be all we shall want."

Eldad telegraphed Marthay to send him "a batch of her best doughnuts, a clean pair of socks, and Daboll's Arithmetic," as he felt sure there was a good deal of figuring before him.

At half-past three, after unheard-of anxieties and trouble, Eldad marshalled his forces at the depot. Col. Damas was so comfortably full that Beauseant and Glavis had to sit on him in the waiting-room; Madame Deschapelles had to have money advanced to get herself and wardrobe into travelling order; but at last, all told, a party of ten awaited the leading man and partner, Lord Travers. Eldad walked nervously up and down the platform, when he saw his heavy man pointing him out to a district messenger boy. The boy brought a letter, and the letter brought destruction and disaster with it. Evidently the company had their own opinions of the dashing Lord Travers, and they gathered round the distracted old man, who read to them as follows:

"Dear old *Cully*: You'll find most of the *fakements* in the *zinc*. You see I'm *blooming* sick of *travelling rackets*. I just *pulled out* with my share, and shall try the *steady biz* with an aunt in Canada the rest of the season. I hope I haven't *queered your act*. Our first old man is *up* in Claude. Just change 'em round, shake 'em up, and go on yourself for '*Blows to a French citizen, blows*.' You can use the *Bleeding Soldier's* speech from Macbeth; thatyou do beautiful. The printing is all right. I got samples from Seer of everything on the road, and you can make a fine display. Ta, ta, old fel. I wish you well."

Eldad broke up and sat down on a handy dray. The first heavy finished the letter and then asked: "What is to be done?"

The swindled Connecticuter rose on his hind legs and launched an awful curse in the direction of Canada. "But we'll go on," he said; "we won't go to Bartlett Corners in Kansas; but we'll strike for Marthay and Connecticut and the Brick Meeting House. I'll show 'em I ain't beat yet." And, thus encouraged, the little band invaded the Nutmeg State that very night, and quartered in the tavern on whose stoop Eldad first beheld the awful fraud, Travers.

The small township claiming the "tart citizen" was astonished—was amazed at the condition of the place when Eldad got out his bills. Posted on the fences, plastered on the barns, hung in the stables and the barrooms, Herrmann, with his mid-air suspension, passed his baton over the white-capped heads of the Two Orphans; Margaret Mather looked from Juliet's turret-window upon the Big Four; the serene and classic profile of John McCullough surmounted a dashing red and yellow set of Rentz Female Minstrels; Aldrich and Barsloe, Robson and Crane, Herne's Hearts of Oak and the Romany Rye broke out all over the tavern farm. Everything was wild excitement. On the doors of the Brick Church (the edifice used for public meetings, singing schools and fairs) were seen the willowy figure of Mary Anderson and the robustiousness of Fanny Buckingham as Mazeppa lashed on her horse's back. Business was stopped. The whole township turned out to gaze at the posters. The drug man kindly filled up his little place with two window bills of Anderson and McCullough, and hung up between 'em a nice cut of the goat in Squatter Sovereignty. Then the drug man went across the road to study Lillian Russell from a nearer point, heard a crash, and found that the tavern Billy had charged at his enemy in the window and torn things all to bits. John had been drenched with his favorite remedy, pain-killer; Mary had a porous plaster spread on her chest in the most careful manner, and the tavern goat ate six sheets of fly-paper and two yards of surgeon's bandages. The excitement increased; the news spread; farmers from the interior came in early on the afternoon of the 25th, when Eldad was struck by another brick. The company had now been seven days in service, and wanted their money. There was no getting away from this—no money no play. Eldad sat down to pay his first week's salaries. His Pauline had been engaged at the ruinous price of $60, his first old woman at $30, his first old man at $40, and so on. To his leading lady he tendered $15, to the first old man and woman $10 and $7,50 respectively.

"What's this for?" clamored the party.

"Your wages," replied Eldad. "And before they are earned, too.

"But we want the week's salary," persisted the Thespians.

"You've got it," yelled Eldad—and then it came out—he supposed he was paying his Pauline $60 a month, and the rest of 'em $30, $40 and $25 *a month*—not for the week. Disgust sat on the countenances of that outraged party; afar off was heard the shriek of the New York train; they seized their gripsacks, they flew, and night settled down on Eldad, with the posters of forty combinations out, and not a solitary performer but himself. But he was so mad, so thoroughly wild, that he felt like a circus all by himself. Eight o'clock, and the meeting-house was packed to suffocation, at twenty-five cents a head. Eldad walked on. He went for the theatrical profession with cowhide boots; he denounced, he anathematized the whole system of management and amusement. Since Talmage pranced into the theatre no such dressing-down has the time-honored institution got. But it did not pacify people who had come fifteen miles over frozen roads to see John McCullough and Mary Anderson do the Two Orphans. They threw hymn books, they hissed, they raised the roof four inches with catcalls, and Eldad fled in dismay from the wrath he had evoked.

It took him days to recover; he will have to mortgage his farm to meet the liabilities of that dreadful enterprise. But he will not be deterred—out of such stuff are the Flutamagilder managers built. We'll be hearing of him next Spring in Penn Yan playing Hazel Kirke, Virginius, Uncle Tom's Cabin and Fresh, with the same scenery and properties.

It's in him to do it, and it will be brought out of him by a desire to get even with the world for the vicissitudes of this Christmas Snap.

Wanted: A Good Reason.

Can anyone give a good reason,
Can anyone tell us why,
When some great calamity happens,
The public and newspapers cry:
"Let all of the theatres open
And give a performance some night,
In aid of so worthy an object;
'The profession' will do what is right?"

Can anyone give a good reason
Why the doctors don't give up the fee
They get from their patients one evening,
In aid of the same charity?
Or the lawyers give all of the money
Obtained in their practice that day?
Or the clergy their salary, Sunday,
As well as the theatres, pray?

Can anyone give a good reason
Why the merchants should all be exempt
From giving a whole day of profit,
Or the landlord a certain day's rent,
To make up the money required?
Or is it the right thing to call
On actors and actresses only
To carry the burden for all?

Can anyone give a good reason
Why the dramatic profession alone
Should work for all charities gratis
And their pocketbooks open be thrown,
While those who so often decry them
Do nothing but hand round the plate,
And though putting themselves nothing in
Get much praise for their charity great.

—IRENE ACKERMAN.

A Christmas Eve Party.

BY WM. F. GILCHREST.

It was Christmas Eve, or rather morning, and I had been out with the boys on a "toot;" had imbibed considerable Pommery Sec—not too much, just enough—and after wrestling with the front door and striving to unlock it with the stump of a cigar, finally found myself in my own room. Just as I had pulled off my boots I heard some one fumbling at my door, and the next moment Edwin Forrest stalked in majestically.

"Hallo, Ned," I exclaimed, somewhat startled, "why, I thought you were three feet below ground?"

"So I was," said Forrest, in his deep tones, "but they wouldn't let me rest. Such acting as they have now-a-days, sir-r-r, would cause the dead to rise. Such changes, too; you've heard, of course."

But I had not heard, and I so informed my ghostly visitor.

"Not heard," he shouted, "not heard! Oh, you're as bad as the rest. Why, the Guv'nor—ah! here he is himself. Hello, Lester," and to my great surprise I found that Lester Wallack had entered the room.

"Well," said Lester, "the contracts are all signed."

"Signed!" I said. "What contracts?"

"Why, for my reconstructed company. You see, my boy, I have made a change; I'm going into the regular stock. All my people are engaged. Rankin is to be leading man; John Gilbert low comedian; Joe Jefferson is the heavy man; Salvini will do the light comedy, and Edwin Booth the walking gentlemen, with Joe Proctor in juvenile rôles. How's that for a campany?" said Lester, as he threw a double somersault and landed on the bureau. "Then the ladies. Mrs. Gilbert is to be my leading lady. Lotta plays old women; Mrs. John Drew is singing chambermaid and Langtry leads the ballet. Isn't that a company?"

"A deuce of a company," I said.

"Right you are," said John T. Raymond, who had crawled in under the door. "I'm engaged."

"For what," I ventured to enquire.

"To do leading business at the Madison Square. After Grif Hamilton gets through playing Macbeth, I open as Hamlet. Hoop-la!" he cried, as with a single leap he sprung on the mantle piece. "How are you getting on John," he shouted, as John McCullough came in through the key-hole.

"Oh, so, so. I'm just a little sorry I dropped the legitimate to take up this India rubber man business; it hurts my back. I can do it though—see here," and Virginius bent backward until his head touched the floor.

"You're engaged," exclaimed John McCaull, bounding through the window. "I take you for my new company."

"You haven't dropped The Sorcerer?" I queried.

"Yes. Going to open the Bijou as a variety shop. Houson's to do the Japanese act, Lillian Russell is to shoot an apple off Campanini's head, and Henry Irving will do a neat song and dance. Strong attraction. Got anything to drink?"

"Nothing but this," I said laughingly, pointing to a gallon-can of kerosene standing in a corner.

"That's good enough for me in these hard times," said the Colonel, and he proceeded to fill up the glasses with the oil. I stared in amazement as the entire party imbibed one after another, smacking their lips.

"Give us a toast!" shouted Raymond, from his perch on the mantle. Just at that moment the delicious air of the "Sweet Bye and Bye" floated in from the hallway, but with a queer sort of a refrain. About all I could catch of it was:

"Oh, the sweet Rock and Rye,
With delight it is silvered o'er,
Oh, the sweet Rock and Rye,
We will stick to it, you may be 'shore.'"

The sound came nearer and nearer until the door opened and two prominent Brooklyn divines, arm-in-arm, and in a hilarious condition entered the room.

"Beg y'r pardon, gen'men," said one; "but all 'fect new Penut Code, eh?"

"Skeep still," yelled the other, "you're full's a goat."

"Fuller," answered the first speaker. "Truth is, gentlemen," he said, "we're lookin' for a job. Ever since Abbey took away the Brooklyn bridge for his new museum at Coney Island, biz's been bad, so my frien' an' I've been practising the double clogs. Let's give 'em a specimen, Tiddywit."

"Go it," shouted the other, and the two started in at a lively pace, shaking the house to its very foundation, and not stopping until Barrett came in, howling:

"Let up on that; I've got a copyright on that act," and he stood first on one foot and then on the other, and then started off in a *pas* that would have made Bonfanti green with envy. "How's that for high, eh? Beats my Richelieu all hollow! I've got a new dance, just composed by Bartley Campbell. Heard about Bart? No? Poor Bart, he's all broke up. He caught cold in 'Siberia,' where he was a 'White Slave.'" The shouts which greeted this weak pun were deafening and alarmed the police. Captain Steele Mackaye of the Forty-fourth Precinct, accompanied by Sergeant Dan Frohman, entered the room and threatened to arrest the whole party. No sooner were their backs turned than McCullough turned on me furiously.

"This is your work; dragging in the police to interrupt our festive gathering," he screamed. Then he caught me up as if I were a child, and tossed me across the room to Tiddywit, who threw me to Wallack. In this way I was hurled about the apartment until Colonel McCaull, picking up one of the Indian clubs, sang out:

"Toss him this way, Larry. I'll carom on him," and I felt myself whizzing toward the irate manager. Crash went the club on my head, and I tumbled to the floor a lifeless mass. When I recovered consciousness I found myself in my cozy bed, with my wife bending over me, and I heard the doctor say:

"Give him a little whiskey once in a while, he'll come around all right. It's nothing uncommon, mam; the boys *will* get 'em once in a while."

And ever since then my friends have been trying to convince me that I "had 'em," but I know better. Nevertheless, since that eventful Christmas Eve I have not tasted anything stronger than coffee, you may be pretty certain.

Some Seasonable Wishes.

BY MODJESKA.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:

DEAR SIR:—You have done me the honor of asking me for a contribution to your Christmas Number. Unfortunately, with the *little* time you have left me for the task, and with my great ignorance of your language, I am unable to do justice to your kind request, and I must offer you my sincere apology for not complying with it. Were it not for these two impediments—I mean, had I time to spare and were I proficient in writing English—I might have given you some of my experiences and adventures in my professional career, or I might have found some words of good advice for young actresses; might have written, probably, something very clever and interesting, possibly something very dull and insipid. Or, as Wordsworth said, "I might have written like Shakespeare, if I had had a mind." Lamb suggested, "it is only the mind which is wanting."

Being prevented from writing an article, I have nothing else to do but to close my letter by expressing some

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

I wish to your paper, and to all others, especially to those that have treated me with kindness, a circulation increasing from thousands to millions, and from millions to billions, with an infinity of advertisements.

I wish that my brothers and sisters in the dramatic art may not get discouraged by the dark side of our professional life, or the notices of critics, but keep up their spirits by the belief, common among us, in the high mission of the stage and its usefulness to humanity.

I wish to the managers that they may not suffer from those whims and caprices of which they accuse us poor vagabond stars, and that they may discover that good pieces pay better than bad ones, and that legitmate dramatic art is more profitable than any sensational trash.

I wish to the critics, very much, that their bump of indulgence may be developed to a maximum size, and that they may be more optimistic in their views of our performances.

Lastly, for myself, I wish that I may improve in my English, so as to be able to write a good article for the next Christmas Number of your paper, and so as to avoid any further criticisms in regard to my pronunciation.

Yours, HELENA MODJESKA.

Four Short Stories.

BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

Meditation, moralizing and merriment seem to me pertinent to the season. We meditate and recall the past; we moralize and consider the present, and it is one of the main duties of the time to be cheerful, and especially just now to entertain the readers of the Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR. To that end we must contorm to all of the conditions we have named. I would not be tedious; to avoid which fatal result I give what I have to say in the shape of short recitals.

For many years I was shaved three times a week by a German barber in Fulton street, who, after completing his career as a travelling journeyman barber through Germany, settled down in Berlin, where he officiated still as a tonsor or barber, and at the same time attended free medical lectures with a view to become finally a practising physician. In the outbreak of 1848 the medical students were involved in a revolutionary uprising, and many of them were imprisoned, including my barber friend. When he was fortunate enough to get out he escaped to this country. He is a philosopher and a man of wide experience, having with other happenings been at one time the guest of a nobleman in the North of Hungary. When I sat in his chair he was always broaching problems of human nature, and frequently put one to the test of solving them. By way of preliminary to the present occasion, I must state that he knew me very well, and had made himself, by persistent inquiry and through other customers who were acquainted with me, familiar with much of my history. "I am going to put another question to you this evening. I do so with confidence, expecting from a gentleman like you, who has lived so long in New York, a lawyer, a dramatist, a poet, a business man, foreman of grand juries, who has seen every class and grade, actors, managers and other magnates, and this is the problem: I wish you to give me some maxim relating to mankind at large which has impressed you the most strongly?"

"Well, sir, to be brief, and not intending to give a color of absurdity to my answer, I would say it is this: 'You can't get a quart out of a pint pot.'" The barber pondered profoundly and at last rejoined: "I believe you are right." In continuation, I explained: "Don't you see that two-thirds of the misery of mankind is caused by the attempt of the pint-pots to force themselves upon the quart-pot shelf? Men run about, as it were, carrying a great placard announcing: 'I hold a quart.' The world knows it to be a falsehood, and they shove him aside. It is so in society, in politics, in religion, on the stage, in families—eternal discord and collision to assume a place that does not belong to pretenders. On a large scale this was illustrated in our civil war. At the beginning pint-pot major-generals were constantly thrusting themselves to the front. They had been in the habit of assuming the quart-pot rôle on platforms, in political meetings and corner saloons without serious discomfiture; but when the cannon balls began to come along—for war is no trifler—they were knocked in pieces; real major-generals of the full capacity took their place, and the Union army began to win victories." As I took my hat to leave, the barber came forward to shake hands with me, saying, "You have told the very truth."

Another incident in the same direction was my encounter with a Broadway jeweler, a jovial and genial young Jew. Having dropped in at his store, he leaned over his counter and said with a peculiar significant smile: "What do you learn down town that we don't know up here?" My answer was: "Margin." "What do you mean?" "I mean this: If your expenses are one thousand dollars, secure an income of fifteen hundred—five hundred to come and go upon; do you see?"

A few days after, having stepped in at the same store, the jeweler, looking at me with his smile repeated, said: "Now, I want to ask you another question?" "Solomon," I replied, "may answer a first question, but it might take ten Solomons to answer a second. What is your question?" He spoke up promptly—"Where to get that margin?" I left immediately.

And now for the third short story. Quite a good many years ago, as Dr. Franklin, as he was known—and "known to all the neighbors round"—had a small barber-shop in a section of the old *Herald* building abutting on Ann street. It was one day at the opening of the late war that I took the chair and was under the hand of Dr. Franklin when a couple of fairly-dressed men entered the shop, and calling the Doctor aside, held a conference of some length in the corner, at the close of which the Doctor, raising his voice cheerily and nodding to the two men (whom I construed as journeymen barbers) exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I accede to your proposal." Here, I said to myself, is a confirmation of my good opinion of Franklin; he has so cheerfully raised the wages of these poor men. As I left the chair when the shave was finished I remarked, as I placed a silver sixpence—then the price of a "shave"—in the Doctor's hand: "You acted handsomely toward those men." "So I think; but what's this—sixpence—the price of a shave is now ten cents." "How long since?" Since you sat down in the chair. That was a committee of the boss barbers, and we have agreed to a raise." "Oh, then, that was what you acceded to with so much gesticulation. Franklin, I advise you as the best thing for you to do—get an engagement at a theatre and go through the performance you did just now, and you will bring down the house. You can't fail to make a fortune by that financial concession and supremely happy *congé* of yours."

Another and the last. This time the scene is in a rural district. I am walking in an orchard with an old-time Quaker farmer. It is Uncle Ezra, who remarks to me as we walk about tasting the pippins, Baldwins and greenings: "These are my crazy graftings." By this he referred to trees which he had grafted by stealth upon the farm which belonged to him, and from which he had been excluded by his near relatives. He had, however, always kept the deed in his pocket, and when his relatives had all disappeared he returned and took possession, keeping house for himself for a time, till one day he employed as a farm-hand a young man who came along the road. The young man suggested that his mother, then superintending a factory boarding-house across the Connecticut line, would make a good housekeeper for him. Accordingly the Yankee woman was brought over the line, took care of Uncle Ezra for the Winter, and in the Spring they went over to Long Island and came back a jolly married couple. As I said, Uncle Ezra having made the remark about the graftings, continued: "I could tell thee many things about this neighborhood: when the long-legged cranes stalked along the shore of the pond and we caught pickerel ten pounds weight, and when immense hawks flew overhead; but what news dost thou bring me from the city? Something thee must learn there that I don't know." "One thing only can I tell you, Uncle Ezra: Be sure you must pay the discount on every day of your life. Pure as an angel, honest as day, upright as a saint, you will encounter every day something unpleasant—of this am I so confident that I am rather pleased to meet some disagreeable fellow as I step off the front stoop in the morning: it pays the discount for the day." It was not long after this that I was called in to the death-bed of the good old Quaker. "How goes it this morning, Uncle Ezra?" "Tight—tight," was his reply; he fell back upon his bed and I closed his eyes. They buried him in the Quaker meeting-house burying-ground near by, in a corner by himself, apart from all his relatives. Let us hope the discount on his bill was slight. Peace to his memory.

The Ballet-Girl's Baby.

BY FLORENCE REVERE PENDAR.

In my peregrinations about London, some years ago, I very often dropped into a small public house, situated on a cross street running back of the Opera Comique, where I was always sure of a good glass of ale and an excellent cigar. The landlady, a buxom, rosy-cheeked woman, had become so accustomed to my visits that my wants were always deftly supplied without my being required to state them. Many a stray bit of life has drifted to me from the tap-room, through the half-open door of that little bar parlor. I was and am still a writer, and these touches of nature were very welcome to my work.

One evening the public-house door swung open, admitting three would-be swells, who, after calling for glasses of brandy all round, commenced to comment rather loudly upon the affairs of actresses then playing in London, alluding to them in a coarse, familiar manner. After awhile the name of a very pretty soubrette then acting at the Opera Comique was brought on the tapis, one of the party remarking: "I've heard she is a little prude," which brought forth the reply:

"Don't you believe it, young fellow; that's only her little game. I'll bet you half a-crown she's just like the rest of them. You can shake them all up in the same bag."

"It's a lie!" and crash went a screen which had cut off one end of the bar from view, disclosing a little old man attired in a dressing-gown and green skull-cap, grasping a toasting-fork in one hand, from which dangled the remnants of a piece of cheese, while the other was tightly clenched over the broken stem of a pipe.

"It's a lie!" he repeated, his thin voice piping out shrilly as he added: "and I'll knock the man down what says it agin."

"And I'll lend a hand if need be," says I, stepping out into sight as a derisive laugh echoed from the trio, one of them demanding angrily:

"By what right do you interfere?"

"By the right that belongs to every gentleman," I replied; "the right to stop the tongue of slander pointed at a woman's name." There was a certain dignity about the old man, in spite of his rather comical appearance, as he said, bowing slightly:

"Thank ye, sir, I believe you would;" then [illegible], he remarked, with quiet sarcasm, to the [illegible]dy, who had only ejaculated, "Why, [illegible]e!"—

"You needn't chalk' em up, Annie; we wants nuther their money nor their custom." Then without another word he passed behind the screen, which his niece had put in place again, while the three men retired somewhat shamefacedly.

Two or three evenings afterward, I again paid a visit to the little pub., and with rather more interest than heretofore, I must confess. This time, instead of merely pleasantly wishing me good evening as I entered, the landlady stopped me with: "I hopes as you won't think it's takin' a liberty, sir; but uncle's that anxious to sorter explain things, as he sez, and if you wouldn't mind he'd take it kindly if you'd favor him with your company this evening."

"Certainly," I answered, stepping behind the bar, the woman continuing with: "He's been that uneasy, has uncle, ever since that night; you see, sir, he's getting old and we likes to humor him a bit;" then raising her voice as she tapped lightly on the screen, she called out: "Here's the gentleman, uncle, as you was wishing to see."

"All right, Annie; show the gentleman in, show him in," came the reply. Being shown in, I found the old man standing to receive me, with an eager look of expectancy shining in his still bright eyes.

"Good evening, sir," said he; "and thank ye kindly for the favor of yer company. If ye'd do me the honor to take a cheer, perhaps as we could talk more comfurtabler." As I complied with his request he added: "You see, sir, it's kinder worrited me ever since as you shouldn't rightly understand about the other night; and I being sorter riled at the time, perhaps I didn't thank you as I ought fur them words of your'n. If so be, it warn't 'cause I didn't feels on 'em; and I'm much obleeged, sir; much obleeged."

"It was only what any gentleman would have done," I answered.

"Yer pardon, sir; but gentlemen is oncommon scarce. You see, somehow I've felt ever since kinder drawed toward telling you about *her;* if so be as it's ergreerble to you, sir, in corse."

"Quite," I replied, adding, "In fact I am very much interested indeed in what you have to relate."

"Really, now!" exclaimed the old fellow, while a look of evident satisfaction lit up his face. Opening a small cupboard he took out a bottle and placed it upon a little round table which already held a sugar-bowl, two glasses with spoons and some half dozen lemons, saying, "Try a drop of punch, sir; the kittle will bile in a minit," which it did, with such hearty good will as to mar somewhat the whiteness of the hearth; its lid bobbing up and down in frantic endeavors to do its duty.

While the old gentleman was concocting the punch, which I had signified my decided approval of, and the making of which he undertook with evident enjoyment, cocking his head like a sparrow as he methodically measured out the required ingredients, I had a chance to glance about me. The first thing that attracted my attention was that the walls were almost covered with lithographs, framed photographs, both large and small, of a then very popular little actress called Mildred Lilly, while the screen which shut off this part of the room from the bar presented an unbroken surface of old play-bills. In one corner near the window was a bed draped with large figured chintz curtains, and a roomy arm-chair covered with the same pattern chintz stood close to the little round table on the opposite side from which I sat.

"Theer, sir," said he, in tones of satisfaction, "try that and see if it is to yer liking," as with a final stir he ladled out a glass full of punch and sat it before me. Screwing up one eye and holding his glass to the light, he added: "Theer's a sight in knowing how to make good punch; theer's many as spoils the flavor of the liquor in the doing of 't. Here's yer good health, sir."

Taking a sip he slowly smacked his lips, ejaculating: "Well, it's not so bad; it 'ull bear drinken."

Whereupon I remarked: "Very fine, indeed, Mr. ——."

"Dave Blake, as my father's afore me," he replied.

"Fond of the drama, I see, Mr. Blake," I ventured.

"You noticed 'em, sir?" Then leaning across the table he added in a sort of confidential way: "I don't b'lieve, sir, if Dave Blake should git a pass right straight to heaven he'd feel a bit at home or comfortable, unless he could see them photografies and bills kinder sot up around like. For, sir, I've got the first bill as ever her name appeared in, a-pasted on to that air screen theer."

"Then you have known Miss Lilly some time," I remarked.

"Known her, sir, ever since she were a babby." Then he added, proudly: "I stood godfather to her, sir, and when I neerd them d—n rascals—excuse me, sir, but yer can't go agin natur—I had to jist speak out. And I sez to myself that night: 'Dave, you owe it to that gentleman that spoke up so friendly, to tell him about the ballay-girl's babby.'"

"Ballet girl's-baby!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir; our Milly. Perhaps you'd like a smoke, sir? I most allers takes a pipe, and if yer don't mind I'll jist have a whiff. You see it kinder helps the words along."

For a few moments we were both busy filling our pipes; then after a preliminary puff or two, the old man began:

"Well, sir, it's nigh upon twenty-one years ago since I first set eyes on Milly. I was stage carpenter at Drury Lane then, and Fanny, Milly's mother, were in the ballay; although I don't think as I ever spoke to her mor'n once or so. Poor girl, she fell down dead of heart complaint in the green-room one night with her bit of a babe in her arms."

"I suppose the father of her child had deserted her?" I here remarked.

"Not a bit of it, sir," was his reply; "Fanny were an honest girl and her husband were an acrobat, what broke his neck a-doing of the finish to his act, jest a month afore Milly was born. Incorse at the time I was cut up about the poor young woman's death, so sudden like, but it sorter passed off until one evening I was hoisting props out from between the scenes, when I see the prettiest sight as ever was seen, even in a piktur book. We were doing of Macbeth, and right theer in the witches' caldron were the leastest scrap of a babby, with its bit of pink fists crammed into its mite of a mouth and its pretty blue eyes a-looking up at me as bright as two stars, and if it didn't hold out its little arms and coo as if it wanted to come to me. Well, sir, not being used to babbies, I was amost afeard to touch it; and if that babby didn't jest pucker up its lips and begin to whimper. She were allers the knowingest child, were Milly. She had a knack, had that young 'un, of jest creeping inside yer westcut, a coming it over yer with her pretty ways, afore she were higher than a—a hammer."

"Rather a queer place to put a baby," I said.

"Lor' bless you, sir, she were used to't. We were fur popping her in a'most anywhere. Try some more punch, sir; it won't do you any harm, it's the real article." Having replenished my glass, he continued: "We got a pretty big scare one night, when the manager caught one of the ballet-girls a-dancing the babby up and down at the wing."

"'What's that babby doing here?' said he. 'I karn't have any brats round on the stage.'

"'Oh! please, sir,' sez Lucy—that was the girl as was minding the babby—'it's Fanny's, the ballay girl's what died, and we takes care of it atween us. We couldn't leave it at home, because there's nobody to mind it. It's such a little dear, hardly any trouble.'

"'And it never cries, sir,' sez I, thinking I'd put in a word for the little 'un, too.'

"'Well, well,' sez Mr. Dunn (the manager, sir), but mind, if ever I catch it squalling, out it goes.' A bit gruff, perhaps; but not a bad-hearted man were the manager."

"And these ballay-girls really took care of the child between them?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; turn and turn about. There's some as thinks that ballay-girls and actresses is all a bad lot. Well, may be, sir, there is some among 'em as isn't exactly saints; but there wasn't one of them girls, sir, but would have pawned anything she had, *and did, too*, rather than that babby should want. It were kurus, but that young 'un seemed to know as it musn't cry about the wings, or it 'ud git the sack. Bless you, sir, she used to git tossed 'round like a indy-rubber ball, from one to another, and many's the time I've see her a laying on a property bank, a sucking of her thumb and a blinking at the red-fire as knowing as could be."

"I should have thought there would have been danger of her being hurt in changing scenes and amidst so much confusion," I here remarked.

"Bless you, sir, them scene-shifters was as tender of her as if she'd been made of chiny. She were the pet of the theatre, you see, sir. Well, come Christmas, nothin 'ud do for them ballay-girls but the babby must be christened. They was dead sot on't. Theer be folks as believes theer isn't a bit of religin among actors; but lor', sir, they offen have the feelingst kind that takes ye in and cares fur ye and no questions asked. They fixed upon Christmas Day and wheedled me into standing godfather to the little 'un. Not as I was much agin it, being main fond of the child. Somehow it leaked out about the neighborhood that the ballay-girl's babby was to be christened. You see, sir, they'd sorter come to know about her and ask after her, and Christmas Eve that stage door was jist piled up with packages, every blessed one on' em addressed to the ballay-girl's babby." Here the old man paused to relight his pipe, his genial face glowing with excitement as he continued:

"Why! theer was a turkey that didn't weigh an ounce less than fourteen pounds, and a pair of fowls and a plum-cake, with her name writ on't; and flannel pettycuts and a demijohn of whisky, and a bunnit, and oranges and a rattle—lor! bless you, sir, I couldn't recollect all on 'em. The moment I sot eyes on the cake, which were a regeler sherdouver with a cupid on top, I knowed why old mother Jordan, what kept a cook-shop jist round the corner from the theatre, had been that pertickler as to what we was a-naming of the babby. I never could find out right about the turkey; but I allers suspected Dan Ripley, one of the best-hearted men as ever drew a mug of ale behind a bar. He was in the public line, sir, next door but one to the theatre. Perhap, sir, as I'm tiring ye, I fergits as it's not the same to others as to me."

"Not all," I answered; "I would like to hear all you can tell." With a pleasant look the old fellow went on:

"Well, sir, the babby was christened, and all our people what hadn't got relations or friends to spend the day with was at the church. Mr. Dunn had come out quite handsome, giving us the use of the green-room fur the feast, and a-taking the head of the table and a-toasting of the babby out of the gallon of rum as he sent in himself. Where them wimmen folks got all the fine fixings as that babby was togged out in—furbelows and sich—beat me; but they has a knack at it. When Milly was about two and a half she made her first appearunce, sir, as Cupid in the pantomime. There's the bill, sir, on that screen, the yellow one on the left-hand side; the name, Little Mildred, is just near that blue line." When I had gravely inspected the bill, Mr. Blake proceeded:

"The wimmen folks were mortal crazy over her that night, and she did look for all the world like one of them picktur-valentines, only a deal prittier; somehow or nuther I got kinder choked up a-thinking of her mother, and she sich a bit of a babby."

"The leading people, did they never give toward the support of the child?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir, now and again," was the reply, "most of us helped a little, sir. After a bit we put up a money-box, with the words, 'For the Ballay-Girl's Babby,' writ over it, and you'd be surprised, sir, to see what a lot of help we got that way. Once or twice we found a sovereign amongst the silver and pennies. It were wonderful how that kid took to the stage; it seemed born in her. When she were about four a Mr. Schmidt, a German manager, saw her and took quite a fancy to her, and the end of it was he offered, if we'd sorter apprentice her to him for five years, to pay us two pound ten a week and take the best of care of the child. At first we wouldn't hear to 't; but after a bit we came to think as perhaps we was a-standing in the child's light. We couldn't allers keep together; there was three of her ballay mammys, as she called 'em, left in the theatre, without counting my wife."

"Your wife?" I repeated.

"Yes, sir; I forget to say as I was married two years afore this to the ballay-girl Lucy. At last it were settled by his engaging of me to go along as property man and my wife to look after the wardrobes and tend to the child. Bless you, sir, it warn't no time afore our Milly had them furrin lingoes as clever as could be, a playin in them too; and my wife she picked up a goodish bit, but I could never git the twist on 'em, although we did a heap of furrin travel in them five years, a-going through Germany, France and Roosha, Milly a-drawin that powerful wherever we went.

"She were allers cheery, sir. Jest afore the five years was up Mr. Schmidt died quite suddenly, as kind a gentlemen as ever I traveled with, a-larning our Milly all sorts from books and the pianny. When we got back to England, there was Milly's salary all snug in the bank. We'd agreed as ther was none of us to tuch it, only along of illness or death. Well, the three mammys and my wife and me we has a meeting and we decides to send Milly to school for a few years, with the money she'd earnt; although there were plenty of managers as stood ready with big offers fur her, she were that clever. Would you believe it, sir, we had a sight of work to find a school where they'd take her, along of her being the ballay-girl's child. You see we was pertickler about her having the best, and we got it at last; but we had to make Milly promise she'd never mention as she'd been on the stage or had to do with sich."

"I should have thought it would have been almost impossible for so young a child to keep from referring to her past life," I here remarked.

"It might ha' been fur some children," he answered; "but not fur Milly; she'd never go agin her word. Well, sir, we kep' her at school and dressed her like a lady fur going on six years. Sometimes we'd have her home at the holidays; but we couldn't allers manage it, and when I went to bring her away fur good, I hadn't see her fur most a year; but I allers got beauterful writ letters from her every week. I couldn't believe it were our Milly, she'd growed so tall and stylish-like, and somehow I felt as if I warn't fixed up swell enough, although I borrowed the property watch with a chain to 't as you couldn't tell from real. You see, sir, I didn't want 'em to think as Milly's folks warn't tiptoppers. Bless you, afore I could speak, she had her arms about my neck a-kissing and a-patting of me, and a twisting up of my hair, a way she allers had, sir; then she kinder giv me a little shake, a-saying: 'Daddy Dave, you silly old goose, what are you crying fur?' But I see as her pritty lashes were wet, too. I was most afeard she'd tire of our plain ways; but I might ha' known better. Milly were, she—why, she were jest Milly, sir!" and the old man drew his hand quickly across his eyes as he added: "I was the property man at the Royal Amphitheatre in Liverpool, and in a few weeks Milly got an engagement to play there, which she kep' steady fur two years; when a London manager, being took with her, engaged her fur three years at a handsome salary. Of corse nothin' 'ud do fur Milly but we must come to London too, and jest six months after I lost my wife—a woman out of a hundred, sir. Somehow I couldn't rightly settle to anything them days, and Milly she jest sot down her foot, and sez she: 'Daddy Dave, now you got to do jest as I say,' and she up and bought the lease of this public house and set me up in business along of my nephew, a very deserving man, and his wife Annie, to sort of take the heavy work off of me. Milly's playing a splendid engagement now at the Opera Comique."

"Yes," I answered, "I've had the pleasure of seeing Miss Lilly act a number of times."

"Yes, and—and what did you think of her?" exclaimed Mr. Blake, eagerly.

"Think! I think she is the cleverest and prettiest little actress on the stage, Mr. Blake," I answered.

"Ah! I thought you'd say so, sir," said he, delightedly, adding: "I git over now and agen, sir, but not as often as I used; but I allers goes to her benefits, rain or shine. Milly sends a cab. And she comes in here [illegible] sometimes twice. Milly never [illegible]

"What has become of the [illegible] shared your care of her?"

"Well, sir, out of the four as [illegible] by her to the last, two on 'em's dead—one [illegible] America, and the other is with Milly, as [illegible] shappyron." A foreign clock on the [illegible] chimed twelve.

"Lor' bless me, sir!" exclaimed he, "I had no idea it were so late. When I gits a talking on them times I don't know when to stop. I hopes I haven't bored you, sir."

"Mr. Blake," said I, holding out my hand, "I never was more interested in anything in my life. I thank you sincerely for the pleasure you have given me this night."

The old man looked pleased.

"Well, well, sir," he replied, "but I'm powerful drawed to 't. You see, sir, theer's a door as lea is out of this room into a little one behind, and if that door were left open a bit, say, why anybody inside could look right in here, eh!" and the old fellow actually winked at me, as he added, "there's no law agen yer happening to drop in to-morrow week, say about quarter of eleven."

* * * * * * *

"To-morrow week" found me seated in the little back room, from which I could obtain an excellent a view of what took place in the space behind the screen, where old Dave waited, anxiously watching the clock, his whole face glowing with pleasure.

A ripple of laughter, like unto little birds trilling a happy carol; an old man eagerly hastening toward the sound; then a murmur of voices and the soft swish, swish of a woman's dress on the carpet. I bent slightly forward, and saw two little hands clasping old Dave's arm, as a pair of mischievous eyes looked up into his, and the dainty little nose puckered itself into the cunningest of wrinkles, while the pretty, tantalizing lips, quivering with merriment, said: "Daddy Dave, I smell onions; it's—it's—yes, it's stewed tripe. Oh! you dear old darling! And clapping her hands like a pleased child, she waltzed round him, whistling her own accompaniment, stopping abruptly to add: "And there'll be eel pies, won't there!"

"Lor' bless me!" ejaculated old Dave, chuckling with delight, "what a clever one you are to find out things. How you used to love them eel-pies, Milly. I've seen you stow away three, one after another, when you was a little one. I was most afeard at one time as you'd ruin the money-box."

"Daddy Dave, if ever again you speak of that part of my early life I'll refuse to speak another eel as long as I live;" and with mock indignation she turned her back upon him, the next instant to glance laughingly over her shoulder, saying, "Come here, you bad boy, and have your hair done for supper. Why, I'm almost famished. I hardly tasted a bit of dinner, in order to save my appetite for to-night. Now, sit right down and let me make you presentable, before mammy [illegible] would stay behind to see to my things." Here the young lady with the stem of a pipe commenced to transform old Mr. Blake's [illegible] locks into all sorts of fantastic shapes, the [illegible] beaming contentedly upon her meanwhile. Some few seconds passed, when the old man said, his voice trembling slightly:

"Milly, do you know I'm getting an old man? Who will look after you when I am gone?"

"Daddy Dave, I know one thing, if you don't hold still I can't do your hair." Then I saw her softly breathe a kiss upon the old man's head as he asked:

"Is there no one, Milly, to take the old man's place?"

A rosy tinge crept into her fair cheeks, as kneeling down beside him, she laid her soft cheek gently against his wrinkled one, saying:

"No one can *ever* take your place, Daddy Dave; but would it make you any happier to know that perhaps there was one who cared a little bit about the ballet-girl's baby?"

Gently stroking the fair curls from off the girlish brow, the old man said: "And how about Milly; does she care for this some one?"

Springing to her feet, Miss Lilly exclaimed: "Daddy Dave, that's altogether different, and—and I should like my supper, please."

"Would you trust her to me, Mr. Blake?" I asked.

"Mr. Elmoyle, I—I don't think I quite understand." And Dave Blake, so saying, arose from his chair and gazed from Milly to me with a bewildered air.

"Forgive me," I exclaimed, "for practising a little deceit upon you in not mentioning before that I had known Miss Lilly for some time. Not that I have ever spoken a word of love to her; but I think she knows almost as well as I that I do love her very dearly." Here I glanced toward the young lady; but was only rewarded by a view of the back of her head and a morsel of a doll-like ear.

"Milly," said the old man, tenderly, "if you fond of him, deary, I've nothin' agen it. I was drawed to him myself from the first."

"Daddy Dave, if I'm to have such things happening at my birthday supper, I shall decline to have a birthday." Then with a swift motion she turned and buried her face on the old man's shoulder. For a moment the white and the golden locks mingled, then Daddy Dave said: "Milly, have you nothing to say to Mr. Elmoyle?"

"He—he may stay to supper if he wants to," came the half-smothered reply, at which old Dave nodded and blinked at me with apparent delight.

"Mildred," I said, "have you nothing more to say to me? If I have been mistaken you need not speak. I shall know your answer by your silence, and I will leave——"

"Mr. Elmoyle," interrupted a very demure little voice, "we would be pleased to have you stay—to supper. I believe there's to be stewed tripe; but if you don't like that, there's a beef-steak pie, isn't there, Daddy Dave? and—and [growing a little bit confused as her gaze met mine] anything you like."

"Anything I like?" I repeated.

"In the eating line," was the laconic reply, whereupon old Dave nudged me and whispered: "She's coming round; lor', sir, I know Milly."

"Good evening, Mildred," I said. A pair of roguish eyes were raised to mine, while a trifle saucily came the words:

"You don't think you'll like the [illegible] then?"

"No," I answered, "excuse me, I [illegible] ing you from it."

A little hand was placed upon [illegible] pretty lips murmured: "Suppose I [illegible] you to stay to—to please me?"

"I would do anything to please [illegible] was my reply, gently drawing [illegible]

"Then stay," she whispered, [illegible] her rosy cheeks against [illegible] knew that the ballet girl's [illegible] wife.

The Little Bootblack.

Say, mister, may I give yer a shine?
Please do, it's only a dime;
I will, if you only knew
How much good that dime would do,
I'm sure you'd not say no!

Get out, you little ragged pest!
Can't I give my feet a rest,
Without your everlasting whine
Of mister, may I give yer a shine,
Ringing in my ears?

Oh, sir, before you go your way,
Please hear me—what I have to say;
And if you don't believe it true,
Why, then, I'll go along with you,
And for yourself you'll see.

I'm not a beggar, sir!
Though very young and very poor,
I wouldn't take a single dime
(I've had it offered many a time)
Unless 'twas fairly earned.

I've a little sister, frail and fair,
Whom mother left in my sole care
When she was taken from our sight,
And carried to the world of light,
A year ago to-day.

Her life is like one endless night;
She's never known the bright sunlight;
She's never played as children do,
And face of friends she never knew,
For, sir, she's blind, stone blind.

Thanks, sir, but I could never take—
Not even for poor Susie's sake—
Money that's given, not earned.
That's a lesson which I learned
At my poor mother's knee.

I'll go along, my boy, with you,
And see if all this tale be true;
And if it is—well, never mind;
You say your little sister's blind,
And you alone support her?

Surely, can a creature dwell
Within this crazy crumbling shell?
And hark! what sound is that I hear,
The notes so birdlike and so clear?
It seems an angel's voice.

That's Susie, sir; when I'm away
She knits and sings the livelong day,
And seems as happy as a Queen,
Though both of us have often been
Without a crust of bread.

Come! put your things in bundle tight,
For far from here we'll go to-night.
God took my little ones to Heaven;
But you two, now, he's surely given
To fill their places here.

Oh, thanks, sir; you are very kind.
(But, Johnnie, does he know I'm blind?)
Yes, knows it all, and you shall be
My own dear birdie, glad and free,
To warble all day long.

—Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine.

"Little Brown-dress."

BY SYDNEY COWELL.

I am a comedian. Perhaps it would be more explicit to describe myself as a "low" comedian; but that I detest that abominable adjective. So much by way of introduction. You will find in the little story I am about to tell you that the narrator plays merely a subordinate part.

It was in the year 18—never mind what, that I was engaged as first low comedian in the Theatre Royal, Herringborough. Everybody knows that is the finest theatre out of London. The lessee and his wife were great favorites, both socially and professionally, and their receptions were largely attended. There was a spice of Bohemianism about these gatherings that made them piquant and interesting. Through these delightful meetings I became acquainted with several very charming families, none more so than the Hamiltons. Alexander Hamilton, the paterfamilias, had retired from business a wealthy man, and devoted his leisure to studying the education and amusement of his children. He was a widower, but his eldest daughter, Elsie, had assumed the reins of domestic government on the death of her mother, five years previously, and held them gracefully and well. There was always hospitality and entertainment in the Hamilton mansion; but order and discipline were also observed there, and it was really wonderful to see how quietly Elsie ruled them all, from Pater himself to impudent Master Fred.

Elsie, at the time I speak of, was really about twenty-three years of age, but she looked barely eighteen. She had been engaged to Hugh Cameron, a young lawyer, for several years; but had constantly postponed the marriage on one pretext or another.

Pardon this uninteresting prologue. It was necessary for the development of my little drama. Ting-a-ling, up goes the curtain.

Act First—Scene First: My comfortable bachelor headquarters in Deerfield square. *Dramatis Personæ*:—Myself as host and Charlie Strafford, my old friend and school-fellow, just arrived from London, to commence his first starring engagement the following evening, as guest:

You have all seen Charlie in London. You remember his tall, graceful figure, his bright, dancing blue eyes and his light brown curly locks. His attire commands the admiration of half the gilded youth in town; his education is a collegiate one, and his acting—well, his acting is a matter of opinion. I do not think that in his own heart Charlie has a very high estimate of his own ability; but what he may lack in genius he makes up in grace, in earnestness, and in that wonderful gift, personal magnetism. There is my hero for you!

"What jolly quarters you have here, Frank," says Charlie. "But, my boy, it strikes me as decidedly inconsistent for a man in your position to pose for the artistic and æsthetic. Now, for a leading man—a Claude, you know, or a Romeo—all that sort of thing would seem natural enough; but a Barnaby Bibbs, who sketches with taste and skill; a Timothy Toodles, who raves about the antique and criticises the modern school of art—and criticises, mind you, ably and well—why, the idea is preposterous! Give it up, my boy; preserve the congruities, drop the artistic, and take to green ties and plaid trousers in private life; or, mark my words, you'll lose your position."

I did not, of course, condescend to reply to this tirade, but remarked: "How do you feel about to-morrow night, Charlie? Shaky?"

"Well, yes, a trifle," he owned, with a nervous little laugh. "It's not so much the large audiences that frighten me; we've all got to come to it sooner or later, you know; but to appear before my old friends a Big Boy, in the theatre where I first studied my A B C, and where I played here three seasons in succession—well, the prospect rather staggers me. I don't know how they'll take the dose." "Physician heal thyself is and never guess it's medicine,"

Frank? or do your sensitive for the society of the fragrant

and besides, I am She has set famous. Next year, we intend starring, and the follow- prospect of opening London, and believe always be an en-

gagement open for the best fellow in the world—"

"Thanks, Charlie, thanks; but time enough to speak about that by-and-bye. You're a lucky fellow to have won Maud Richardson. She's what one might call a thoroughbred. Handsome, young, talented and irreproachable. Is it true that she refused old Lord Cranberry last season?"

"Quite true," assented Charlie. "Maud laughed in his face when he proposed to her. "What should I marry you for?" said she. "You have neither youth nor good looks. As for *money*, well, I propose to make that for myself; and as for your title, I'd sooner be Lady Teazle or Lady Gay Spanker than Lady Cranberry any day."

"Talking of Lady Teazle, what induced you to open as Charles Surface? That's not one of your best parts. Powers above, why you're actually blushing! Have I trodden on delicate ground?" For my old chum had colored up to the roots of his curly hair.

"Frank," said he, "there are episodes in every man's life of which he seldom or never speaks, and there is one in mine that has hitherto been sacred as the grave; but I will trust you with my secret."

Seating himself in a comfortable easy-chair and gazing into the glowing embers, Charlie began his story.

"I don't think I am naturally a conceited fool, Frank; but my first recollection is of being patted on the head and of being called 'a pretty little boy.' My darling old mother spoiled me from my birth. I was her 'handsome Charles! her splendid son!' Flattery has followed me from my cradle, and after I went on the stage the dose was repeated *ad nauseam*. Here in Herringborough the adulatory letters I used to receive would have turned my head, if a small stock of brains had not already taken possession. As a rule I burned the glowing epistles and heartily despised their authors. But one day, Frank." Here he paused and sighed.

"One day?" I repeated. "The plot thickens. Proceed."

"One day I received an anonymous letter so different from the ordinary rubbish that it left a deep and lasting impression. The writer, it seems, had seen me the night before in the character of Charles Surface, and her enthusiastic praise was so girlish, so artless, and the tone of her letter so pure and simple, that there could be no mistaking one fact—it was the composition of a lady, and a *good* one. It was no three-cornered, rose-scented note, but was written on paper white as the driven snow. No scrawling Italian hand, but small, neat and firm; character and decision were there, but nothing masculine or obtrusive. With the note came a bunch of violets. That was the beginning of my romance."

"And what would the beauteous Maud say to all this?" I demanded.

"The beauteous Maud, Frank," he replied, relighting his extinct cigar, "is a sensible girl, and won't ask inconvenient questions on her wedding morning. But to proceed. The letters continued, also the bouquets. No name was ever affixed; but the sentiments of the writer were unmistakable. Such pretty, romantic letters! 'Do not despise me for acting thus!' she would write at times. 'You will never, never know who I am. Our paths in life lie wide apart; but I would have you know that there is one who worships you, you are so great, so grand!' A that time, Frank, I had certainly not distinguished myself, and the papers were pitching into me hot and heavy, so that my little unknown admirer's praise was particularly agreeable. She was sure, she often wrote, that I must lead a good, pure life, I looked so truly noble! The fact is, I was exceedingly gay that season; it was before I was engaged to Maud, and I was very busy sowing a lot of extremely wild oats."

"Did you ever see her?" I asked.

"Of course; I'm coming to that presently. Several nights, on leaving the theatre, I had noticed a figure, so slight and fragile that it seemed that of a child, standing in a hall-way, opposite the stage door. She was always closely veiled, and wore a dress of some brown material and a tight-fitting jacket. She would wait until I came out and faced her; then would turn quickly and run like a hunted deer down the street. At last the other fellows got to notice her, and gave her the name of 'Little Brown-dress.' Of course they chaffed me about her; but it was some time before I connected her in my own mind with my romantic correspondent."

"They were one and the same?"

"Yes, old boy. Now prepare your nerves; I'm coming to something sensational. The season was drawing to a close, and was to terminate with my farewell benefit on Saturday evening. I had received and accepted a fine offer from London, and this fact added somewhat to the interest of the affair. The letters from Little Brown-dress had become very sad of late. She rejoiced in my advancement; but lamented my departure. She urged me to lead an honorable life, and never to forget there was one whose prayers for me would rise to Heaven night and morning. The constancy and devotion of the little woman touched me deeply. My rooms were always fragrant with her offerings, and a longing began to possess me to gaze on the face of their donor. At last the opportunity offered. It was my benefit night, and I had a splendid house. They called me out after every act, and treated me royally. I was in the best of spirits, and sent for a basket of wine for the company, of which I partook too freely myself. This fact must help to excuse what is to follow. We were all very merry after the performance was over, and the boys commenced plaguing me about my little *incognita*. 'Charlie vows he's never seen her face yet,' cried Bob Fellowes; 'I don't believe him.' 'Nor I,' shouted another; 'the poor thing gives him all the encouragement in her power.' 'I tell you that young lady is a respectable girl,' I declared. 'Oh, undoubtedly!' cried Bob, 'Her conduct proves it.' The sneers and sarcasm of my friends were not without effect. Flushed with wine, elated by the success of the evening, and absorbed by a desire to know more of my mysterious admirer, I determined to follow her if she should appear at her accustomed post. I was not disappointed. Although it was snowing fast, there she was, standing in the shadow of the doorway, as usual. Even then, something innocent and childlike in the slight form made me hesitate for a moment; but a mocking laugh from one of my comrades decided me, and I darted toward her. She took wing like a bird, and flew down the snow-covered street. I followed her of course, and soon found I was gaining upon the fugitive. With a cry of triumph I overtook her, and caught her, trembling and exhausted, in my arms."

"Charles Strafford!" said I, "I am utterly disgusted! Your conduct was that of a heartless libertine!"

"I know it was, old boy," said Charlie, ruefully; "but all men are not as cold-blooded as you are, and there are very few who would not have acted as I did."

"Of course you apologized to the young lady and released her?"

"Reverend Francis, I did neither one nor the other. I led her into a side street, where, attached to a stable and sheltered by an overhanging roof, was a rude bench, and on this I seated——myself."

"I am surprised and grieved; but proceed."

"After a moment's pause my poor little armful commenced in a girlish, tremulous voice: 'Mr. Strafford, you have behaved very badly to me; but I am aware that my foolish conduct is open to misconstruction. Please believe that I never dreamed you would follow me; never hoped—I mean never feared—that—that—oh, Mr. Strafford, if you are a gentleman, if you are a man of honor you will let me go this moment without a word!"

"And you *did*, of course?" said I, eagerly.

"I grieve to state I did *not*," replied Charles, guiltily. "On the contrary, I behaved abominably. I entreated her to elope with me, then and there. I vowed to marry her on the first opportunity. I made love as ardently as I knew how. In short, I succeeded so well that my Little Brown-dress began to grow less shy and to repulse me less vigorously. All this time I had never seen her face; but now I ventured to raise her veil, and when I gazed on her perfectly exquisite features, I clasped her more closely in my arms and bent my face down to hers. Her beautiful eyes, filled with tears, met mine with a strange expression of mingled rapture and anguish, and the sweet mouth quivered as she murmured, 'Once, oh! once before I die.' With that, Frank, our lips met for the first and last time."

"The *last* time?" said I, skeptically.

"On my honor, yes. But not to my credit, be it recorded. What my mad folly might have led me to do I cannot say; but, suddenly, with a cry of desperation, the slight creature freed herself from my embrace, dashed me from her with a strength that paralyzed me, and was flying down the road and out of sight before I could recover from my astonishment."

"And have you heard from her since?"

"Once only," said Strafford, producing an envelope which contained a few faded violets and the following note: "Cruel, heartless one! your conduct has widened the gulf that separates us. You are lost to me forever; but I will pray that the day may dawn when I may cease to love you!"

"Not quite cured, I'm afraid" said I. "Not quite," echoed Charlie.

* * * * * * *

Strafford made a big hit the following night. He was called out again and again, and acknowledged his welcome in a few graceful, well-chosen words. The Hamiltons were there in their proscenium box, as usual—the whole family, root and branch, with the exception of Miss Elsie, who was confined to her room with a bad headache. They remained until the rest of the audience had dispersed, when Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon brought Strafford round and introduced him. He received half a dozen invitations in as many minutes. "Delighted to see you to dinner next Sunday," said papa. "And I'll put you up at our club," cried Alec. "If your fond of cricket, the Herringborough Eleven will show you some fine work," remarked Harry. "We have a little dance on Wednesday evening, and I'm sure Elsie would be *so* glad if you'd come round after the performance is over," chimed in the married daughter; while even the shy little girls and saucy Fred joined in the general chorus of invitation. Charlie cheerfully accepted one and all.

Strafford and the Hamiltons soon became fast friends, and the only drawback to the pleasant intimacy consisted in the continued indisposition of Miss Hamilton herself. Although pretty Mrs. Clements undertook her duties, the little housekeeper was terribly missed. "If it were not profane," said Charlie, laughingly, one day, "I should think your fair sister was related to the celebrated Mrs. Harris. Am I never to have the honor of seeing her?"

"I don't believe she wants to see you," cried Freddy, perched upon his knee. "She was busy round the house all this morning, and directly she heard you were coming, she made believe she had a headache and slipped off to her room. That was her artfulness. Girls are all artful; don't you think so, Mr. Strafford?"

"Never studied the species," laughed Charlie.

"I don't believe, Fred, that Miss Elsie likes my style of acting." He treated the matter lightly, but began to feel a strange interest in the absentee. No one regretted Elsie's non-appearance more than Hugh Cameron, her *fiancé*. Never a talkative man, he now became even gloomy and morose, and yet lingered round the place that contained his treasure. How long this state of affairs might have continued I cannot say, but for a certain event that brought things shortly after to a *denouement*.

It occurred on the last evening of Strafford's engagement, and we had both been invited to a supper at the house of some very nice friends of the Lyndons. It was late when we arrived, and we slipped quietly into the seats prepared for us beside our hostess; and a brilliant sight it was to gaze down the table, bright with flowers, fruits, plate and glittering candelabra. After the last toast had been proposed, we adjourned to the drawing-room, where our hostess formally presented us to her other guests, and we speedily found ourselves the centre of an admiring group.

"I presume it is unnecessary to introduce Miss Hamilton and Mr. Cameron? They are both here; but doubtless you are already acquainted?

"I should be delighted to have the opportunity," cried Charles, with eagerness; and she led us to a curtained alcove, in which stood Cameron, bending over a slight little figure, clad in soft, dusky velvet.

"Elsie, my love, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Charles Strafford," said our hostess, and the young lady rose and bowed gracefully while she slowly lifted her pale face and gazed at him with an expression I shall never forget, it was so frightened, wistful and imploring. I instantly recognized the heroine of Charlie's romance, and wondered how the present chapter would end. It was not so very sensational after all, for she soon recovered her self-possession, and acknowledged the introduction with ease and grace. Then turning to her betrothed: "Hugh," she said, "it is cruel to tear you away from such a pleasant party; but you must really take me home at once. Mrs. Seabright will excuse us, I know. I am not strong enough yet to brave the effects of late hours." All this time Strafford had been standing motionless, gazing with wonder and admiration at the self-contained little creature before him. I noticed a peculiar expression of suspicion on Cameron's face as he led his *fiancée* to their carriage.

It had been arranged between us that Charlie was to pass the night in my rooms, and an hour later saw me seated in my favorite corner, my feet toasting before a cosy fire, philosophically regarding my chum, who was tearing up and down the room like a lunatic. "Simmer down, old man," said I consolingly.

"Simmer down, you living icicle!" roared Charlie. "Simmer down, with the memory of those angelic eyes burning into my very brain? Little Brown-dress! my poor love! why she doesn't care a hang for that other fellow, does she, Frank? that cold, pragmatical, cad of a Scotchman. His hair's red, and I'll swear he squints."

"Hugh Cameron is a remarkably handsome man, and a gentleman to the backbone!"

"His backbone be—no matter," growled Charles. "I tell you, Frank, I am madly in love with that girl, and I cannot and will not give her up."

"And how about Maud?" said I. He dropped into the nearest chair with a groan.

"Charlie, old friend, listen to reason," said I gravely. "You must give up all thoughts, at once, of Elsie Hamilton. She is bound in honor to another man. You are equally engaged to marry Maud Richardson, who is far better suited to you in every respect than is the sentimental little dreamer with whom you imagine you are in love. To-morrow night you leave for London. Leave behind you this little romance, and if in the future you ever think of it, think of it as of poor Elsie's faded violets—sweet in their day, but dead."

Strafford gazed gloomily into the fire for some few minutes, then with a heavy sigh said: "Yes, Frank, you are in the right, and I will try to forget her; but I doubt if I shall ever succeed." He really meant every word he said, and there was a suspicious mist clouding his bright blue eyes; but for all that he fell asleep the moment his head touched the pillow, and before I had quite drifted off myself into the land of Nod, I heard him muttering in his dreams, "Little Brown-dress, dear little Brown-dress."

And now, for a moment, I take the privilege of my profession to peep "behind the scenes," and what is more, reader, you shall accompany me. It is into the "Holy of Holies" I conduct you—into the bed-room of a pure and lovely girl. Here, in her dainty night-gown, kneels Elsie Hamilton, with a face whiter than her robe, her eyes strained and swollen with the bitter tears that course each other down her pallid cheeks, her small hands clasped convulsively, and heart and soul lifted in prayer for strength to conquer the love that has blighted her life and threatens to destroy both body and soul. At last her prayer seems answered, a calm steals over her troubled spirit, and she opens the locket that contains Hugh Cameron's portrait, kissing it tenderly and sadly. "Poor Hugh!" she whispers softly, "I am not worthy of your faithful love, dear! but I will strive to be so in the future." The little woman also means every word she says; but, for all that, before she sleeps she plans a wild scheme that leads to serious results.

* * * * * * *

The following day Strafford called to make his adieux to the Hamiltons. I accompanied him, of course, being quite an old friend. We found them all at home. Papa was sipping his favorite port, Grace on his knee and Katie at his feet, dutifully peeling his walnuts. Mary Clements was dreaming over Mendelssohn's Lieder at the piano, the two boys arguing with her husband about the last international foot-race, while Hugh Cameron was displaying some very rare engravings he had purchased for Elsie to that little lady herself, who, although rather pale and absent-minded, evinced sufficient interest to satisfy her admirer. All regretted Charlie's approaching departure, and were loud in their expressions of regret. Hugh and Elsie said but little. I noticed that the tone and manner of the latter were free and unrestrained as she quietly bade good-bye. Nevertheless I suspected something was hidden beneath the surface, and so, I am sure, did Hugh. After bidding farewell to his hospitable friends, Charlie returned with me to my comfortable rooms, where we had a jolly *tête-à-tête* dinner for the last time. At nine o'clock the cab rolled up that was to take him to the station, and thither, of course, I accompanied him, and saw him comfortably settled for his tiresome night-journey. With many hand-shakings and mutual good wishes we said good-bye. The bell rang, the guard whistled, the door shut to with a bang, and the 9:45 express was off to London. I returned home feeling blue and lonely. Once again I claim the privilege of a fairy, a lap-dog, or an author to reveal secrets not to be discovered by any other medium.

Elsie's headache returned violently toward evening, and she bade Hugh and her family good-night before eight o'clock. The fact is, this romantic young lady had formed a plan the night before, by which she should be the last to gaze upon her idol, to see and be unseen. Accordingly, about a quarter to nine the little woman, closely veiled, stole through the shrubbery and out by a side door of which she alone possessed the key. Then, after locking it carefully, she flew like the wind in the direction of the Northwestern Railway station! This she gained in about fifteen minutes. Slipping inside the gate among a small party of passengers, she quickly made her way into the ladies' waiting-room, which she luckily found unoccupied, and here she took her post, glueing her anxious face against the window-pane. Her vigil was soon rewarded. It so happened that the first-class carriage in which Strafford was to travel was stationed exactly opposite the waiting-room window, and she had the melancholy satisfaction of gazing upon her hero while he proceeded, with my assistance, to arrange his papers, rugs and satchels, with a view to making himself extremely comfortable for the night. A few minutes subsequently, the train started, as I have told you, and Elsie felt as if it had carried with it all on earth worth living for. She was roused by the loud tones of a coarse and vulgar voice, and guessing that it was some official coming to put out the gas, she cowered down in the partial gloom behind a high-backed chair. She was right in her surmise; but after the man had extinguished the light, and left the room, to her horror he turned the key in the door! In a moment Elsie realized the gravity of her position. Frantically she beat against the door, the windows. All was in vain, and she moaned aloud in agony. For the first time she realized the folly of her conduct, and self-reproach was mingled with her misery. Trembling with terror and shaken with sobs, she at last sunk on the cold floor, dumb and motionless. Here let us leave her to return to the warm, cosy fireside of the Hamiltons, where the pater, Hugh and the Clements were discussing affairs of state with calm enjoyment. The children had all gone to bed, and Hugh, with a yawn, announced his intention of taking his departure. "I wish, Mary," he said to Mrs. Clements, "you would see Elsie, and tell me how she is, before I go."

"You anxious lover!" laughed she. "Dick never was half so uneasy about me during our courtship"—and she hurried up-stairs. In about half a minute she returned, and with a face full of suppressed alarm, beckoned Hugh silently from the room. "Elsie is not there," she said. "Has not been there all the evening, and it is now almost twelve o'clock. Where can she be?" Hugh stood silent and breathless for a moment; then seizing her hand with a fervor that startled her, coming from one so usually undemonstrative, cried: "You are a good woman, Mary—a good and sensible one. Call all your goodness and common sense to your aid now, and act as I direct you, if you would save your sister's reputation. Lock the door of her room, allow no one to enter, and say to all that she is very ill and must not be disturbed. Keep up this farce, if possible, until you see me here again." Mary, frightened to death, but self-possessed, gave him the required promise, and in another moment he had bade good-night and was on his road to——where, think you? The Northwestern Railway station!

"My poor child! my poor, romantic little Elsie!" he muttered under his breath. Not one reproachful thought did he cherish toward the woman who had deceived him, and who he honestly thought had that night eloped with his rival, Charles Strafford. This was the motive that led his steps in the direction of the place from which he imagined the lovers had taken wing. The sleepy porter unlocked the gate and admitted him, for he represented himself as a passenger by the Nortwestern express that passed through Herringborough on its way to Scotland half an hour later. After a few unavailing inquiries of that somnolent official, he commenced pacing rapidly up and down the platform, waiting until the ticket office should be opened. Once or twice he fancied he heard a gentle tapping on the window of one of the waiting-rooms, and at last a louder summons arrested him, and he thought he could distinguish the outlines of a white face against the pane, illumined by the flickering light from a gas-jet, directly opposite. With a beating heart he induced the sleepy porter to unlock the door, and entering, caught the half-unconscious form of Elsie in his arms. "My sweet darling, have I found you?" he whispered; but she shivered as she raised her pallid face to his.

"Did you think I had left you all, did you think me utterly lost?" cried she. "Oh, Hugh, I do not ask you to forgive me, I only ask you to believe me, when I tell you all my miserable story." "Yes, Elsie, tell me everything," he said," and rely on me, whatever you may have done, to act for your good and well-being."

"Oh, I know it, I know it!" she replied, and a few minutes later a cab was whirling them in the direction of her father's house. On their way Elsie told him all—of her infatuation, of her silly letters, of her meeting, and escape from, Strafford. Hugh listened with a bitter pang rankling in his heart; but after she had sobbed forth her last confession, said gently:

"Elsie, dear, I will not add to the remorse you feel by one reproach. Thank God, it is no worse! But this handsome young actor of yours, do you know it, is engaged to be married to a lady in his own profession?"

"I did not know it," she sighed, wearily.

"Little one, could you have had your will, I do not think you would have been happy with your handsome actor. Other ties, other faces, would have won his frivolous nature from yours in time, and you must be loved and cherished at *all* times. God forgive me if I have neglected you for one moment! Say you forgive me, Elsie?"

"Forgive—*you?*" she cried, raising her repentant eyes to his face. Then seeing the true and manly love in the glance that met hers, all her woman's heart cried out in gratitude, and clasping him tenderly, she said: "If you can trust me once again, dear Hugh, I think I may yet prove worthy of you!"

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But a few words more and my little drama comes to a close. The scene occurs at a reception given in a certain well-known mansion in Belgravia, and among the most popular and flattered of the guests are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strafford, now in possession of that delightful little theatre, The Fashion. Very handsome and elegant looks the husband, very beautiful and charming the wife. Courted and prosperous, their cup of earthly bliss would appear to be complete; but a keen observer might notice that the fair lady's tone toward her liege lord is almost too imperious, and there is an impatient flash in his eyes at times that seems to presage a life not one of perfect happiness.

"Mr. and Mrs. Cameron!" shouts the servant, as a tall, distinguished-looking man enters the room, on whose arm proudly and confidingly leans a pretty flower-like little woman. Charlie starts and pales, and Maud observing, cries, "Do you know those people, my love? They appear to be very good form; introduce me."

"I know them very slightly, dear; not sufficiently for an introduction." As he speaks he meets the glance of a pair of soft brown eyes that will haunt him for many a long day to come. With a distant bow they part, and part this time, forever.

"So she has married the Scotchman! and she looks actually happy!" he murmurs, watching the little retreating form. "It was only a girlish folly, a passing fancy, after all. Better so, perhaps, but ah me! can I even think of her in future as my 'Little Brown-dress?'"

The Question of Travel.

BY SADIE BIGELOW.

"Do I like to travel?"

Certainly; but I infer your question refers to professional travel, and to that I must give a conditional affirmative. I like it, and I don't like it.

I couldn't truthfully say that after a late performance at night, a hurried packing before retiring, a sleep disturbed by frequent looking at my watch lest I oversleep, a very, very early rise and a breakfast more or less—and generally more—unsatisfactory, I ever hanker after a day's journey; but—

On the whole, yes; I *do* like to travel. Each fresh audience—and some of them are truly fresh—has its peculiar features, each town has something unique and novel in it. Each performance, even of an old stand-by, develops the unexpected. After a month or so I become accustomed to the inconveniences, and learn to look with interest to the pleasures of travel.

Experience teaches one so much, and travel is so full of experience that she must be a dullard indeed who doesn't find much that is positively entertaining, as well as instructive in a season's tramp, tramp, tramp from here to there, and back again.

Are you answered?

Pen and Pencil.

In more than one way it is a matter of regret that special Christmas productions have gone out of fashion together with the stock companies of which they were the outgrowth. Even in Merrie England, where customs and traditions are honored and observed most religiously, Boxing Night has lost caste and is now given over by the respectable classes to the ruff-scuff element. In New York the dramas and spectacles that used to make the theatre an object of immense interest between Christmas and New Year to everybody, from the schoolboy at home for his mid-term holiday, to *pater* and *mater*, too, for that matter, who as a matter of fact had to guide young hopeful to the font of pleasure, have been relegated to the shelf.

With our good managers it is properly but a matter of dollars and dimes. "If our patrons wanted Christmas pieces," they explain, "we would bring 'em out." The inference is plainly that the public no longer care for the gay old burlesques, rough pantomimes, moral dramas and fairy extravaganzas that used to hold the boards when yule-logs burned, preferring the same amusements for the holidays that please them at any other time of the dramatic season. Indeed, with the possible exceptions of Henderson and Poole, I believe our managers have had no experience in the way of Christmas productions. Perhaps they ought to be congratulated. But the men whose business it was to tickle our daddies when the latter sought relaxation in the play-house, set great store by the last week in December and laid their plans to catch our daddies' dollars with great care and foresight.

The Manager!

In those days the Manager was generally a man of remarkable tact and energy. He had to change his bill about seventy times a year—certainly oftener than he changed his shirt. A short temper and a long cigar were his inseparable companions. Two weeks before Christmas he sent out his half-sheets—then the popular size for posters—and assumed a mysterious expression of countenance on the same date. It did not take long to hang the bills or for the whole community to consult those more or less reliable harbingers and find that the Manager "begged to announce, etc., etc., the production of a new Christmas play, etc., etc., with an Unrivalled Ballet, an Unequalled Cast, an Unparalleled *Mise en scene*, an Army of Supernumeraries and Beautiful Music Composed for the Occasion, etc., etc. Produced at the Ruinous Cost of $30,000. House completely Renovated and Redecorated at enormous outlay, etc., etc." This always created a ripple of excitement among the bankers and the bootblacks. The latter vainly strove to fathom the sphynx-like Manager's physiognomy as they administered an extra polish to his congress gaiters on the front steps of the theatre. The Manager's bank account at this stage showed a balance of $500, and he had not yet expended a copper on the grand Christmas production, having got his paper and bill-posting on tick. But he said nothing about this, and the company and stagehands—who were familiar with the methods of the Manager—observed the strictest silence on the subject.

Four days before Christmas the Manager showed life, beginning preparations by sending the call-boy for Mr. Chrome. That gentleman was a scenic artist of small renown who would (so the Manager frequently stated) have ranked among the first oil-painters in the world, by Gad, sir! if he had only devoted more time to mixing his colors and less to mixing his drinks. When Mr. Chrome approached his superior his gait was noticeably unsteady, although he made an impressive, if not successful, effort to brace up and conceal one of the results of a long and heavy drunk. In obedience to commands then given, Mr. Chrome repaired to the scene-loft, to which classic locality he shortly had brought two landscape backcloths (very shabby), three sets of wings (one set profile trees), and several cracked and ragged borders. All these Mr. Chrome in an incredibly short space covered with a thin coat of sizing. Then, with rapid and unsteady strokes of a stubby brush, he unsparingly laid on all the colors of the rainbow. In this manner the landscapes were transformed into a fairy grotto and a giant's castle. The wings were disposed of in almost no time, and so were the dirty borders. The performance of this arduous artistic work occupied exactly four hours of Mr. Chrome's valuable time. The "Unparalleled *Mise en scene*" was all ready for the applause of the Christmas multitude. Mr. Chrome then approached the Manager to demand his share of the $30,000 to be expended on the great production.

"Well, Chrome," said the latter gruffly; "what's it worth?"

"Ten dollars, and not a penny less," answered the blear-eyed artist in a foggy voice.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Manager, putting a five-dollar note into the painter's itching palm. Mr. Chrome eagerly thrust the bill into the pocket of his greasy cardigan jacket, and then shuffled around the corner to his favorite retail distillery to dispose of it among his associates with prodigal hand and extraordinary celerity.

The Manager next sent for Chawles Harrison, who acted as stage-manager at the theatre whenever there was need of his services, and who when not thus engaged—which, by the way, was the greater part of the year—indulged in similar revels to those of Mr. Chrome, frequenting, however, a higher-toned professional resort, where he and his doubtful anecdotes were barely tolerated by the actors. Mr. Harrison wore an ulster of a strikingly æsthetic and checker-board design, ornamented with collar and cuffs made from the skin of some animal that has escaped the notice of the natural historian. The ulsterious gentleman approached his employer with a surly air and received instructions. Pursuant thereto, he inserted an advertisement in the *Morning Quoin* of the following day, which read:

"An unparalleled mise-en-scene"

WANTED.—150 auxiliaries to appear in the Grand Christmas Production, at the —— Theatre. Apply to Mr. Harrison, at stage-door, between the hours of 5 and 11 A. M.

Mr. Harrison of course did not mean to bankrupt the Manager by hiring 150 supes—one-tenth that number filled all the requirements of the piece; nor did Mr. Harrison intend to be at the stage-door by 5 A. M., the hour at which Mr. Harrison usually left his Bacchanalian pleasures and sought his downy bed. The fact is, Mr. H. was a methodical and accomplished stage-manager who did nothing without a purpose. The figures, 150, read better in the ad. than 15, and the longer the poor devils who would answer the summons waited in the bleak alley back of the stage, the more subjective would they be to his directions, the more alive to a sense of his immeasurable importance, and the less likely to return his kicks and oaths with compliments of a like nature.

When Mr. Harrison left his attic *boudoir* at 1.45 in the afternoon and reached the theatre, he found a motley collection of boys and men, most of whom had been stamping their feet and slapping their hands to keep out the cold since the earlier hour mentioned in the advertisement. It took Mr. Harrison half an hour to examine the applicants and send away all except the fifteen he wanted. These were brought on the stage and drilled until a short time before that evening's performance was to begin.

First Mr. Harrison told his army of supernumeraries, each and every one, that they were d—d fools. This was his method of putting them in a pleasant humor and inspiring them

with a love for their ulsterian commander, who proceeded to deepen the sentiment by anathemas, sundry cuffs, and blows with a long pole and frequent repetitions of the belief that they ought to go and abide in a certain place not down on the maps, but the existence of which the Rev. H. W. Beecher seriously doubts.

The fifteen recruits were thus put through their paces rigidly until Christmas. Mr. Harrison, in his most pugilistic manner, taught them the art of carrying spears and banners, and showed them how to run around behind the scenes when a procession was in progress, so as to gain the ranks at least half a dozen times and give the desirable impression that a vast host of auxiliaries were engaged in the glittering pageant. To vary the monotony of the drill, Mr. Harrison often left his army standing in grotesque and painful positions, with the injunction: "Stay where you are till I tell you to move!" During these pauses, which always lasted an hour, more or less, Mr. Harrison would cool his heels on the prompter's table and read the newspaper, or chuck the soubrette's chin and entrance her by his softer arts and graces.

Two days before the great event rehearsal was called. Now came the Leading Lady, with her flashing eyes and diamonds, her bird-of-paradise Gainsborough, and "breakers ahead!" clearly discernible on the physiognomical chart which was her only fortune. Her part was clenched tightly in her gloved hand. She didn't know a word of it, and didn't care to know, if the frigid manner in which she nodded to the meek Author of the new play was a reliable indication.

Leading Lady and Author

The rehearsal proceeded, while the meek Author, whose abnormally developed cranium was more due to brain-food than to brain matter, permitted all sorts of atrocious liberties to be taken with the text by the imperious Leading Lady, to whom he looked up with awe. When she turned his lines into ridicule, guyed his choicest sentiments, cleverest puns, and murdered the sweet children of his thought, he could stand it no longer—the man within him rebelled. He expostulated quietly and remonstrated mildly. The Leading Lady would not brook that. The noble creature immediately threw her part on the floor and contemptuously sailed out of the theatre loudly declaiming that she would have nothing more to do with the Christmas piece. The Author was in despair. The Manager merely lighted a fresh cigar and then sent the Author to the fair seceder's hotel, where the playwright, humiliated himself on the Brussels carpet and pleaded long and eloquently before she would allow herself to be persuaded to return to the theatre. The rehearsal was then resumed. On an average this incident was repeated—with variations—twice a day until the Author's play was brought forth.

Herr Phydyl, leader of the orchestra, got word from the Manager that some entirely new incidental music was expected from his department. The worthy musician (who never quite overcame the suspicion that he was a Count in exile) had only a limited stock of tunes from which to plagiarize. But he had recourse to his old standbys, "Wait for the Wagon," "The Belle of the Mohawk Valley" and "Wacht am Rhein," and worked them over (for the ninth time) so successfully that his

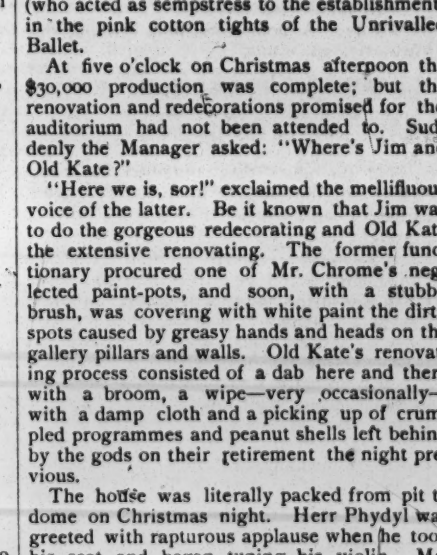
Composer of the "incidental"

worst enemy would be able to convict him of nothing worse than what Talmage terms "unconscious assimilation." The Manager, who could not positively say there was any difference between "Yankee Doodle" and "Saul's March," on hearing the original music, pilfered by the trusty Phydyl, expressed his hearty approbation—and lighted another cigar. In like manner, props and furniture were faked, costumes for the horde of fifteen supernumeraries delved out of old trunks and dusted off, and judicious reefs taken by the Manager's wife (who acted as sempstress to the establishment) in the pink cotton tights of the Unrivalled Ballet.

At five o'clock on Christmas afternoon the $30,000 production was complete; but the renovation and redecorations promised for the auditorium had not been attended to. Suddenly the Manager asked: "Where's Jim and Old Kate?"

"Here we is, sor!" exclaimed the mellifluous voice of the latter. Be it known that Jim was to do the gorgeous redecorating and Old Kate the extensive renovating. The former functionary procured one of Mr. Chrome's neglected paint-pots, and soon, with a stubby brush, was covering with white paint the dirty spots caused by greasy hands and heads on the gallery pillars and walls. Old Kate's renovating process consisted of a dab here and there with a broom, a wipe—very occasionally—with a damp cloth and a picking up of crumpled programmes and peanut shells left behind by the gods on their retirement the night previous.

The house was literally packed from pit to dome on Christmas night. Herr Phydyl was greeted with rapturous applause when he took his seat and began tuning his violin. Mr. Chrome's fairy grotto created a *furore*, and his friends aloft would not cease their racket until the artist came upon the stage, bowed and staggered off quite overcome by his feelings or the supernatural strength of the fire-water sold at the little place around the corner. The Leading Lady and the meek Author were summoned before the curtain simultaneously; they came out hand-in-hand, treating each other with excessive politeness (the Author almost broke his wrist helping the fair actress to remove the exhibits of at least three horticultural fairs). Mr. Harrison slunk on, too, after the wonderful procession of his army, which took just twenty minutes to move across the stage, so well did the faithful fifteen make use of their legs in getting around at the back and crossing over and over again. Finally, after the last curtain, the manager, with his hand on his heart, and, for a wonder, minus his cigar, was obliged to come forward, bow very low, ejaculate incoherent expressions of delight, swear to be ever solicitous of his patrons' wants, assert that this was the happiest moment of his existence, wish them all the compliments of the season, and, mumbling something about "a continuance of past favors," to salaam himself off amid the cheers, stamps, shrieks and catcalls of the delighted populace.



Renovator and Decorator

That is the way Christmas was kept in the theatres years ago. To-day, the manager eats his turkey at home, drinks his bottle of port or champagne, and gives little thought to the current bill at his establishment, which, good or bad, is pretty certain to attract a big house on Christmas night.

There is considerable difference about the old and the new way—but there has been a big change in the whole dramatic system. Evolution heartlessly destroys time-honored customs.

PEN.

Poor Joe's Ghost.

BY STEPHEN FISKE.

Living upon an angle of forty-five degrees, on a yacht, in the middle of the raging Atlantic, at just this time of year, in 1866, a small but jolly party passed the long, damp evenings in telling stories. Larry Jerome had a headfull of yarns, which he spun out with the facility of a garrulous spider. The Lieutenant narrated moving incidents by flood and field. The Commodore chipped in stories of newspaper enterprise. But the chief novelist of our evenings was dear old Captain Samuels, of the *Dreadnaught*, whose standby was the blood-curdling romance, "Poor Joe's Ghost."

This romance began at Madagascar and ended in Long Island Sound. It had as many episodes, continuations and sequels as one of the famous works of Alexander Dumas. It traced Poor Joe, not only from the cradle to the grave, but beyond the grave, and resurrected him after he had been comfortably killed. Being interrupted by frequent calls on deck and to other duties, it lasted for hours; but Captain Samuels never spared us a detail, harking back, when necessary, to pick up the trail where he had left it to reef the foresail or let out the flying jib.

The first time we heard the story of Poor Joe's Ghost, told in the gallant Captain's plain, homely, simple style, with all the nautical lingo and forecastle slang as true as nature, we thought it most interesting, and talked about it afterward enthusiastically. The second time, when it was repeated to us, word for word, as before, our attention lagged and we endeavored, in vain, to hurry the Captain to its conclusion. The third time, Poor Joe's Ghost became an awful bore, and we would have given anything in reason to lay it. The idea of being haunted by it for a fourth time—perhaps for as many times as we spent nights on the voyage—was terrible.

Larry Jerome and myself put our heads together to devise some plan to avert this dreadful future. It was, of course, impossible to refuse Captain Samuels his regular turn in story-telling. He was a capital audience for our own stories, and could not be expected to sit mumchance and listen to us unless we listened to him. It would have been impolitic to offend the Captain by shouing "Chestnut!" when he began about Poor Joe. Captain Samuels was as sensitive as he was brave, and the slightest impertinence would have sealed his lips forever. If you think it an easy matter to prevent the Captain of a vessel from telling his own story in his own way, when his turn comes to spin a yarn, try the experiment yourself next Summer, when you are crossing the Atlantic or doing a little fishing. With legs and head bent, sailor fashion, Jerome and I walked the deck and conspired together. We had come to dread the approach of night, with Poor Joe's Ghost awaiting us in the little cabin. The Commodore, a man of nerve, was quite upset by the Ghost and endeavored to drown it in bottled beer. The Lieutenant smoked silently, with a dreamy, faraway look that told us that his mind was failing under the pressure of the Captain's repetitions.

Poor Joe's was an honest ghost. Picked up by an English ship, off Madagascar, when a mere child, poor Joe had been kicked and cuffed into some knowledge of the duties of cabin-boy and cook, and discharged them faithfully to the best of his small abilities. At first he was a sort of Smike at sea, with a very vicious Squeers for a captain. The miseries and cruelties he endured and the meekness with which he bore them would have melted the Bartholdi statue to tears. But, deep in the boy's heart was a spirit which resented the injustice of his treatment. One day a drunken mate undertook to imitate the brutalities of the captain. The boy was roused. Instead of cowering to receive the blows, he faced the mate fearlessly. The cook's knife laid handy and, in his fury, the lad seized it. Another moment and Poor Joe was a murderer.

Dear Captain Samuels spared us not one detail of the pitiful story. He had counted the strokes; he repeated the oaths; he described the knife; he dabbled in the blood. The whole of poor Joe's life was pictured to us in the sailor slang that paints a scene in a word.

Of course, justice on such a ship, with such a captain and with such a victim as poor Joe, was very rough and ready. The boy had killed the mate, and he must swing for it. Ironed, starved, shut up in the blackest hole between decks, poor Joe was conveyed to the nearest port and committed for trial. The witnesses, under control of the captain, were dead against him. There was nobody to speak of his provocations and the sudden insanity of his outbreak. It appeared to the Court and jury that the mate, a pleasant, amiable gentleman, had passed the time of day to poor Joe, when the boy caught up the knife, and cry[ed] I'd do for you and here goes!" [to] the agreeable officer and stabbed [him] heart. So poor Joe was convicted [with] much ceremony, and sentenced to be [hung] by the neck, the usual formula as to [the Judge] having mercy upon his soul being merely [gab]bled over, as if the Judge had decided [that] there was no use of asking mercy for so [hard]ened and inexcusable a criminal.

Captain Samuels minutely rehearsed every incident of the trial and conviction. A person who had never seen a court in session could have become an accomplished criminal-lawyer by remembering the Captain's story. The evidence of the witnesses, the speeches of the counsel and the summing-up of the Judge were reported with unerring accuracy. And, with a few quaint, graphic touches poor Joe was depicted, shivering in the dock, dazed and unable to understand what was happening to him, since he only knew the pigeon English he had learned on shipboard.

So poor Joe was hung. Captain Samuels marched him out, between two sheriffs; put him on the drop; cut the rope that lowered the trap, and imitated his dying agonies. Then poor Joe was buried in the prison yard, and quicklime was thrown into the grave to make a speedy end of a lad who would have been better off had he never lived.

But this was not the end of poor Joe. His ship sailed, with the wicked captain still in command and the witnesses among the crew. One night, as the captain was pacing the deck, thinking, perhaps, of his old mate and the young murderer, all the sailors saw Poor Joe's Ghost glide out of the cook's galley, knife in hand, and approach the brutal commander. Another moment, and the captain lay dead on his own quarter-deck, stabbed to the heart.

The evidence of a dozen witnesses who declared that they had seen the ghost might have been doubted. The evidence of the dead captain, with the blood streaming from his fatal wound, could not be disputed. The body was thrown overboard, with scant funeral rites, and the ghost of poor Joe haunted the ship.

Scared out of their wits by what they had seen, the sailors, more dazed than poor Joe in the dock, went about trembling and asking each other whose turn it would be next. It was Bully Bill's turn next. He had ill-treated poor Joe almost as cruelly as the mate, and, having been schooled by the captain, he had sworn to those words of poor Joe which showed premeditation. Bully Bill was splicing a rope when the ghost left the galley and glided toward him. The other sailors saw it and shouted a warning. Bully Bill raised his eyes, closed them again as if to make sure that his sight had not deceived him, and opened them in another world. The ghostly knife had been driven straight into his heart. His hands clenched upon the rope he was holding, and he was dead.

In a similar fashion did the unrelenting Captain Samuels kill off every one of the sailors who had borne false witness against poor Joe. Each of them was named and described, his occupation at the fatal moment noted, the details of his death particularized. When the end of the last sailor came, the story was also ended. Poor Joe's Ghost was satisfied and haunted the ship no more.

But, alas! the ghost walked again in the Captain's perennial narrative, and haunted our ship by day and night. Were we to be killed off by it, one by one, like the sailors? None of us had ever ill-treated poor Joe, and yet, here in mid-ocean, we were condemned to suffer from his persistent persecutions. At first we had sympathized with poor Joe; but after the third relation of his adventures, Larry Jerome expressed our feelings pithily in the whispered commentary—which would have angered Captain Samuels could he have heard it—"Served the darned nigger right!"

A happy thought occurred to me and I embraced Jerome. "Put me," I exclaimed, "where France most needs a soldier, so that I can tell my story before Captain Samuels to-night, and I'll bet you my share of the remaining oysters that we shall never hear any more of Poor Joe's Ghost!" Then I gave him the plot of my scheme, and he was delighted with it. A change of seats brought me ahead of the Captain that evening, when the stories began, and a good memory did the rest.

My story was about a boy named Sam—not Joe. He was picked up off Borneo—not Madagascar. He was ill-treated by an American captain—not an Englishman. His ghost completed its revenge on the Hudson River—not on Long Island Sound. Otherwise, I think I may say, the two romances were almost identical. My Sam suffered like the Captain's Joe; and killed his tormentor, who was a cook, not a mate; and was tried, convicted, sentenced and hung, just like Joe. My Sam's Ghost appeared like Joe's, and stabbed his persecutors in the right side, whereas Joe's Ghost struck to the left. My story was not so long as the Captain's; but it remorselessly anticipated all of his incidents and caricatured his sensations. It was to Poor Joe's Ghost what the cold huckleberry pudding ghost of "The Spectre Bridegroom" is to the ghost of "Hamlet's" father. During its delivery Jerome lay, face-downward, on the cabin-seat, and emitted choking sounds, which were mistaken by Captain Samuels for groans of terror, while the Commodore and the Lieutenant were frequently compelled to interrupt me by going on deck to look at the weather and keep their countenances straight.

When I had concluded, we anxiously awaited the utterance of Captain Samuels. How would he take this practical joke? Would he be angry? Would he feel hurt and insulted? Now that it was all over, I was sorry that I had wounded the feelings of so good a man, so good a friend, so good a sailor. What if he did tell the same story over and over again? To so excellent a Captain such an innocent eccentricity might be permitted. The conspirators writhed with remorse, and were ready to apologize to their victim at the first outburst of his indignation.

"Gentleman," said the dear old Captain, "that yarn about the boy Sam is a good one, and it has a good moral. I'm glad I've heard it, and I've no doubt it's true, because I happen to know that something of the same kind did occur once to a boy named Joe—leastwise that was the name he sailed under—who was picked up, off Madagascar, by one of them [ships] of English merchant captains, who'd as strike a sailor as look at him. Poor [Joe] so they got to calling him—was as black as yellow nigger, and as mild and [gentle] mother's milk. Why, that boy——"

I give you my word that Captain [Samuels] went steadily on with the story of [Poor Joe's] Ghost and told it all over [again] to us for the third time! All that we had gained by our conspiracy was a double hearing of the story the same night. Nobody ever [attempted] to cut Captain Samuels' [yarns] after that bitter experience.

W YORK MIRROR

[illegible] by G. P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

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CLARKSON CREY FISKE, . . . EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Aveling, Henry	Joyce, Lillian
Archer, J. W. (2)	Jessop, Geo. H.
Allyn, Miss W.	Jack, John
Bell, Katie B.	Jackson, C. J.
Benton, E. N.	Kennedy, M. A.
Byron, Oliver Doud	Klein Ali (2)
Barton, Moss.	Keeter, Geo. W.
Baum, E. F.	Knight, Mr. and Mrs.
Barbour, C. N. (2)	Leone, H.
Burt, E. A.	Larkin, J. M.
Bowers, Mrs. D. F.	Leavitt, M. B.
Booth, Edwin (2)	Lauburg, Prof Louis
Colton, Harry	Lansing, Wm.
Cahn, Julius	Leatherlips, Lady
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Clapham, Harry	Maretzek, Max
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Cherie, Adelaide	Morris, Isador
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Carhart, J. L.	Moretti, Eleanor
Corbyn, Sheridan	Morrissey, J. W.
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Elbert, D D	Pitou, A.
Frobisher, Prof. J. E.	Peyser, David
Forster, Archie	Randall, B. H.
Forrester, Fannie	Rogers, John R.
Freeman, Lottie	Reeves, Alex. (2)
Floyd, Mgr	Raymond, J. T.
Freeman, Chas.	Rogers, Katherine
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Gill, William	Sylvester, Henrietta
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Goodwin, Nat.	Sibson, Will
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Haywood, Louis H.	Thomson, Marion
Haystead, C. H.	Villa, S. B.
Howe, J. S.	Verona, Saidee
Hazelton, Florence	Verne, Buela
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Hinton, S. H. (2)	Waldro, Lizzie
Hunter, Adelaide	Williams, J. H.
Hogan, John	Watson, L. B.
Holden, A.	Ward, F. B.
Irwin, Mrs. Seldep	Young, Mary

*** The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.*

Merrie Christmas!

Heap on more wood—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

There is always an infectious gladness about this anniversary which is as irresistible to the infidel as the Christian. It is shared alike by all classes. Joyful and tender recollections, quite independent of religious associations, cluster around it, which the changes brought about by grim old Time never can efface. Perhaps the actor experiences these to a greater extent than anybody else, because Christmas is not a holiday for him, but a day of extra hard work.

While jolly throngs on pleasure bent repair to the theatre, the actor's thoughts perhaps stray from the familiar surroundings of the stage and wander back to a time when Christmas did not mean a *matinee* and evening performance, with a hastily swallowed meal between; but a day of sport and merriment at home. It would not be strange if Tom, out West Hazel Kirking, thinks of the little family gathering at the old homestead; or if Dick, supporting an emotional star in the East, vividly recalls a groaning board, with a grey-haired mother smiling affectionately upon the men and women who are "the boys and girls" to her still, and a dear old father deftly carving the turkey; or if Harry, Uncle Tomming in the bleak Canadian towns, remembers the present-giving, the fun and frolic and the sweethearts of his boyhood. Ah, you Thespians! who can tell what glad memories come crowding into your heads as you stare at the [illegible] footlights and the hazy sea of faces [illegible]. Tears may mix with your gladness, and joy are closer akin [illegible]—and wash out channels [illegible] that look not at all as [illegible] been made by hare's-foot [illegible]. But gulp down the [illegible] if there is one; do [illegible] amusement of the [illegible] you've [illegible] your salary and hotel will allow, sit down to your CHRISTMAS MIRROR. Let its good cheer be reflected upon your countenance before retiring, with the thorough understanding that an actor's Christmas is not so devoid of pleasure, nor so like every other busy day, after all.

In these pages you have serious stories and comic anecdotes, sketches and poems, portraits and caricatures, reminiscences and tales of adventure, skits and satires—in fact, there is set before you here a report fit for the most exacting literary epicure. The quality of this pabulum is as excellent as it is abundant. Clever people have prepared the feast, and we know it will be found thoroughly enjoyable.

And now to the profession and to our lay readers we extend the friendliest compliments of the season. To one and all A Merrie Christmas—and many of them!

Musical Hot-beds.

The musical world of New York is stirred up by a controversy anent colleges of music, or conservatories, as they are for the most part called. The teachers who are engaged in these institutions and who make money out of them are all in their favor, while those professors who are not in the swim denounce them as frauds. Strange that people whose base of operations is Harmony should be so prone to Discord, and stranger still that the love of lucre should so bias the followers of the divine art as to blind them to the merits or demerits of the various means of elevating their science and mystery.

Now, conservatories are for the most part useful, only in conserving the ancient modes and in training up disciples in certain schools. Like all other regulated institutions, they are governed by *curricula*, or fixed forms, to step outside of which is heresy and leads to artistic condemnation. True that general acquaintance with the outer shell and husk of music is rendered available to the multitude by means of these forcing-houses; but, seeing that real musical talent is the exception, not the rule, is there anything gained by parrotting a lot of incapables in the mere mechanical execution of pieces, wherewith to torture the ears of unoffending souls who may come in contact with these manufactured musicians, who are made by the mile and cut off to suit customers; or would it not be better not to smooth the road so that the lame and halt can travel it, but to leave some obstacles in the path to fame just sufficient to to throw the ruck out the running and leave the race to the swift and persevering. *Paeta nascitur non fit*? And better, far better, to live without music than to have to endure the meaningless thumping and tuneless squalling of mere machine-made musicians, who scrape, bray and crow by rule, but in whom the inner spirit of art is no more extant than juice in a Dead Sea orange or kernel in a blind nut.

The true votaries of Apollo will find a way to Delphos without perfunctory guidance, and as a volunteer is worth a dozen pressed men, so is the musician who has fought his way to fame, of ten times the value of those to whom the way has been made easy and the labor light by means of gliding in a well-greased groove.

OUR out-of-town correspondence has been cut to a fragment this week. This is caused by the deluge of Christmas Stories that has flowed in upon us; and a page or two of these latter have also been crowded out. However, our very full and accurate Dates Ahead will give the whereabouts of the strollers and let our thousands of readers know where the holiday-time is being or will be spent by two hundred companies.

Edwin Booth as Richelieu.

Mr. Edwin Booth, on being shown the drawing from which the engraving that adorns our first page was made, exclaimed: "That is the first correct portrait I have seen of myself in the character of Richelieu."

The attitude of the figure and expression of the face indicate that our artist has chosen the point in the play where the Cardinal pronounces sentence upon De Mauprat, sending the handsome soldier, not to the headsman, but to Julie de Mortimer. The proud mien, stern countenance and regal grandeur of the crafty prelate are faithfully represented in the picture. Many of Booth's admirers rank Richelieu first in his list of impersonations; but where there is such an even greatness as is displayed by the tragedian in the parts that now compose his repertoire, we confess it is not an easy matter to express a decided preference for any particular one.

Mr. Booth has closed his British professional engagements. After a short sojourn in Italy he will return to this city; but will not play again until next Fall. This Summer he will be in Newport at his new villa.

Personal.

BERNHARDT.—The irrepressible Sara, we have it on good authority, will visit America again next season, having already signed a contract for a season of forty-two weeks. She will restrict herself to three of her best parts, playing them in English.

CLAYTON.—Estelle Clayton got home from California yesterday.

BANGS.—F. C. Bangs spent last week in New Haven, the guest of a leading citizen.

KING.—The Silver King will be done Jan. 22 at Wallack's, by arrangement with Henry French.

WELBY.—Bertha Welby writes that she is meeting with success, artistic and financial, in One Woman's Life.

ABBOTT.—Emma Abbott was taken ill on Saturday night and had to remain idle in Brooklyn three days.

STOCKMAN.—Emma Stockman will not leave the Romany Rye as reported. She will continue in it during the season.

MCCULLOUGH.—On Sunday John McCullough will spend the day in town. On Monday he appears in Norwalk.

ABBEY.—Henry E. Abbey saw the Pacific Coast for the first time during the Nilsson engagement in 'Frisco.

SARGENT.—Harry Sargent's latest move is to take hold of the business end of the Holman Opera company.

DINNER.—J. K. Emmet dined John McCullough at his residence in Albany last Sunday. Fritz's "at home" is Albany.

ROGERS.—Katherine Rogers' tour is said to be the most successful in a pecuniary sense that that lady has yet had.

HILL.—Manager J. M. Hill, having one of his attractions in Williamsburg and another at Haverly's, is in town this week.

BARRON.—Manager J. M. Barron, of Charleston, will have a benefit to-night (Thursday), in Owens' Academy of Music, that city.

MURDOCH.—Daisy Murdoch has been engaged for five years by Harry Mann, who intends to star her next season in a new play.

RAYMOND.—Raymond is very happy In Paradise. The comedy is a success and will coin money for the star and Brooks and Dickson.

HERBERT.—A good Christmas present for William Herbert would be a cablegram stating that Tearle is not coming here until next season.

OWENS.—The Mobile Rifles presented John E. Owens with a basket of flowers on his appearance in that city, where he is a great favorite.

TEARLE.—A letter just received from Osmond Tearle says he will sail for this country to-day (Thursday), and probably will arrive on New Year's Day.

WALLACK.—It is whispered that Lester Wallack will reappear in several of the old comedies after The Silver King is produced and its run finished.

LAMBS.—The Lambs ate one of their monthly dinners Sunday night. Florence, as Shepherd, presided, and several distinguished guests were present.

BOKER.—Hon. George H. Boker, the poet-politician of Philadelphia, encouraged by the success of Francesca da Rimini, is about to write another play.

COGHLAN.—Rose Coghlan will have a capital part in The Silver King, which is to be the next attraction at Wallack's. Everybody will be glad to know this.

DYAS.—Ada Dyas has signed with the Madison Square for next season. The contract calls for either New York City or travelling, and for leading business.

XMAS.—Our Dates Ahead column will be read with interest this week, as it will tell where the great majority of the profession will eat their Christmas dinner.

IOLANTHE.—The ill-success of Gilbert and Sullivan's latest opera seems not to deter combinations from taking it on the road. Some four or five are said to be about ta start.

ARDEN.—Edwin Arden, who left T. W. Keene's company a year ago and joined the Madison Square Theatre company, has been re-engaged by the latter management.

FROHMAN.—Charles Frohman leaves for St. Louis to-night (Thursday) to arrange for The Professor and Esmeralda, both of which will be played at the same time in that city.

PALMER.—The success of Sardou's Federa in Paris has aroused the interest of A. M. Palmer, who, it is said, will negotiate for and perhaps produce it here this season.

DICKSON.—J. B. Dickson, of Brooks and Dickson, has returned to New York after a three weeks' visit to Chicago, where he superintended three of his attractions. He reports business as good.

RHEA.—Mademoiselle created a furore in the Michigan towns. At Jackson she held a reception on the stage after the performance, and a banquet followed. No star is having better management this season.

CRANK.—The crank who would have replaced Kate Claxton's dimples with wrinkles by claiming to be her son, has been put in an insane asylum. His mild delusion developed into strait-jacket insanity.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell has taken her place again as Aline in The Sorcerer. On Sunday evening she received a large number of friends informally, who called to congratulate her on her happy recovery.

WILLIAMS.—Jesse Williams, the able director of the Bijou, had a painful operation successfully performed on him by Dr. Robertson Sunday morning. It will be a fortnight at least before he can resume his *bâton*.

KNOWLES.—Manager Edwin Knowles, of the Grand Opera House over the river, will make his appearance on the Brooklyn boards next week. He will play the title rôle in Enoch Arden, which he has acted with flattering success in the West.

MCCAULL.—Colonel McCaull is back in town and will now remain here permanently, as The Queen's Lace Handkerchief company is due shortly at the Casino, and the preparation for Paul and Virginia occupies his attention.

HOOKER.—Daisy Hooker, formerly of a Chicago Church Choir Opera company, will star in Bartley Campbell's Heroine in Rags next season. Effie Ellsler had a dose of this same Heroine just before she became a Hazel Kirker.

RAZAH.—Just before the rise of the curtain on a Callender Minstrel performance at Greencastle, Ind., 16th, Tambo and Bones drew razors upon each other and in three seconds were marked for life. A prompt discharge followed, and the twain were taken in custody.

MODJESKA.—Since she has been in the city Modjeska has received scores of invitations to fashionable entertainments, and has been tendered receptions by two prominent society ladies. In the drawing-room and on the stage the Polish actress is equally a favorite.

HOWSON.—In the new opera at the Bijou John Howson will add another caricature to his gallery—which now embraces Oscar Wilde and Talmage. As Mephisto he will counterfeit Herrmann the Magician. This will be a capital ad. for the prestidigitateur.

PALMER.—Minnie Palmer gave a special matinee, last Monday, at Louisville, for the benefit of the widow and child of the late Chief Justice Hardin, of Kentucky, who are straitened circumstances. The irrepressible Rogers gave a watch and chain to the person selling the largest number of tickets.

HERRMANN.—Our out-of-town staff shake up Herrmann for advertising Davies, the ventriloquist, as a specialty feature of his entertainment. The Professor is not so much to blame, after all. Davies may not be with him, and yet he would have to sell a big lot of printing for waste-paper to get rid of the name.

BOUCICAULT.—Dion Boucicault arrived on Tuesday. He has engaged passage back to England by the *Alaska*, for April 18; but if he concludes to make engagements beyond the one already arranged with R. M. Field, of Boston, he will defer his return until later in the Spring. Boucicault is looking better than when he left us last.

MANSFIELD.—Richard Mansfield has not left Carte's management after all. He is playing the Chancellor in Iolanthe this week at Baltimore, in place of Walter Pelham. Mansfield will not be engaged by Manager Palmer, but borrowed later in the season, when Carte has agreed to lend the comedian for certain parts.

ELLSLER.—Effie Ellsler has been engaged by Brooks and Dickson for next season, commencing September, 1883. She will be starred by her managers. Miss Ellsler will go to Europe in March and remain abroad until July. She will return in time for the Fall season and will probably first make her appearance in New York.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport writes that she has concluded arrangements with Henry E. Abbey for next season, and will open in New York October 24 at the Grand Opera House. She will pass the Winter in Paris and next Spring make an extended tour of the British provinces. She will return to this country the middle of next Summer.

HILL.—Herbert Kelcey's *fiancée*, Miss Caroline Hill, of the London theatres, reached here Monday. She intends paying but a short visit, as engagements on the other side will necessitate her leaving in a few weeks. Mr. Kelcey is to be congratulated on not being in the cast of Old Heads and Young Hearts, as it leaves him free to show our theatres to the fair Englishwoman.

BALL.—The John A. Stevens Association, composed principally of employes of the Windsor Theatre, will give their first Invitation Ball, at Ferrero's Assembly Rooms (Tammany Hall), next Thursday night. Canary birds will warble, and there will be a cologne fountain. If the performance at the Windsor is over in time, John A. Stevens will lead the grand march.

BOOTH.—A new play called Nora, by Marion Booth, was read by the seven readers of the Madison Square. The seventh thought it lacked pathos—the chief ingredient of the M. S. drama—and after further consideration it was declined. But Mr Mallory was so pleased with the piece that he arranged with Miss Booth that all her future compositions shall be submitted to him before being sent elsewhere.

Have We an Aristocracy?

The American Eagle is generally admitted to be a brave bird, bold and daring, with great scope of wing, soaring high and wide, and an eye that fears not the sun itself. And yet its outfit is not complete, it would appear, as it lacks that ornament of the barnyard fowl which disqualifies it for a place among the true national types. We refer of course to the coxcomb, or, in other words, that heraldic top-knot, an aristocracy. It is true that we have amongst us single specimens of the right *hauteur* and *bon ton*, scattered about here and there through our community; but we are wanting in an aggregated body known as the upper ten, or aristocracy.

This deficiency has affected certain aspiring gentlemen painfully, and in convention recently assembled in one of our principal cities they determined to grapple with the difficulty. With this end in view, and having in mind the Darwinian prescription, selection and the survival of the fittest, they proceeded to designate certain persons or classes as fit and proper to wear the aristocratic badge. They have been good enough to tabulate the matter, and assign the place of the elect to—(1) male descendants from the Colonial Governors, Generals and Chief Justices; (2) male descendants from the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; (3) male descendants of the Knights of the Order of Cincinnati (Revolutionary field officers); (4) resident European nobility.

Now, there is undoubtedly good material here; but a question might be raised as to the eligibility, for instance, of certain of the Colonial Governors, also as to several of the resident European nobility individually. It may be also doubted whether the correct principle of selection has been applied as to the test of aristocratic promotion. In this country we do not hold ourselves absolutely bound by the precedents set by other countries. In fact, we have made it our business in many cases to abandon them. We may choose to have a rule of our own and to find merit not altogether in the ordinary blue blood and hereditary succession. We rather incline to individual qualities and a standard which determines the absolute manhood and nobility of the elect. In one direction the United States has benignly bestowed its favors by naming for its diplomatic service men of literature and learning. Why not extend this principle? Let us, by way of illustration, call the roll from contributors to a recent publication of "Poems of American Patriotism," to ascertain whether the heroic and manly elements of true nobility—the real blue blood—are not here as well indicated and displayed as by Knights of the Garter and the Bath. We have, then, by way of evidence, Bryant's "Song of Marion's Men," Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Hoffman's "Monterey," J. R. Thompson's "Music in Camp," Drake's "American Flag," Key's "Star-Spangled Banner," and kindred lyrics. We may try the question in another direction, that of simplicity of taste and character, which are essentials in genuine nobility. Christine Nilsson is a grand singer, familiar with all the great rôles and the intricacies of art. "It must not be supposed," she said lately to a newspaper representative, "that simple ballads are the easiest tasks which fall to the singer's lot. I may say that I sing them from choice because I love them." Here is the true keynote. No lyric poetry gives her greater pleasure than the melodies of Moore and the ditties of Robert Burns.

The true field in which to seek our representative nobles, the genuine aristocracy, is where Nature has furnished genius, superior sensibility, refinement and manly sentiment. No badges, nor medals, heraldic shields or achievements of ancestors can supply these. It is the American standard we would apply to the creation of an aristocracy—by which we mean, as does the word itself, the best. We will not deny that we look among the professors of the fine arts for the exaltation of the country in this direction—the dramatists, the poets, the painters, the sculptors, the men of great ideas and great designs, who conform in their lives and vocations to the great ideals of Life and Character.

Nor will we exclude from this list those whose days and nights are spent in the study and pursuit of what is noblest in theatric art—actors, who, at their best estate, seek to embody all that mankind loves and admires, whatever is beautiful, lofty, decorous and to be accepted as examples and guides. We may hope as the age advances that it will choose as its upper class those who represent whatever shows it to be an age of Progress, looking for intrinsic merit and excellence rather than palatial houses, costly adornments, *brie-à-brac*, and meretricious appeals to the cash-box and the bond-market.

The Usher.

Mend him who can! *In Ushering The ladies call him, sweet.*
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

William Winter is generally accurate as well as poetic. But he went astray Tuesday when he said, in noticing Twelfth Night, that it had not been given on the New York stage since the Spring of 1880. Robson and Crane presented a mutilated version of the comedy at the Fifth Avenue last season. If Mr. Winter had written, "Twelfth Night has not been acted since Adelaide Neilson played in it at Booth's," he would have been near enough to the mark for all practical purposes.

* * *

The true reason for the annulment of contract between J. M. Hill and George Riddle has not been made public. It is simply that the former found his time so occupied with other attractions, he feared he would be unable to give the management of Mr. Riddle the attention it required. Manager and star talked it over; the result was that Mr. Riddle kindly released Mr. Hill from his contract. The latter gentleman said to me yesterday: "Mr. Riddle acted very generously. He knew I was not in good health, and could not spare the time to arrange and conduct his tour. The feeling existing between us is thoroughly friendly, and my confidence in his ability to succeed has never been shaken." Mr. Hill looks overworked. He burdens himself with too many managerial cares.

* * *

And speaking of this gentleman reminds me of Margaret Mather. The lady's business has been something phenomenal. The average receipts in all her week stands have been $5,000. In six cities she has netted her manager $18,000. These figures are phenomenal; but I happen to know that they are genuine. It seems to me I remember some sapient critics of Gotham said Manager Hill's star would not outlast her opening engagement in Chicago?

* * *

Tom Maguire, who is somewhere between 'Frisco and New York now, went yachting down by the Golden Gate one day not long ago with a party of jolly California stockbrokers. Even if Tom had drunk no wine he would have suffered with *mal de mer*, for the sea likes not him and he likes not the sea. Arrived on shore Tom is said by a truthful party who was present to have exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven, I'm on *vice versa* again, and I'll stay on it, by thunder!"

* * *

The London *Figaro* remarked a few weeks ago that "all the New York critics had been down like thunder on William Herbert." Herbert writes in reply to the dramatic editor of the *Figaro* that his statement was true only so far as the dramatic papers are concerned, and that the daily papers were most favorable to him. Mr. Herbert is a prevaricator as well as a duffer. The daily press raked him fore and aft, as he deserved, and the only complimentary notice I remember having seen of his acting since he disappointed everybody in Taken From Life appeared in a dramatic paper—THE MIRROR.

* * *

I have an anonymous correspondent who signs his letters "Brickbat." He is a gallery boy, and his views of plays and actors, if not grammatically expressed, are certainly original and forcible. If he would send along his name I should like to print some of his future effusions. A communication from "Brickbat" which reached me last night concludes: "I went to see Mather in Williamsburg. She's a truly wonderfull *. She makes a fellow's hair stand on ends in Act 3 and 4. She has three features—Youth, Beauty and Grace. Us gods was pleased—you bet!"

* * *

John Howson and Digby Bell had nothing to do with George Olmi's being cast for Jones in Paul and Virginia. They had no objection to Richard Mansfield, nor had Colonel McCaull, until he found that Richard's head was completely turned by a little success. It happens now the comedian isn't at liberty at all. Carte still has hold of him.

* * *

I don't cherish a superabundance of respect for Dr. Talmage, whose sensationalism con sorts not at all with his calling; but he preached a sermon about Plagiarists on Sunday which, stripped of its egotism, contains some very sound opinions on the subject. The extract that pleased me most and which applies to the dramatic as well as the clerical fraternity is the following: "No man ever successfully plagiarized without being found out. The newspaper press of the day is a detective on the track of all such desperadoes. Now all the literary and scientific and religious knowledge of the world turns over at least once a week, and the most of it turns over every day. Each one of the great dailies sends forth in each publication enough material for one volume. A man might as well try to steal the town clock as to expect to carry off literary work and not be found out. Quote from all books that you can lay your hands on; but be sure to announce that it is a quotation. Four commas upside down would have saved many a man's integrity. Plagiarists have no idea the damage they do." That doesn't read as if it came from a man whose prejudice led to the making of one of the vilest attacks upon the profession that ever emanated from the pulpit or any other source, does it?

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Flashed to Us from Everywhere.

As Unfortunate Actor.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

DETROIT, Dec. 20.—Louis Barrett, who was discharged from the Black Flag company here last week, is lying in a hospital. He is a very sick man.

Ben Maginley is not doing very well at Whitney's, while C. A. Gardner is drawing crowds to the Park.

The Equine Paradox.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 20.—Bartholomew's Equine Paradox opened at the theatre Monday night for one week. There was an immense house, and the sales for the week promise great attendance. The entertainment is the sensation of the city.

Hard Knocks for the Kiralfys.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 20.—Around the World was not given on Monday night, on account of the non-arrival of the baggage. The delay was occasioned by a railroad collision. The elephant was uninjured. Last night there was a big house, when the orchestra struck and left the ballet to the tender mercies of one fiddler. The Rentz-Santley party appeared to a crowded house at Comstock's.

The Quaker City.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20.—As Hester Grazebrook, Mrs. Langtry made her first appearance in this city on Monday evening. Curiosity being at its height, Haverly's Theatre was crowded by an audience in which fashion was amply represented. That it was Mrs. Langtry physically, and not a dramatic impersonation, that the crowd had come to see, was oddly illustrated. The audience gazed and listened while the star remained upon the stage; but from the moment she made her first exit there was a burst of conversation throughout the whole house, and so loud were the expressions of opinion that the performance was interrupted and audible hisses were called upon to restore silence. Respecting the loveliness of Mrs. Langtry and her talent as an actress, the Philadelphia verdict accords fully with that rendered by New York and Boston. No enthusiasm was created; on the contrary, disappointment prevailed—not as to acting, but as to beauty; for the former was not expected.

A mild call brought Mrs. Langtry before the curtain at the close of the second act, and she received most graciously several handsome floral pieces. When the actress had disappeared, a lady in the rear of the parquet circle, who had attracted considerable attention from her surroundings, produced a large bouquet of flowers, which she handed to a young man. This tribute was conveyed to an usher, and slight applause summoned Mrs. Langtry again before the curtain. The donor of the bouquet was accompanied by a young girl and a gentleman who kept in the background. The party did not appear until after the first act, and seemed to have come from the rear of the stage. The lady, who had friends in the vicinity, was loud in her denunciation of the newspaper talk against the Lily, and the tenor of her conversation expressed familiarity with the subject under discussion. If Mrs. Labouchere is still in the country—and it is said she is now in Philadelphia—then the lady of the bouquet was no other than Mrs. Labouchere.

P. S.—The lady who was Monday evening taken for Mrs. Labouchere, was probably Mrs. Kenna, Mrs. Langtry's traveling companion. The expression, "It is shameful, shameful conduct toward a stranger and a woman," amused very many.

From the State Capital.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ALBANY, Dec. 20.—The Knights, at Tweddle Opera House, had paying business Monday and Tuesday nights. At the Leland Passing Regiment had but moderate patronage.

The Acme Opera Company.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

MACON, Ga., Dec. 20.—The Hess Opera company had the largest house of the season on Saturday night, and gave a very fine performance.

Raymond's New Play.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 20.—The Grand Opera House was crowded last night to witness John T. Raymond's new play, In Paradise. Seats selling like hot cakes for Gus Williams and Hague's Minstrels. Rooms for Rent party are going to do a slashing business at the Academy. They open to-night.

A Mishap to James O'Neill.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

AKRON, O., Dec. 20.—James O'Neill, billed for to-night, slipped up in his railroad connection and failed to arrive. The advance sale was large.

Dedication of an Opera House.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

PERU, Ind., Dec. 20.—Emerick's Opera House was dedicated on Monday night by James O'Neill, who appeared in A Celebrated Case. There was a large and brilliant audience present; receipts over $700. Mr. O'Neill pronounced the new house to be the finest in the State outside of Indianapolis.

A Premium on Camp-Stools.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

DENVER, Dec. 20.—The sale of seats for Nilsson opened Monday morning. Before noon every seat was taken, and camp-stools were selling at two dollars.

—Sydney Rosenfeld, besides working over librettos for Colonel McCaull, has contracts on hand that will keep him busy until Spring. Among the rest he is completing The Storm Child for Minnie Maddern. Those who've read the earlier acts say it's the best piece Rosenfeld has written. Trick of the Trade and Dundreary's Son, for Sothern's son, are also receiving a share of the clever author's time.

At the Theatres.

Viola is the loveliest of Shakespeare's women. She is the embodiment of daintiness and beauty, Modjeska essayed to act the part on Monday night at Booth's. There was a numerous and friendly gathering present. The ineradicable impression left by Neilson is an indestructible barrier between present Violas and complete success. Neilson was the perfect representative of the character.

Modjeska gave a very pleasing performance, such as we had expected from so finished and skilful an artiste. But she lacked the innate tenderness, the marvellous grace, the exquisite feeling that Neilson taught us to look for. However, rare intelligence illumined all that she did, and the audience rewarded her endeavors with generous applause. The star had appeared as Viola but once before, it being the latest addition to her repertoire. Her support was efficient, Maurice Barrymore making a good Orsino, Maud Milton a nice Olivia, Norman Forbes an acceptable Sir Andrew, W. F. Owen a capable Sir Toby and G. H. Griffiths a robust Malvolio. The rest of the company acquitted themselves satisfactorily. Twelfth Night was repeated Tuesday and Wednesday. To-night (Thursday) Camille will be given. This is Modjeska's greatest part, and in it she has no rival. The rôle of the unfortunate Parisienne gives play to the Polish actress' subtlest art and furnishes a magnificent example of her mastery of the modern French style of emotional acting. Camille will remain on the bills to the end of the week.

* * *

Last night—too late for notice in this week's paper, as the enormous extra edition of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR necessitates our closing the forms at a much earlier hour than usual—Old Heads and Young Hearts was revived at Wallack's. We can, however, approximate what took place. John Gilbert's reappearance, to effect which Boucicault's clever comedy is put up, was the signal for tremendous applause and a speech. The veteran looked none the worse for his severe and tedious illness; but acted with his accustomed ability, receiving able support from Harry Edwards, William Elton, Rose Coghlan, C. P. Flockton, Madame Ponisi and Miss Measor.

On January 22 The Silver King will be produced, with Osmond Tearle in the leading part. The play has made a success on the other side.

* * *

The Sorcerer at the Bijou has picked up and is being sung to large audiences again. Lillian Russell's return to the cast probably has a good deal to do with this, although Howson's Wellington Wells and Talmage make-up are a sufficient attraction for an ordinary performance. On the 5th of January Stephens and Solomons' Paul and Virginia will be produced for the first time. Author and composer are directing the rehearsals, and Colonel McCaull is spending money without stint on the scenery and dresses. The piece will be cast to the full strength of the company, which is the best permanent comic opera organization New York has ever had. Lillian Russell, as Virginia, will have an opportunity of *posing* for the first time as a genuine *comedienne*. John Howson is studying Herrmann's phiz and will make up according to it as Mephisto, a gentlemanly edition of his Satanic Majesty, who performs his conjurations after the approved modern style of magicians. The "professional beauty" chorus will make a hit. Twenty photographers simultaneously take Virginia, who is a a p. b., with the accompaniment of music and words that are very funny. Solomons will personally direct the orchestra on the first night, and Stephens will do the stage-managing. It will be a brilliant event—with a successful issue, let it be hoped.

* * *

This is the last week of Robson and Crane in Forbidden Fruit at the Fifth Avenue. The author, Boucicault, sat the performance out on Tuesday night. The houses have been slender in proportions. Next week there will be a memorable revival of The Two Orphans at this theatre, with Kate Claxton as Louise, Mrs. Wilkins as Frochard, C. A. Stevenson as Pierre and the Chevalier, and Edward Arnott, Joseph Shannon, Henrietta Vaders, Kate Meek and Donald Robertson in the other parts. This will be a veritable star-cast, and the revival will make a most successful holiday bill. Great care is to be taken with the mounting, Manager Stetson promising fine scenery.

* * *

The Rantzaus is gradually becoming a success and disappointing the fears of everybody. The Union Square is a theatre of triumphs, and we should not be surprised if this truly beautiful play achieved a long run.

* * *

The Princess of Trebizonde at the Thalia was presented Monday night, and remains the attraction throughout the week. The brilliant distribution of characters includes Knaack, Tewele, Klein, and Frls. Jules and Galster. The splendid orchestra and chorus add to the *ensemble*, and make this the best representation of Offenbach's delightful opera comique we have had in years.

* * *

All the theatres give extra matinees on Christmas day.

* * *

The third month of Young Mrs. Winthrop is drawing to a close. The draught of the play is even and good houses greet the interesting play at every performance. It will run until Spring, and then Marsden's new piece gets a show.

* * *

McSorley's Inflation at the Comique is a tremendous go. After eight o'clock on almost every evening nothing but standing room can be bought. Hart's Bridget and Harrigan's McSorley are humorous impersonations that will coax a man out of the most cynical mood, and Braham's catchy music has justly scored a hit.

* * *

Tony Pastor will give his established festival on Christmas, the Academy of Music having been secured to accommodate the crowds that cannot get into his cosy theatre next door. There is a capital programme this week, including, beside the unique Tony himself, Jacques Kruger, May Irwin, John Ransone, Alice Daly and an array of the best variety talent. On Tuesday afternoon every lady, young and old, who attended the performance was given a wax doll.

* * *

There is a carnival of fun at the San Francisco Minstrels this week. The Jolly Students and The New Code are the chief features of the bill-of-fare supplementing the clever first-part and many other good things. The audiences are large and of course good-humored. The dusky banner of Birch, Hamilton and Backus waves triumphant and waves perpetually.

* * *

Lester Wallack is playing Rosedale with a specially engaged company at the Mount Morris Theatre. The Harlemites turn out *en masse* every evening.

* * *

Colville's Taken from Life at Niblo's opened Monday, and met with an approbation never accorded it before when played elsewhere in this city. The thrilling incidents aroused enthusiasm. The melodrama will remain during the holidays.

* * *

Lawrence Barrett is drawing well at the Windsor. On Monday he began his week's engagement with Richelieu and on Tuesday appeared as Hamlet. Last night Julius Cæsar was presented. Othello is set down for Thursday, David Garrick and Merchant of Venice Friday, Richard Saturday night, and Marble Heart in the afternoon. The patrons of the Windsor appear to be delighted with Barrett's impersonations, and the experiment of giving tragedy another chance in the Bowery is a success.

* * *

Lotta's six characters in The Little Detective were each and every one received with acclaim at the Grand Opera House, Monday. The little woman is as charming as usual in this familiar play. Yesterday (Wednesday) the Bijou Sorcerer was given to a large and appreciative assemblage.

* * *

The Three Wishes at the Alcazar was done Tuesday night. It is an old-fashioned pantomime. Its tricks did not work smoothly; but Whimsical Walker and the ballet were applauded. The show will go better after a few nights.

The Musical Mirror.

The opera season is over, and we are forced to confess that, considering all things, Mapleson has done as well as could be expected. Of course, he has filled up his company with third-nay, fourth-rate singers, and actors of no rate at all; but how could he help it? His patrons would not be satisfied with a body of artists of level goodness, such as one can hear in European towns. Oh! no! We must have the great singers of the world, singers who shine resplendent in London, Paris and St. Petersburg; but in those cities the government or the aristocracy put their hands deep into their pockets to pay these people, while we, commercial souls that we are, bargain and huxter and insist on having the choicest goods at the lowest prices. Now, if a man of stingy habits wants to make a splurge, he is sure to pinch somewhere to make up for the unwonted expenditure. If he gives champagne, he will stint the ice-creams; if he gives turtle soup, he will be niggard of the beef. So our fashionable traders and brokers will have Patti, and are content to put up with Rossini (the singer, not the *maestro*), Ciampi, and such-like substitutes for artists, so that they may have the honor and glory of boasting that their city has the same diva as London or Paris—*à bon marché*. Now, Patti won't come down in her price to suit the mercantile ideas of our aristocracy, who, having for the most part worked hard for their dollars, are careful how they scatter them. So Mapleson must pare down his expenses so as to make both ends meet; and he does so by giving us inferior singers in all but the one part. To be sure, he announces their names with a flourish of trumpets and a rattle of drums that goes far to persuade our not very critical audience and press that Signor Mierzwinski is a great tenor, or that Mme. Scalchi is the contralto of the age. Well, we can't blame him; the poor man must scrape a living somehow, and he finds his best market here in advertising one specialty, so as to make the rest of his stock go off freely. However, he gives us a good band and a decent chorus, and for that we must be thankful. And then, does he not call it *Her Majesty's* Opera? Think of that!

* * *

Iolanthe drags on at the Standard. It would never do for the Carte management to let it sink, as in Gilbert and Sullivan is their salvation. So Iolanthe will be boosted as long as there is a boost left. Nevertheless, it is a dull opera—and even in London it is only a very moderate success. We pity the poor pirates who will venture it in the provinces. They should have waited till the mild weather, when walking is good and sleeping *al fresco* on the side of a hill is pleasant.

* * *

A very pretty valse, with a flowing melody, is that by Edward J. Abraham, published by Ditson & Co., and entitled "Pen and Pencil." We do not praise it on account of the compliment paid to THE MIRROR, but for its own intrinsic merit.

* * *

The New York Philharmonic Club gave a very pleasant concert on Tuesday evening. The Handel Sonata for flute and pianoforte was delightfully played by Messrs. Eugene Werner and Liebling and the Beethoven Quartette, opus 18, was given admirably by Messrs. Arnold, Richter, Gramm and Werner. Emma Earll has a loud but screamy voice, and does not phrase very well. Mr. Lambert made a good deal of noise on the pianoforte, and a very commonplace trio by Nawrath, which resembled a mosaic of well-worn musical phrases deftly joined together more than a piece of real inspiration, was interpreted by Messrs. Arnold, Lambert and Werner in a manner quite suitable to the merit of the subject—namely, mechanically but without spirit. The public likes the solos; we like the quartettes. After a piece of immortal work by Beethoven or Handel, German ballads, sung without meaning, fall flat on the ear, and noisy Tarantellas are obnoxious.

—During the performance of Around the World in Eighty Days, on the 15th, at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, the Sheriff, at the instance of Hubert Heuck, levied on the box-office receipts, amounting to $320, as well as the costumes, properties, etc., belonging to the Kiralfy Brothers. The trouble, which originated from the latter parties' non-compliance with a contract made in June, 1881, has, through friendly intervention, been amicably adjusted, and in all probability the Black Venus will be afforded a debut in Cincinnati at Heuck's Opera House.

Professional Doings.

—The photograph from which the above picture of Fanny Davenport is reproduced was made a few weeks ago in London. Miss Davenport writes THE MIRROR that it is in her opinion the best portrait that she has ever had taken.

—E. E. Rice has filed a petition in bankruptcy. Liabilities, $38,000.

—The daughter of J. L. Carhart died Monday night. Mr. Carhart lost his wife a few weeks ago.

—The mother of Lillian Ashby died in Boston last Thursday. Miss Ashby is still an invalid.

—Kate Harrison, a sister of Alice, died in Boston last Tuesday. She was a member of the Museum in '62-3-4 as a dancer.

—The will of the late Adelaide Phillipps has been admitted to probate. The property amounts to $20,000, and is left to immediate relatives.

—The royal purple ink used on the cover of this number was manufactured by Morrell. It is the finest specimen of colored ink we have yet used for this purpose.

—It is softly whispered that the reason why Sarony failed to make a good negative of Langtry is that he couldn't remove the wrinkles. Can this be true?

—William Elton is indignant because he is to be given the second comedy part in the new piece at Wallack's. John Gilbert is cast for the better rôle.

—We hear that John B. McCormack is no longer connected with the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. It is said he will take the management of a popular lecturer.

—Sydney Cowell and the other members of the Madison Square company that will play at the Baldwin, San Francisco, leave in a few days. David Belasco precedes them.

—James O'Neill's tour has not been ended, as reported. The star is meeting with better success, and has refused several offers of a flattering nature to play leading business.

—Gorman's Opera company will add the Pirates of Penzance to its repertoire on Christmas night in Trenton. Tagliapietra will then sing the Pirate King for the first time.

—Sara von Leer is understudying Young Mrs. Winthrop at the Madison Square. She asks us to deny the report that she has refused the offer of a season's engagement at this theatre.

—M. B. Leavitt arrived in San Francisco Monday morning, accompanied by Charles F. Hall, the new treasurer of the Bush Street Theatre. Leavitt will remain there until after the holidays.

—Maude Granger is scoring well as Edith Gray in The Planter's Wife everywhere she plays. Her health is not good, however, and on more than one occasion she has not been able to appear.

—The Great American Engraving and Printing Company, of 26 Beekman street, has established an up-town office at 12 Union Square. A specialty with this company is the printing of numbered coupon tickets.

—Josephine Riley, who played with John McCullough in Cincinnati, has been engaged for one of the Only a Farmer's Daughter companies. Fred Warde made her an offer, but C. R. Gardiner outbid him.

—Manager John D. Mishler, appreciative of the wide circulation of THE MIRROR, embraces it as the medium to wish his numerous acquaintances in the amusement profession a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—In consequence of illness, George Edeson, the comedian of Kiralfy Brothers' Around the World in Eighty Days combination, was obliged to relinquish his rôle of Passepartout during the company's Cincinnati engagement.

—J. H. Ryley, Carte's mainstay, has made the chief success in Iolanthe. Had the opera been an artistic success, the part of the Chancellor would have stood out quite as distinctly, so admirably does this capital comedian play it.

—A. J. Maerz, of the Courier Lithographic Company, came to town Saturday on business, and returned to Buffalo Monday night. His establishment has just turned out a fine lithograph of Rhea, which closely imitates in finish and color a large photograph.

—The Equine Paradox, Bartholomew's sixteen horses, educated exclusively for appearance on the stage, and which do everything but talk, are meeting with gratifying artistic and financial success. It is one of the greatest amusement novelties of the age.

—Henry Lee is one of the few actors who have a fixed price and stick to it. He finds that, although the plan gives him more leisure, it brings him in quite as large an income as if he accepted a steady engagement at a lower figure.

—Miss Hattie Leonard, Lillian Russell's sister, is visiting New York for the holidays. Miss Leonard is musical, like her sister; but her *forte* is the pianoforte. She is senior professor of music at Cornell University. On Sunday night Mrs. Cynthia Leonard will give a *musicale* in her daughter's honor.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plunkett, who have been members of Lawrence Barrett's company for three seasons, will terminate their engagement with him at the close of the present season and effect arrangements for a starring attraction. They have always received Barrett excellent support.

PROVINCIAL.

CHICAGO.

At the Grand Opera House Signor Salvini has appeared in three characters, viz.: Conrad, in The Outlaw, Othello and Macbeth. The houses have not been crowded, which can only be accounted for by the increased prices. His Othello, as a whole, is great; but only as Booth's Iago or Barrett's Cassius is great—that is, better than any other that we know of. As Conrad, Signor Salvini carries us through four tedious acts to give us a realistic and heartrending death scene at the end of the fifth. To say that Salvini o'ertops every living actor in *all* he does is to exchange criticism for bombast and truth for toadyism. He remains another week.

John T. Raymond has filled out the week past at McVicker's, appearing in the new play, In Paradise, in which he impersonates Major Bob Belter, a lawyer who is always on hand at the right moment. Mr. Raymond is funny, of course; but the play is horribly bad, and the more Mr. Raymond drops it the better for his bank account and his own artistic reputation. This week Carrie Swain in Mat the Romp.

At Hooley's Theatre Charles Wyndham and his co. have acted in Brighton before excellent audiences, and, we are sure, pleased ones. It was a feast of comedy. Murphy, in Kerry Gow, will amuse the large class who delight in Irish drama for the next two weeks. The second week he will present a new play called The Donagh, written by George F. Rowe.

The Romany Rye closed a successful three weeks' run at Haverly's Theatre, and is succeeded by McCaull's Comic Opera co. in The Queen's Lace Handkerchief.

Campbell's Galley Slave still has a drawing power sufficient to fill the Academy of Music, and is really put on in better shape than we have seen it for some time. This week a variety bill will be presented, with Evans, Bryant and Hoey as the principal attractions.

The Olympic drew small audiences with The Bandit King, for which the good sense of the public is to be commended. This week Stanley's Triple Alliance.

Items: A rumor that there was dissatisfaction in the Boston Ideal co., and that Marie Stone, George Frothingham and H. C. Barnabee were about to leave, is emphatically denied by Miss Ober.—Marc Klaw, managing Esmeralda, is in town.—Col. Mapleson's dates in Chicago are Jan. 15 to 20.—The Chicago Church Choir Opera co. are having fine success in the Northwest.—S. G. Pratt's opera Zenobia is to be produced at McVicker's in March, when everything will be done to make it a success.—Harry Webber and co. have been resting in this city for a week past. They start out again Christmas week.

ST. LOUIS.

Olympic Theatre (Charles A. Spalding, manager): Barlow and Wilson's Minstrels opened Sunday night to a fair house, business throughout the week being light. Chanfrau opens the 17th.

Grand Opera House (John W. Norton, manager): Collier's Lights o' London began a two weeks' engagement last Sunday, and packed the house. Of the twenty-eight speaking parts in the melodrama, but three were interpreted satisfactorily.

People's Theatre (W. H. Smith, manager): William H. Fitzgerald and co., in The Girl that I Love, drew fairly during the week. The play is called Elliot Barnes' prize drama, and in the hands of a strong co. would be a go."

The star and pretty Daisy Ramsden interpreted their parts excellently. The co. is but three weeks old, and considering its extreme youth is doing well.

Items: Charlotte Thompson played to $16,000 for charity at the People's last week.—The scenic artist firm of Noxon, Halley and Toomey will be dissolved next June.—The attaches of Pope's take a benefit Sunday night next, E. M. Gardiner's Girl that I Love forming the attraction.—Barney Fagin, the champion dancer, late of T., P. and W. Minstrels, joined the Barlow and Wilson party here last Sunday.—Charles R. Locke, the theatrical manager of San Francisco, has been in town during the week, and completed arrangements to have Theodore Thomas' orchestra give a concert in St. Louis en route to San Francisco, where in May next he gives a series of concerts.—Pope's Theatre is no longer held by the Germans for their Sunday night performances, the manager of the company performing having gotten into financial difficulties. Companies booked to play here this season will have the advantage of Sunday night openings hereafter.

BALTIMORE.

Holliday Street Theatre (John W. Albaugh, manager): Thomas W. Keene appeared in a round of his favorite characters during the week just closed. The audiences were uniformly large and appreciative. Since his appearance here last season, his acting shows marked improvement and bears the stamp of earnest, hard study. Roland Reed in his comedy, Cheek, opened to a fair house Monday night.

Academy of Music (Samuel W. Fort, manager): The five clever people in Salsbury's Troubadours keep up the fun continuously from the beginning to the end of their performance. Salsbury is a host in himself. Nellie McHenry is as charming and vivacious as ever—time deals most leniently with her. Greenroom Fun is full of ludicrous situations. Business throughout the week was good. Iolanthe was given its initial performance here on Monday night under the direction of James Barton. The principal parts were sustained by George Traveaner, Willett Seaman, Bob Fraser, Carrie Burton and Fannie Wentworth.

Ford's Opera House (John T. Ford, proprietor): Barry and Fay in Irish Aristocracy delighted big houses all the week. The audience laughed to their hearts' content. This week Buffalo Bill.

Monumental Theatre (James L. Kernan, manager): Leavitt and Pastor's Consolidated shows closed a very successful engagement on Saturday. Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty troupe began a week's engagement on Monday.

Front Street Theatre (Daniel A. Kelly, manager): The Winnetts are the stars this week, and the attraction is their sensational drama, Deep Water. Dan Kelly and the regular company are the support. Ollo: Marie Whittingham, Rice and Barton, Nora Campbell and Billy Kennedy.

Items: W. W. Furst, musical director of Salsbury's Troubadours, is a native Baltimorean and favorably known in musical circles.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Messiah, under the direction of Michael Cross, 14th, was the great musical event of the season. The soloists were Emma Thursby, Belle Cole, Jules Jordan and Franz Remmertz. The Cecilian will produce Charles Gounod's latest and greatest work, The Redemption, Jan. 26.

On Monday evening Mrs. Langtry entered upon her week at Haverly's. It is said that the Jersey Lily requested a box to be reserved for her friends, and made other demands which were not heeded. If she is an intelligent woman—and of that there is little doubt—how possibly she must laugh at the foolish people who rush [illegible] to see less than an amateur.

Mary Anderson is still at the Chestnut Street Opera House. On Monday evening Daughter of Roland was presented. Miss Anderson has been told a great many [illegible] truths in the past. If she had as much good common sense as genius, she would go abroad and give at least [illegible] to study. She might become a very great [illegible] possesses genius—a noble gift—that is being [illegible] through ignorance. John McCullough next [illegible]

[illegible] Thompson in Jane Eyre is the attraction at [illegible]. As Charlotte Bronte's heroine Miss Thompson [illegible] an equal. Enacted by her, the old play [illegible] will always possess a charm.

[illegible] are still at the Arch, and Le Voyage en [illegible] still at the Lyceum. The music is [illegible]

[illegible] and Little Barefoot favor the [illegible] until Saturday, when The Naiad [illegible] as the holiday attraction.

[illegible] is now in its second week at [illegible] is fair as Olivette; Max Fig[illegible] "Snake," and young Harold [illegible] is also clever as the Duke. The off matinees of the week have been secured by William Davidge, Jr., who has surrounded himself with a good company, of which charming Maggie Harold is a bright feature.

Items: The speculators in this city are beginning to find out that they are overstocked with tickets for the Langtry show.—Colville's Lights o' London co., and Taken from Life comb. have been secured for the National Theatre. It is a bold stroke on the part of the management, but success is anticipated.—Sallie Hinton, the sister of clever Lillie, will appear in the Christmas play at the Bijou.—Mrs. Langtry's sister is expected to arrive in this city prior to her departure for some other scene of action.

CLEVELAND.

At the Euclid, Maggie Mitchell (imagine the usual stereotyped phrases) appeared after a three years' absence to moderate houses, owing partly to inclement weather. Maggie appears somewhat older and her voice is huskier; but to other than regulars her characters prove as fresh and interesting as of old. Rhea this week; Troubadours next.

The Harrisons have drawn fairly at Academy, presenting Viva and Our Infants. Our Infants is very laughable. Louis sings a taking song from Iolanthe, while Alice gives a very good imitation of the Kate Castleton Kick. Brooks and Dickson propose starring Alice Harrison in a play of their own next season. She will undoubtedly accept. Louis will also star in an eccentric comedy written by himself, entitled, Skipped by the Light of the Moon. A new theatre for Cleveland is being vigorously discussed. A prominent local architect has nearly completed plans and drawings that will be in every way worthy the rapidly growing Forest City. Work will begin early in the Spring. William Mead was here several weeks ago in the interest of Chicago capitalists, but returned a verdict that Cleveland has theatres enough for five years to come. This is all nonsense.

It was announced here to members of the Maggie Mitchell co., that Charles E. Lothian and Jennie Kennark, both of the co., were to be married on Sunday, Dec. 31, at the Grand Hotel, Cincinnati. A supper at the hotel, after the ceremony, will be given the company.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEC. 11.

We have never had such an amusement furore as that over the advent of Nilsson. The cash receipts for reserved seats and season tickets for her four concerts amounted on Saturday night to near $20,000. A committee of ladies and children scattered flowers in her pathway as she left her carriage at the Palace Hotel.

To-night Charles Lord, a local manager, swings in the Electric Doll party under the title of the "Boston Comic Opera co.," consisting of Bessie Louise King, advertised as the "celebrated Boston prima donna," and four other names unknown to fame, who will appear on alternate nights with the great Nilsson, presenting the musical extravaganza, The Magic Doll (which is the same old Electric Doll). This co. reached California overland from Montana via Oregon, and were in town idle, when Charlie Lord conceived the idea of putting them on on Nilsson's off nights, and quietly rented the theatre with that intent. When Marcus Mayer heard of this, his voice became loud in remonstrance. He denounced it as a "desecration" of the theatre devoted to Nilsson; but the deed had been done, and Marcus had to accept it with good grace.

Siberia is still drawing crowded houses nightly, and begins its third week with good prospects. The Naiad Queen will be the Christmas spectacle. Clio and Michel Strogoff will be produced later. There are negotiations pending touching Minnie Hauk and opera company. The prospect of Patti is somewhat doubtful as yet.

At Emerson's the new people were cordially received. M. Ainsley Scott took Frillman's place as interlocutor. Haverly and Maxwell, who occupied the stage as endmen during half of the first part, were acceptable; but a feeling of satisfaction prevailed in the audience when the old favorites, Emerson and Reed, took their accustomed places. Ferguson and Mack are in their last week here. They go East shortly.

The Baldwin Theatre will reopen for a season of four weeks, commencing 23d, under the management of Jay Rial. My Son-in-Law, Dooner's Trip, Cad the Tomboy and The City, all Leonord Grover's plays, will be produced.

Al. Hayman, the coming manager of the Bush Street Theatre, has secured the rights for the Pacific Slope to Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, Iolanthe.

'Tis said Jay Rial is so much taken by our "glorious climate" that he is anxious to settle here, and has offered the Frohmans a bonus of $1,000 for their lease of the Baldwin.

Louis Morgenstein, the popular treasurer of Emerson's, is negotiating for a tour of the Pacific coast with Mme. Janauschek in the Spring. The Bert-Palmer co. left here on the 6th for a Southern tour. They opened at Napa the same evening to a good house, presenting Lights o' London. On the evening following, The Banker's Daughter drew a large house. Mabel Bert is winning much praise for herself as an actress, and will yet make a name. Ben Teale, the youthful manager, is also trying the rôle of actor, assuming the character of Harold Armytage. If Mr. Teale is as successful in his last undertaking as in his first, he has no reason to complain.

Dave Belasco comes to us again shortly to arrange for the production of Esmeraldo, Young Mrs. Winthrop, and other plays, at the Baldwin. Among those engaged are Georgia Cayvan, Sydney Cowell, Louise Dillon, Blanche Galton, Mrs. Viola Allen, Ed J. Buckley, Thomas Whiffen and Lester Allen.

Donna Juanita, the present attraction at the Tivoli, is playing to paying houses. At the Winter Garden, Girofle-Girofla, with Hattie Moore in the cast. Great preparations are being made for the production of Youth, the holiday piece that is to be at the Grand Opera House.

CINCINNATI.

Grand Opera House (R. E. J. Miles, manager): The nightly attendance at Around the World in Eighty Days was thoroughly satisfactory from a financial standpoint. The play was mounted in excellent style, but the non-appearance, through illness, of George Edeson (Passepartout) seriously detracted from the strength of its cast. Josephine Gallmeyer week of 18th.

Robinson's Opera House (R. E. J. Miles, manager): John A. Stevens' Unknown failed to enthuse. The Wilbur Comic Opera co. present week.

Heuck's Opera House (James Collins, manager): Charlotte Thompson, benefit of Relief Union, did not draw hugely. Miss Thompson presented her new comedy, Silk or Cotton, an adaptation of an old French comedy-drama entitled Victorine. It is cleverly constructed and interesting.

Coliseum Opera House (James E. Fennessy, manager): The Jeannie Winston Comic Opera co. is playing here present week (18th).

Items: Charlie Cover, the polite doorkeeper of the Grand, was married 13th.—James Douglass, originally manager of Heuck's, will have charge of a small variety theatre, now being refitted, near Vine and Thirteenth, and which will be ready for occupancy 25th.

BROOKLYN.

The ever-welcome Florences opened at Haverly's on Monday night in The Mighty Dollar. The piece is somewhat old; but that fact seemed to make no difference to the admirers of those talented favorites, for the house was well-filled and the stars were received with generous applause. Next week, Mrs. Langtry will appear as Rosalind, Hester Grazebrook and Juliana. The rush for seats is unprecedented, most of the house for the entire week being sold by Saturday night, the receipts to that time reaching $15,000. On Monday, even seats in the upper tier were in demand. All the private boxes for the entire week were secured two weeks before the opening night. It is expected that the audience on Monday night will be the most fashionable ever assembled in Brooklyn.

Callender's Consolidated Minstrels are at the Grand Opera House this week, and are playing to excellent business. The company is a first-class one in every respect, the vocalism being especially commendable. A double brass band, a drum corps and an excellent orchestra complete the attractions. The singing of Wallace King is highly enjoyed, as well as the comicalities of Billy Kersands, Billy Banks and James Mack. Next week the management of the Grand will present a novelty in the revival of Enoch Arden, in which Manager Edwin Knowles makes his first appearance in Brooklyn in the title rôle. An excellent co. has been engaged, new scenery is being painted, and the revival will be a marked event in Brooklyn theatricals. Mr. Knowles has played Enoch Arden in the West with great success. The sale of seats for the first nights indicate that success will attend the revival.

At the Park Theatre the Vokes Family have been presenting their specialties to crowded audiences. They played The Belles of the Kitchen and Our Country Cousin, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, to the entire satisfaction of the house. Their superlative excellence as artists and their fun-making propensities make them a capital attraction, and their performances, although filled with uproarious fun, never descend to the level of buffoonery or vulgarity. Fun in a Fog and Naval Engagements are on the programme for the rest of the week. For the Wednesday matinee Manager Sinn has engaged the Mitchell Pleasure Party, who will present Our Goblins, thus pleasantly contrasting the American comedians with the English. Next week John T. Raymond in In Paradise.

Hyde and Behman's Theatre has been crowded nightly with patrons of variety entertainment. The programme for the present week is brimfull of attractions, including a startling gymnastic act by the clever athletes, Nestor and Venon, the triple somersault of the former being a wonderful performance; Lizzie Simms, in her transformations; the Parker Sisters, in their songs and dances, Frank and Lillian White and a number of other variety stars.

The production of Monopoly, Mose Fiske's original drama, did not draw large audiences to Music Hall last week, and the season closed abruptly on Thursday night.

At the Academy Trovatore will be sung on Thursday night.

BOSTON.

A year ago this month, had one visited the gloomy Gaiety Theatre and been told that within twenty-four months this place would have been transformed into one of the finest, most comfortable and elegant opera houses in America, and filled with the most brilliant and refined audiences, he would without doubt have looked upon his informant as little less than a dreamer. The doors were thrown open to the public on Monday evening to a crowded house. The bill consisted of the new opera of Iolanthe, and as it has been fully criticised by your New York critic, there is nothing left for me to do. Harry Dixey, although not a great singer, has secured a success as the Lord Chancellor. Dixey has the true metal and genius that makes actors great. Brocolini, in the thankless rôle of Strephon, sang magnificently, and looked and acted the rôle to perfection. Messrs. Fessenden and Kammerlee were excellent. Clara Poole surprised the audience by a truly artistic rendition of Iolanthe. Janet Edmondson sang and acted Phyllis admirably. May Sanger did not do very well as the Fairy Queen. The chorus and orchestra are both grand. The latter seems to be nearly half of the performance. The managers have more than outdone themselves in scenic effects.

Mrs. Langtry had good business the early part of last week with The Honeymoon; but very large with She Stoops to Conquer. Saturday matinee about $2,300 was in the house. Mrs. Langtry's Juliana was not a good performance. Her Miss Hardcastle is infinitely worse. Her love-making is stilted and constrained. She was dressed magnificently, and actually looked handsome. Kate Pattison did very well as Volante and Miss Neville, and dressed the characters superbly. Kate Hodson was a good Mrs. Hardcastle. The rest of the cast call for no particular mention. Langtry closed on Saturday, to make room for M. B. Curtis.

The Octoroon, in spite of the counter-attractions, has drawn good houses at the Museum. Annie Clarke repeats her former successes as Zoe. Charles Barron is a fair Scudder, and George Parks a good Indian.

On Saturday Lawrence Barrett closed the most successful engagement he ever played in Boston. During his stay the Park Theatre has been packed from top to bottom. On Monday evening Minnie Maddern appeared in Fogg's Ferry. When a child Miss Maddern appeared at the Howard Athenæum as Mary Morgan in Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, and at the old Adelphi as Eva. She was one of the best child actresses I ever saw.

Frank Frayne's comb. appears at the Howard Athenæum this week. Tessie Deagle, a daughter of George Deagle, who was for many years manager of Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, is the leading lady of the co.

The Boylston Museum offers a capital bill this week.

Items: Annie Clarke, the popular leading lady of the Museum, will receive her first benefit this season on Saturday evening next. Love Chase and Follies of a Night is the bill.—Herrmann will begin a two weeks' engagement at Horticultural Hall, opening on Christmas day.—In writing of the Unequal Match, when performed at the Globe Theatre a few weeks since, the local press we are in error in saying that Annie Clarke was the first Hester in Boston, in April, 1860. Miss Clarke did not become a member of the company until August, 1861, and Hester was originally played by Miss Josephine Gougenheim at the above establishment, followed by Mrs. John Wood at the Boston Theatre.—Virginia, by Stephens and Solomons, will be put in rehearsal at the Bijou next week.—Otis Skinner, of the Barrett co., has been ill the past week.

COLORADO.

LEADVILLE.

Tabor Opera House (J. H. Crogg, manager): Closed.

Globe Theatre (M. Goldsmith, manager): Harry Montague closed his engagement on 10th, and the spicy drama and burlesque will be superseded by regular drama and olio. Business has fallen off considerably for the past two weeks. Many of the old stock co. have been re-engaged, and it is probable that sensational drama and comedy will be the leading attractions for the remainder of the season. Among the members of the stock co. are Mr. and Mr. Charles Edmonds, May Smith, Fannie Wood and W. H. Smith, the latter being stage manager.

Items: Harry Montague and Duncan Sisters go to Portland, Oregon.—Hill and Elleford and Marie Royal go to Chicago.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.

Roberts' Opera House (W. H. Roberts, manager): Occupied the past week by Professor Bartholemew's Equine Paradox; large and enthusiastic audiences have been the rule, the receipts for the week being over $3,000 at low prices.

American Theatre (W. S. Ross, manager): Business and co. good the past week. Departures: Leopold and Wentworth, to Fall River; Nellie Collins, to Hoboken; Smith and Daly, to New York; three Ronaldos to Providence. Week of 18th opened to a crowded house, the chief attraction being Fanny Herring, who appeared in the drama French Spy, supported by a strong company. The olio consisted of McVicker, Saunders, S. F. Thomas, Lillie Wood and others.

Items: Manager Ross, of the American Theatre, has fitted up in connection with his house a magnificent cafe, which is a welcome addition to this popular place of resort.—John Morrissey, business manager of the American, celebrated his forty-first birthday 16th. He has been in the business for over twenty-five years.

NEW HAVEN.

Carll's Opera House (Peter R. Carll, proprietor): Olivette was played 11th and 12th, by Catherine Lewis, supported by an untrained co; but the performance was enjoyable, and will probably become an attraction through Miss Lewis' efforts. Neil Burgess made his first appearance as Josiah Allen's Wife, 13th, to very pleasing business. He seems to fit the part even better than that of the Widow. Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, who appeared 16th, are stronger than ever before, and gave complete satisfaction to the generous audience in attendance.

Grand Opera House (Clark Peck, proprietor): Callender's Minstrels were the attraction 14th, and drew an immense house.

American Theatre (Press Eldridge, manager): The usual good business, and the following for week of 18th: Frank Bennett and Lydia Gardner, Irvan Bush, Charles and Jennie Reese, Jessie Boyd, Charles Stanley, Dave Oaks and Tracey and Eagan.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON.

National Theatre (John W. Albaugh, manager): Jefferson did a splendid business last week, in The Rivals, Poor Gentleman, and Rip. Mrs. Drew, as Mrs. Malaprop and Lucretia Mactab, divided the honors. The co. is all pretty good. Tom Keene, in Shakespearean characters, this week; Kiralfys' Around the World, 25th.

Ford's Opera House (John T. Ford, manager): Margaret Mather, last week, to only fair houses, as Juliet, Leah, Pauline and Rosalind. She is prettier even than her pictures, and is very graceful. Her acting is a little uneven; but much that she does is surprisingly good for one so new to the stage. The best that I saw her do was the Curse, in Leah. Salvini is bad indeed, though he speaks his English plainly enough, if he did not almost invariably emphasize the wrong word. This week, Barry and Fay's Irish Aristocracy; The Passing Regiment 25th.

Theatre Comique (T. E. Snelbaker, manager): This week, Ninon Duclos' Burlesque Minstrels and The Little Four comb., introducing the Ordys, Morton and Bryant, Manning and Drew, Ada Castleton, T. J. Nolan, and the Kennedys. Friday, matinee and night, Manager Snelbaker has benefit.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.

English's Opera House (Will E. English, proprietor): During the first three nights of the week Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau presented Kit, London Assurance, and East Lynne. Clifton W. Tayleure made his first appearance here as Archibald Carlyle in the last-named play. The Alice Oates Opera co. finished out the week very acceptably to fairly good business.

Grand Opera House (J. B. and G. A. Dickson, proprietors): Minnie Palmer and R. E. Graham opened the week at the Grand, in My Sweetheart, and had a successful season. The play has been thoroughly overhauled by the author, Mr. Gill, since its presentation here last season, and is much improved. James O'Neill came the last of the week with An American King and A Celebrated Case. Extreme cold weather interfered somewhat with the receipts; but a paying business was done. Joseph Jefferson, in The Rivals, Poor Gentleman, and Rip Van Winkle, 21st, 22d, 23d. Advance sales indicate a large attendance. The Professor is underlined for Holiday week.

Park Theatre (J. B. and G. A. Dickson, proprietors): Stanley's Allied Shows gave a performance to full houses the last of the week. Heatley and Traynor and the Horseshoe Four were specially good.

Zoo Theatre (Gillmore and [illegible]en, proprietors): The following is the bill for this week: Scott and Lamondue, Homer and Lingard, Gilmore [illegible]s, Charles Duncan, Goldrick and Wiley, Patsy [illegible] Middleton Brothers, and Frank Lamondue. An [illegible] matinee will be given Monday.

Items: The Dickson[illegible] following the Charles Wyndham Comedy co. here in Jan[illegible] provided sufficient interest is manifested by the public to insure paying business.—Genevjeve Morris, late of the Robson and Crane co., is to be married here this week.—The Elks are back from the Grand Lodge meeting in New York, and report a harmonious session and a general good time.

KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE.

Macauley's Theatre (John T. Macauley, manager): James O'Neill, 11th, 12th and 13th, opened in Celebrated Case, to only fair house. Business afterward improved. Claire Collier, who played the rôle of the Duchess de Aubeterre, is no other than Bessie Robbins, one of our Louisville girls. She proved herself to be an actress of no small ability. A Celebrated Case was given until An American King was put on Wednesday night, to a good house. Jean Clara Walters has left this co. to join the Madison Square Theatre co. Fanny Mathers, of Chicago, takes her place. George A. Backus joined the co. here. Minnie Palmer, 14th, 15th, 16th, to good business. Squatter Sovereignty, 21st, 22d, 23d.

Opera House (John T. Macauley, manager): Stanley's Triple Allianee, 11th, 12th and 13th, opened to a very poor house, but the performance deserved better. Caught on Tuesday and Wednesday. No chromo need be given away with the performance. The co. will rank with the best.

Buckingham (Whalen Bros., managers): As usual, doing good business. Next week, Black Crook comb.

Items: The great German soubrette, Josephine Gallmeyer, appears at Masonic Temple, 25th.—The following circular-note has been issued to managers throughout the country by Manager Macauley: "The pooling arrangement heretofore existing between Brooks and Dickson and myself expires with the season of 1882-83. No one is authorized to book attractions in Macauley's Theatre, or to make any contracts for same, except myself, to whom all managers or agents authorized are respectfully requested to apply for season 1883-84."

MAINE.

PORTLAND.

Theatre (Frank Curtis, manager): Neil Burgess, as Josiah Allen's Wife, is good; but the concoction of My Opinions is as bad as the co. he has on the road this season. It drew well owing to his reputation as Widow Bedott; but a second dose will be refused. Next week Walter Goold's Arctic. Manager Curtis brings Joseph Wheelock here soon in Indians revised, with a fine part for the star. Curtis has sunk a deal o' money this season with Wheelock, and I hope this last venture will be a go. Eugenie Legrand is booked for 22d and 23d in Camille and Emma Abbott in Lucia at City Hall 25th.

Item: The Lyceum Theatre, a recent venture in the ten-cent line, proves successful and gives a Boylston Museum bill to large business.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WORCESTER.

Worcester Theatre (Charles Wilkinson, manager): Business light this week. Bartlett's Minstrels gave a rather poor performance to a small house. Frank Frayne, in Mardo, 14th, to a fair house. Bartholomew Equine Paradox week of 18th.

Items: I will give you a good one on John D. Mishler, the well-known manager. He was inserting an advertisement in our morning daily, when he was asked if he would be responsible for the amount (a few dollars). The genial manager, who supposed his fame had preceded him, was taken aback; but asked for a receipted bill and paid the amount on sight. Genial Manager Wilkinson observed the thirtieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage last week. He has been over many leagues of travel in his professional career; but he is still one of the boys.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT.

The Black Flag, which has been waving from the Detroit, for the week of 11th, attracted immense crowds. Rose Eytinge, at Whitney's, opened to very good business, but on the last night the attendance was only fair. The World, 14th, 15th and 16th, met with a good reception.

The Specialty co. succeeded in filling Manager White's Park Theatre for week of 11th, the Melrose Sisters being the favorites.

It is a very sad duty to announce the downfall of one of the Goodwin-Thorne co., the case being that of Louis Barrett. A Detroit amateur played his part. J. L. Ashton has been engaged to replace him. Garry Hough left for Toronto last week in advance of Maxwell's Black Dwarf co., who have new talent for the Canadian tour. The co. comprises Three Marvels of Peru, Three Gregory Bros., Della Gregory, Frankie Jones, Heeley Bros., Charles Loder and May Antonio. George P. Cain, of the Karl co., was in town on the 11th with his wife (Jennie Darrah), who is very ill. She is at present in St. Mary's Hospital, as is also Mrs. G. H. Maxwell, whose condition is improving. Edith Conly takes Mrs. Cain's place, having joined the co. at London, on the 15th. J. S. McConnell is organizing a circus of forty horses to play through Michigan next season.

Adam Forepaugh paid $1,000 to the father of a Polish boy who had an eye put out by one of the employés while he was peeping beneath the tent last season. A syndicate has been formed to erect a new theatre here. An offer of $60,000 cash was made for a particular site, but the owner wanted $75,000. Efforts are being made to have Charles O. White, of the Park Theatre, accept the management.

FLINT.

Opera House (H. A. Thayer, manager): Jumbo Davis played to a good house 9th. William J. Scanlan, 22d.

Item: Jumbo Davis appeared before the curtain at the close of the third act, and in a pretty direct manner, which met with the entire approval of the audience, deprecated the insufficiency of stage room, which would not permit him the use of some of his best scenery, and which rather marred the effect of certain parts of the play.

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Academy of Music (Herrick Brothers, managers): Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels came 11th and 12th to big business. The original Big Four came 14th to fair business. Emma Abbott, who was to be here 25th, will come later in season. Alice Oates has Christmas week.

Pence Opera House (J. Spaulding, manager): Uncle Tom's Cabin, 8th and 9th; Benjamin Webster's comedy, Giraldi; or, The Miller's Wife, 11th, 12th and 13th. Business fair. Sea of Ice and States Evidence are to be put on the coming week.

Items: James W. Morrissey, business manager of the Wyndham Comedy co., is in the city.—C. W. Fletcher, a late attaehe of the Pence Opera House, has left for parts unknown, leaving behind him a wife in destitute circumstances and sundry unpaid bills.

MISSOURI.

KANSAS CITY.

Coates' Opera House (M. H. Hudson, manager): The Boston Ideal Opera co. engaged the attention of the public week of 11th, giving eight operas. Not a poor house greeted them, and on several nights the capacity of the house was severely tested. The operas were all finely rendered. The greatest successes were achieved in the Marriage of Figaro, Patience, and Fatinitza. The first named was given in a style which delighted an immense audience, and showed the versatility and power of the company. Of individual performances, it must be said that there is very little to choose. Miss Stone achieved her greatest success as Susanna, in Figaro, and Serpolette, in the Chimes. Miss Phillipps was an excellent Fatinitza. Miss Beebe won favor from the start. Probably there was no better performance than Barnabee and Karl, as Bunthorne and Grosvenor respectively, unless it might be that of Whitney as Figaro. In fine, there was not a single piece of slovenly work during the entire week, and the company is to be complimented on the very deep hold it has obtained upon the good opinion of the public here, whose universal verdict is it that has done the best work of the season. Next week Leavitt's Minstrels and The Professor.

Coliseum Theatre: This week Wheeler and Olive, Marren and Kearney, Louise Garland, Laura Sherrington, Basco and De Haven, Alice Avans, Hanley and Logan and May Canola. Business very good.

NEW JERSEY.

TRENTON.

Taylor Opera House (John Taylor, manager): Hazel Kirke 12th, to a large house. Couldock and Howard were the best of the cast. McCaull's Queen's Lace Handkerchief, 14th, to a large house, and even better satisfaction than before. The costumes are the finest ever seen here. The Vokes Family made their first appearance here 16th, to a good house. Although small in number, they are great in talent.

Grand Central Garden (John Winter, manager): A slight falling off in the attendance was noticed during past week. Announced: Redmond and Clifford, Allen Sisters, Edwards and Norton, Joseph H. Kearney.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.

Leland Opera House (Mrs. Charles E. Leland, manageress): Minnie Maddern was the attraction for first half of the week of 11th. The play produced was Fogg's Ferry, and as the heroine, Chip, Miss Maddern made a decidedly favorable impression. From beginning to end there is a sparkle and ring about everything she does. She is deserving of success, and will undoubtedly attain it if conscientious work can accomplish such a result. McCullough and his admirable company presented Virginius, Lear, the Hunchback and The Gladiator remainder of week. In former seasons McCullough met with but little encouragement here; but during the engagement just ended his reception by crowded houses was little short of an ovation. The supporting company was excellent, noticeably Edmund Collier, Joseph Haworth and Kate Forsyth. Mankind, 21st, 22d, 23d.

Levantine Theatre (F. F. Levantine, manager): A very sensational blood-and-thunder drama, entitled The James Boys, was presented last week to large houses. Announced: 18th, week, the Davenes' European Show.

Items: At the end of the fourth act of the Gladiator, Saturday evening, in response to an enthusiastic recall, McCullough came down to the footlights, and in a few well-chosen words expressed his gratification at the pleasant reception accorded him, and also paid a well-deserved compliment to Mrs. Leland for the excellent manner in which the stage work was conducted and the players' comfort and convenience consulted.

BUFFALO.

Academy of Music (Meech Brothers, managers): Annie Pixley divided week of 11th between Zara and M'liss. Business was only fair. Hague's Minstrels began a three nights' engagement 18th. With such a standard co. as Hague's there will be few vacant seats.

St. James Hall (Thomas Carr, manager): 14th, Miss Edna Chaffee Nobles entertained a good-sized and well-pleased audience in her Select Readings.

Wahle's Opera House (Emil Wahle, manager): McDonough's co. produced the White Slave 11th and drew good houses all the week.

The Adelphi (Joe Lang, manager): McIntyre, Heath, Connors and Kelly's co. came week of 11th and played to good houses and went on their way rejoicing. Harry Richmond's Specialty co. opened 18th to packed house.

Items: Manager McDonough dates his recollections of this city to when he paced the boards at the Academy of Music a quarter of a century ago.—The Meech Brothers' offer of $40,000 for the old court house property on which to erect a combined $100,000 hotel and opera house still hangs fire.

ROCHESTER.

Grand Opera House (P. H. Lehnen, manager): Herrmann, the magician, gave his unique parlor entertainment before medium audiences 11th, 12th and 13th. The Planter's Wife, as presented by Maude Granger and an unusually strong co., had fairly good business 14th, 15th and 16th. The character of Edith Grey, assumed by Maude Granger, is a powerful one, and the lights and shadows of the part are brought out with remarkable strength. The varied phases of a woman's nature, as portrayed by Miss Granger, proved her to be unquestionably a cultivated and intelligent actress, and she was nightly called before the curtain. In addition to her fine artistic work, Miss Granger brings to the character a handsome face and figure and elegant costumes. The hearty frankness that Lillian de Garmo throws into the character of Angie Gordon drew forth unlimited applause, and she became a great favorite.

SYRACUSE.

Wieting Opera House (P. H. Lehnen, manager): Den Thompson, in Uncle Josh, who appeared 12th, saved the week from a pecuniary failure. Mr. Lehnen certainly is catering only the very best, and why the shekels should come in so slowly is difficult to say. Kate Claxton followed Uncle Josh, 13th, and then came the great Herrmann for three nights. I was very sorry to see such small audiences greet him. I wish kindly to ask him to cease advertising Prof. E. D. Davies, as that gentleman is not with him. Bartley Campbell's Galley Slave, 20th and 21st; John T. Raymond in In Paradise, 22d; Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, 23d.

Grand Opera House (E. J. Matson, manager): The week opened with Maude Granger in The Planter's Wife, for two nights. The play, with the exception of the ending, is a splendidly-written drama, displaying considerable ability in construction and an efficient knowledge of stage effect, Miss Granger, in the rôle of Edith Grey, achieved flattering success. The audience greeted her warmly, and recognized every point she made by the most lavish applause. Harry Lacy, as Albert Graham, has a good conception of his part. M. A. Kennedy made an excellent villain, and Charles Bowser, as Simeon, was amusing. Undoubtedly Miss Granger will have a very successful season. The Rooms for Rent comb. occupied the boards 15th and 16th to small houses. The comedy contains some good points; but the greater part of it is so silly that one dose is quite sufficient.

Items: Herrmann not only invited the children of the Orphan Asylum to his matinee on Saturday, but gave them each a present.—George E. Oliver, of Albany, N. Y., will have charge of the Gilbert and Sullivan Iolanthe troupe in this State. He plays here at the Grand with Manager Matson, Jan. 5.—The CHRISTMAS MIRROR will have an immense sale in this city.

HARLEM.

Mount Morris Theatre (Hamilton and Chandler, proprietors): Lester Wallack appeared Monday evening as Elliot Grey, in Rosedale, supported by the best co. that has yet appeared within the walls of this house. A fashionable audience, composed of the elite of Harlem, gathered to greet him. The support consisted of Lillie Eldridge, Miss Bartlett, Annie Wood, Kate Gilbert, Louise Eldridge, Mrs. Fred. Williams, Mrs. Elberts, Charles Foster, Dan Leeson, Harry Bell, Julian Magnus, Little Elbert, and Gerald Brinsley. Special mention should be made of Lillie Eldridge. She delighted the audience with the winsome grace of her performance. The advance sale of seats for the Wallack appearances has far exceeded that of any previous engagement at this house. Wheelock for the holiday week in The Frozen Deep.

OHIO.

COLUMBUS.

Grand Opera House (George E. Stoneburner, manager): C. B. Bishop in Strictly Business 13th and 14th had fair-sized but enthusiastic audiences. The Wilbur Opera co. played Mascotte, Olivette and Patience to good houses 15th and 16th.

Comstock's Opera House (F. A. Comstock, manager): Joseph Murphy had crowded houses 11th and 12th. Hanley's co. gave Squatter Sovereignty 13th and 14th. A special feature is made of the orchestra under the direction of Chapin Lucy. Adams' H. D. gave a good performance to light business 15th and 16th.

Items: Ravel's New Humpty Dumpty and Drawing Room Circus will take the road under the management of F. A. Comstock. They open at Chillicothe 21st.—Adam Sells has sold his interest in the circus to his brothers for $35,000. He proposes going to Kansas to live.

DAYTON.

Music Hall (Larry H. Reist, manager): George H. Adams and his new H. D. co. were greeted with a large audience, 11th. The Wilbur Opera co., 13th, in Olivette, to a large and well-pleased audience. Susie Kirwin's Olivette is a bright conception, full of life and sprightliness, and greatly pleased the audience. McCollin's De Merrimac was good, while Mr. Chapman's "Bob Up Serenely" took the house by storm. This was a return engagement, and I can but predict the same greeting should they come again. Leavitt's Kentz-Santley co

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.

Low's Grand Opera House (William H. Low, Jr., proprietor and manager): O'Dale Stevens' Australian Circus this week; Minnie Maddern next week.

Providence Opera House (George Hackett, manager): Youth remains four days of this week. Hazel Kirke, by Madison Square co., finishes the week.

Theatre Comique (Hopkins and Morrow, managers): The Criterion Trio, Lamont and Ducrow, the Ronaldos, Carter and Anderson, Kelley and Magee and T. Quinsey are the new faces for this week. The stock co. will take part in the after-farce of Lollypop's Stratagems.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND.

Theatre (W. T. Powell, manager): Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty played to good houses 12th and 13th. Carrie Swain, in Cad the Tomboy and Mat the Romp, drew average audiences 14th, 15th and 16th. Billed: Marion Elmore, in Chispa, 22d and 23d.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House (R. L. Marsh, manager): Rose Eytinge and Thatcher, Primrose and West had light business week of 4th. Ben Maginley's Square Man, 11th, 12th and 13th, to light business. Wyndham's co. 25th, 26th, 27th.

Academy of Music (Harry Deakin, manager): William Stafford and poor co. 8th, 9th, 10th, to light business. Mme. Geistinger 11th, week, with most excellent support, did only a fair business. The charming Fay Templeton will be here Christmas week and will secure full houses.

Item: The two houses are having a tilt in the matter of matinee prices.

CANADA.

TORONTO.

Grand Opera House (O. B. Sheppard, manager): Hague's British Minstrels, 11th, 12th and 13th, were highly successful. An excellent entertainment was given. Robert McWade, in Rip Van Winkle, 14th, 15th and 16th, to good houses. The Harrisons, 21st, 22d and 23d; George S. Knight, 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th; Salvini, 29th and 30th.

Royal Opera House (J. C. Conner, manager): Joseph J. Dowling and co., in Nobody's Claim, week of 11th, succeeded in drawing good houses. Mr. Dowling's fancy shots with the rifle were much admired. He has been re-engaged for week of 18th and will produce the drama, Republic Mine. Maxwell's Spectacular co. 25th, week.

Item: The Litta Concert co. are billed for 25th and 26th, with special matinee Christmas Day, at Horticultural Gardens.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

ADA GRAY: Olathe, Kas., 21; Burlington, 22; Emporia, 23; Junction City, 25; Manhattan, 26; Leavenworth, 27, 28; Topeka, 29, 30.

ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA CO.: Portland, Me., 25.

ANNIE PIXLEY (M'liss): Detroit, 21, 22, 23; Chicago, 25, two weeks; Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 8; Jackson, 9; Ann Arbor, 10; Toledo, O., 11, 12, 13; Pittsburg, 15, week.

ACME OPERA CO.: Charleston, S. C., 20, 21, 22, 23; Savannah, 25, 26; Augusta, 27; Atlanta, 28, 29, 30; Knoxville, Jan. 1; Chattanooga, 2; Huntsville, 3; Memphis, 4, 5, 6.

ADAMS' PANTOMIME CO.: Baltimore, 25, week.

AGNES WALLACE-VILLA CO.: Albia, Ia., 20, 21; Knoxville, 22, 23; Des Moines, 25, 26.

ALDRICH AND PARSLOE (My Partner): Aurora, N. Y., 21; Williamsport, Pa., 22; York, 23; Baltimore, 25, week.

ANTHONY AND ELLIS' U. T. C. No. 1: Central, Col., 21; Georgetown, 22.

ANTHONY AND ELLIS' U. T. C. No. 2: Columbus, O., 21, 22, 23; Chillicothe, 25; Athens, 26; Jackson, 27; Portsmouth, 28; Ironton, 29, 30; Maysville, Ky., Jan. 1; Cynthiana, 2; Lexington, 3; Richmond, Ind., 4; Mt. Sterling, 5; Winchester, 6.

ALICE OATES: Peoria, Ill., 21; Rock Island, 22; Dubuque, Ia., 23; Minneapolis, 25, week.

ATKINSON'S JOLLITIES: Springfield, Mass., 25; open; Waltham, 27; Chelsea, 28; Gloucester, 29.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE No. 1: Cleveland, 25, week; N. Y. City, Jan. 1, two weeks.

BAKER AND FARRON: N. Y. City, 18, week.

BERTHA WELBY (One Woman's Life): Topeka, Kas., 21; Leavenworth, 22; Atchison, 23; St. Joe, 25; Hiawatha, 26; Lincoln, Neb., 27; Nebraska City, 28; Omaha, 29.

BUFFALO BILL: Baltimore, 18, week; Reading, Pa., 25; Harrisburg, 26; Pottsville, 27; Columbia, 28; Lancaster, 29; Wilmington, Del., 30.

BARNEY MCAULEY: Trenton, N. J., 21; New Brunswick, 22; Paterson, 23; Harrisburg, Pa., 25; Johnstown, 26; Altoona, 27; Williamsport, 28, 29; Danville, 30; Scranton, Jan. 1.

BAUM'S MAID OF ARRAN CO.: St. Louis, 17, week.

BOSTON IDEAL OPERA CO.: St. Louis, 18, week; Cincinnati, 25, week.

BARRY AND FAY (Irish Aristocracy): Washington, 18, week; Richmond, Va., 25, 26; Lynchburg, 27; Norfolk, 28; Petersburg, 29.

BROOKS AND DICKSON'S WORLD CO: St. Louis, 25, week.

BIG FOUR MINSTRELS: Cincinnati, 18, week; Louisville, Jan. 1, week.

BOSTON THEATRE CO. (Youth): Providence, R. I., 20, 21; Haverhill, Mass., 22.

BAIRD'S MINSTRELS: Altoona, Pa., 21; Hollidaysburg, 22.

BOSTON JUV. OPERA CO.: Allentown, Pa., 21; Richburg, N. Y., 22, 23; Bolivar, 25.

CALLENDER'S NEW COLORED MINSTRELS (Charles Callender, mgr.): Brooklyn, 18, week; Philadelphia, 25, week.

CALLENDER'S MINSTRELS (C. A. Bacon, mgr.): Crestline, O., 21; Wooster, 22; Massillon, 23; Alliance, 25; Painesville, 26; Ashtabula, 27; Dunkirk, N. Y., 28; Hornellsville, 29; Port Jervis, 30.

CALLENDER'S CON. MINSTRELS (Howard Spear, mgr.): Chambersburg, Pa., 21; Carlisle, 22; Columbia, 23.

COLLIER'S LIGHTS O' LONDON, A: St. Louis, 11, two weeks.

COLLIER'S LIGHTS O' LONDON, No. 1: Dubuque, Ia., 20, 21; Rockland, 22, 23; St. Paul, 25, week; Minneapolis, Jan. 1, week; Cedar Rapids, Ia., 8, 9; Des Moines, 10, 11, 12, 13; Leavenworth, Kas., 15; St. Joe, Mo., 16, 17, 18; Topeka, Kas., 19, 20; Kansas City, Mo., 22, week; Burlington, 29, 30.

CARRIE STANLEY (East Lynne): Cadiz, O., 21, 22, 23.

CATHERINE LEWIS OPERA CO.: Syracuse, N. Y., 25, 26, 27; Buffalo, 28, 29, 30; Erie, Pa., Jan. 1; Ashtabula, O., 2; Oil City, Pa., 3; Bradford, 4; Rochester, N. Y., 5, 6; Philadelphia, 8, week.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON: Philadelphia, 18, week; Wilmington, Del., 25, Lancaster, Pa., 26; Harrisburg, 28; Richmond, Va., 29, 30.

C. B. BISHOP (Strictly Business): Logansport, Ind., 21; Peoria, Ill., 22; Hannibal, Mo., 23, 25; Keokuk, Ia., 26; Oskaloosa, 27; Ottumwa, 28; Burlington, 29; Iowa City, 30.

C. A. GARDNER'S KARL CO.: Detroit, 18, week; Indianapolis, 25, 26, 27; Logansport, Ind., 28; Crawfordsville, 29; Terre Haute, 30.

CARRIE SWAIN (Mat the Romp): Chicago, 18, week; Scranton, Pa., 25; Newark, 26, 27; Jersey City, 28, 29, 30.

CHANFRAUS: St. Lous, 17, week; Springfield, Ill., Jan. 25, 26, Cairo, 27, 28, 29, 30; Memphis, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Nashville, 4, 5, 6.

DEN THOMPSON: N. Y. City, 18, two weeks.

DAVENE'S ALLIED ATTRACTIONS: Albany, 18, week.

DICK GORMAN (My Hebrew Friend): Philadelphia, 18, week.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS: Stamford, Ct., 21.

DRAPER'S UNCLE TOM CO.: Bay City, Mich., 25; E. Saginaw, 26; Port Huron, 27; Flint, 29; Saginaw, 30.

EQUINE PARADOX: Worcester, Mass., 18, week; Lawrence, 25, week; Boston, Jan. 1, four weeks.

EUGENIE LEGRAND: Portsmouth, N. H., 21; Portland, Me., 22, 23; Bath, 25; Augusta, 26; Calais, 27; St. John, N. B., 28, 29, 30.

EICHBERG STRING QUARTETTE: Bridgewater, Mass. 21; New Bedford, 22; N. Y. City, 23; Glen's Falls, N. Y., 25.

ENSIGN COMEDY CO.: Rochester, N. Y., 21, 22, 23.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.: Racine, Wis., 20, 21; Milwaukee, 22, 23, 25.

FRANK MAYO: New Orleans, 17, week; Mobile, Ala., 25, 26.

FRANK MORDAUNT (Old Shipmates): Murfreesboro, Tenn., 22; Bowling Green, Ky., 23; Springfield, O., 25; Urbana, 26; Piqua, 27; Lima, 28; Greenville, Ind., 29; Richmond, 30; Terre Haute, Jan. 1; Vincennes, 2; Evansville, 3; Owensboro, Ky., 4; Paducah, 5; Cairo, Ill., 6.

FRANK EVANS (Galley Slave): Troy, N. Y., 25, 26, 27.

FORD'S COMIC OPERA CO.: New Orleans, 18, two weeks.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT: Amsterdam, N.Y., 21; Troy, 22, 23; Toronto, Ont., 25, 26, 27, 28; Hamilton, 29; London, 30.

GOODWIN AND THORNE'S BLACK FLAG: Indianapolis, 18, week; Chicago, 25, two weeks; N. Y. City, Jan. 8, six weeks.

GORMAN'S CHURCH CHOIR CO.: Shamokin, Pa., 21; Ashland, 22; Pottsville, 23; Allentown, 25; Bethlehem, 26; Reading, 27; Wilmington, Del., 28; Harrisburg, Pa., 29; Lancaster, 30.

GUS WILLIAMS (One of the Finest): Buffalo, 21, 22, 23.

HAGUE'S MINSTRELS: Rochester, 22, 23.

HARRY MEREDITH (Ranch 10): Peoria, Ill., 21, 22; Springfield, 23; Decatur, 26; Jacksonville, 27; Monmouth, 28; Galesburg, 29; Quincy, Jan. 1, 2.

HERNE'S HEARTS OF OAK: Evansville, Ind., 21, 22, 23.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA: Plainfield, N. J., 23; Somerville, 25; Washington, 26; Lambertville 27; Burlington, 28; Mt. Holly, 29; Gloucester, 30; Chester, Pa., Jan. 1; Germantown, 2; Conshohocken, 3; Phœnixville, 4; Pottstown, 5.

HARRY RICHMOND CO.: Buffalo, 18, week; Jamestown, N. Y., 25; Oil City, Pa., 26; Bradford, 27; Olean, N. Y., 28; Bolivar, 29; Salamanca, 30.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S CO.: Brooklyn, 18, week.

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS: Willimantic, Ct., 21; Waterbury, 22; Meriden, 23; New Haven, 25; Bridgeport, 26; Danbury, 27; Norwalk, 28; Newark, N. J., 29.

HELEN COLEMAN CO.: Batavia, Ill., 23; Rockford, 25; Beloit, Wis., 26; Janesville, 27, 28; Milwaukee, 29, 30; Racine, Jan. 1; Kenosha, 2; Woodstock, 3.

HERRMANN: Williamsburg, 18, week; Boston, 25, two weeks.

HARRISONS (Alice and Louis): Toronto, 21, 22, 23; Detroit, 24, 25, 26; Indianapolis, Jan. 1, 2, 3.

HARRY MINER'S COMEDY COMB.: N. Y. City, 18, week.

HAVERLY'S MERRY WAR CO.: Kingston, Can., 21; Toledo, O., 22, 23.

HANLONS: Philadelphia, 11, two weeks; Paterson, N. J., 25, 26; Trenton, 27, 28; Newark, 29, 30.

HANLEY'S SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY CO.: Louisville, 21, 22, 23; Cincinnati, 25, week

HOWARD'S AUNT KEZIAH CO.: Oshkosh, Wis., 23; Lacrosse, 25; Dubuque, Ia., 26, 27; Des Moines, 28, 29, 30; Ottumwa, Jan. 1; Burlington, 2.

HASWIN-STEPHANY CO. (Oudarde): Big Rapids, Mich., 21; Montague, 22, 23; Muskegon, 25, 26, 27; Grand Haven, 28, 29; Holland, 30; Grand Rapids, Jan. 1; Allegan, 2; Kalamazoo, 3.

HART AND SULLIVAN'S FEMALE MASTODONS: Erie, Pa., 23; Bradford, 25, week.

J. K. EMMET: Baltimore, 25, week; N. Y. City, Jan. 1, six weeks.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON: Indianapolis, 21, 22, 23; St. Louis, 25, week; Nashville, Jan. 1; Atlanta, Ga., 2, 3; Rome, 4; Selma, Ala., 5; Montgomery, 6; New Orleans, 8, week; Galveston, 15, 16, 17; Houston, 18, 19, 20.

JANAUSCHEK: New Orleans, 18, week; Memphis, 25, 26, 27; Nashville, 28, 29; Evansville, Ind., Jan. 1; Terre Haute, 2; Lafayette, 3; Indianapolis, 4, 5, 6; Louisville, 8, week.

JAMES O'NEILL: Canton, O., 21; Youngstown, 22; Newcastle, Pa., 23; Pittsburg, 25, week.

JOSEPH MURPHY: Chicago, 18, two weeks; Cedar Rapids, Ia., Jan. 1, 2; Des Moines, 3, 4; Omaha, Neb., 5, 6; Council Bluffs, Ia., 8; St. Joe, Mo., 9, 10; Lawrence, Kas., 11; Topeka, 12, 13.

JOHN T. RAYMOND: Brooklyn, 25, week; Williamsburg, Jan. 1, week; Albany, 8, 9, 10; Troy, 11, 12, 13; N. Y. City, 15.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH: Hartford, Ct., 21, New Haven, 22; Philadelphia, 25, two weeks; Brooklyn, Jan. 8, week; Boston, 15, three weeks.

JOHN A. STEVENS' Wheeling, W. Va., 21; Cumberland, Md. 22; Wilmington, Del., 23; N. Y. City, 25, week.

JOSEPH DOWLING: Toronto, 18, week.

JOHN E. INCE: Clarksville, Tex., 21; Texarkana, 22; 22; Hot Springs, 23; Chicago, 25, week.

J. Z. LITTLE'S WORLD CO: Waterloo, Ia., 20, 21; Marshalltown, 22, 23.

JOSEPH WHEELOCK: Harlem, 25, week.

JEANNIE WINSTON OPERA CO.: Cincinnati, 17, week; Buffalo, 25, 26, 27; Philadelphia, 28.

KATHERINE ROGERS: Osage City, Kas., 21; Emporia, 22; Topeka, 23; Leadville, 25, week.

KATE CLAXTON: N. Y., City, 25, two weeks.

KIRALFYS' AROUND THE WORLD: Washington, 25, week; Baltimore, Jan. 1, week; Philadelphia, 8, three weeks.

KIRALFYS' BLACK CROOK No. 1: Lawrence, Mass., 21; Manchester, N. H., 22, 23; Troy, N. Y., 25, week.

KIRALFYS' BLACK CROOK No. 2: Frankfort, Ky., 21; Lexington, 22, 23.

KELLOGG-BRIGNOLI CONCERT CO: Louisville, 21; Clarksville, Tenn., 22; Rome, Ga., 25; Atlanta, 26, 27; Augusta, 28.

KENDALL COMB.: Missouri Valley, Ia., 21, 22, 23; Denison, 25, 26, 27, 28; Sioux City, 29, 30, Jan. 1; Yankton, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

LESTER WALLACK (starring); Harlem, 18, week.

LAWRENCE BARRETT: N. Y. City, 18, week; Syracuse, N. Y., 25; Utica, 26; Rome, 27; Rochester, 28, 29, 30; Cleveland, Jan. 1, week; Cincinnati, 8, week.

LEAVITT-PASTOR VARIETY COMB.: Pittsburg, 18, week; Chicago, 25, week.

LEAVITT'S ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO.: Sacramento, 20, 21, 22; San Francisco, 23, four weeks.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS: St. Joe, Mo., 21: Omaha, 22, 23; Denver, 25, week.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.: Youngstown, O., 21; Jamestown, N. Y., 22; Bolivar, 23; Buffalo, 25, week.

LINGARDS: New Britain, Ct., 21; Norwalk, 22; Willimantic, 23; Providence, 25, week; Albany, Jan. 1, 2, 3—close season.

LOTTA: N. Y. City, 4, four weeks.

LIZZIE MAY ULMER (Danites): Hagerstown, Md., 21; Chambersburg, Pa., 22; Williamsport, 23; Danville, 25; Mahanoy City, 26.

LA BELLE RUSSE (Jeffreys-Lewis): Pittsburg, 25, week; Altoona, Pa., Jan. 1; Harrisburg, 2.

LILLIAN SPENCER COMB.: Rochester, 25, 26, 27.

MARGARET MATHER: Brooklyn, 18, week; Buffalo, 25, week.

MAGGIE MITCHELL: Pittsburg, 18, week; Cincinnati, 25, two weeks.

MARY ANDERSON: Philadelphia, 11, two weeks; rest Christmas week.

MCKEE RANKIN: Philadelphia, 25, two weeks; Boston, Jan. 8, two weeks.

METEORS: Chicago, 18, week.

MINNIE MADDERN: Boston, 18, week; Hartford, Ct., 25; Springfield, Mass., 26; Willimantic, Ct., 27; Providence, 28, 29, 30; Williamsburg, Jan. 1, week; Trenton, N. J., 9; New Brunswick, 10; Paterson, 11; Newark, 12, 13; Brooklyn, 15, week; Philadelphia, 22, week.

MRS. LANGTRY: Philadelphia, 18, week; Brooklyn, 25, week; Chicago, Jan. 1, two weeks; St. Louis, 15, week; Memphis, 22, 23; Atlanta, Ga., 24, 25; New Orleans, 29, week; Nashville, Feb. 6; Louisville, 8, 9, 10; Cincinnati, 12, week.

MCCAULL'S OPERA COMIQUE CO.: Chicago, 18, two weeks; N. Y. City, 30.

MILTON NOBLES: Omaha, Neb., 25, 26, 27; Milwaukee, 28, 29, 30; Chicago, Jan. 1, week.

MAXWELL'S SPECTACULAR CO.: Toronto, Ont., 25, week.

MILN-BURLEIGH CO.: Rockford, Ill., 21; Janesville, Wis., 22; Racine, 23, 25; Sheboygan, 26; Madison, 27; Ottawa, Ill., 28; Laporte, Ind., 29; Adrian, Mich., 30.

MITCHELL'S PLEASURE PARTY: Waterville, N. Y., 21; lapse; Buffalo, 25, 26, 27; Canandaigua, 28; Penn Yan, 29; Batavia, 30; Rochester, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Syracuse, 4, 5; lapse; Troy, 8.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE: Brooklyn, 18, week.

MANKIND CO.: Albany, 18, week; Washington, 25, week.

MARION ELMORE (Chispa): Richmond, Va., 22, 23; Hagerstown, Md., 25; Cumberland, 26; Connellsville, Pa., 27; Steubenville, O., 28; Wheeling, W. Va., 29, 30.

MAUDE GRANGER: Buffalo, 21, 22, 23; Detroit, 25, 26, 27.

M. B. CURTIS (Sam'l of Posen): Boston, 18, week.

MODJESKA: N. Y. City, 11, four weeks; Cleveland, Jan. 8, week.

MCINTYRE-HEATH VARIETY CO.: Cleveland, 18, week.

MESTAYER'S TOURISTS: Charlotte, N. C., 21; Spartanburg, S. C., 22; Columbia, 23; Charleston, 25, 26; Savannah, 27, 28; Augusta, 29; Athens, 30; Atlanta, Jan. 1, 2; Columbus, 3.

MADISON SQUARE (Esmeralda; C. A. Schroeder, mgr.): Ionia, Mich., 21; Reed City, 22; Big Rapids, 23; Lansing, 25; Charlotte, 26; Battle Creek, 27; Marshall, 28; Ann Arbor, 29; Ypsilanti, 30.

MADISON SQUARE (Professor; W. H. Bishop, mgr.): Gloucester, Mass., 21; Chelsea, 22; Waltham, 23; Bangor, Me., 25, 26; Belfast, 27; Augusta, 28; Gardiner, 29; Bath, 30.

MADISON SQUARE (Hazel Kirke; E. M. Roberts, mgr.): Pittsfield, Mass., 21; Providence, R. I., 22, 23; Boston, 25, week.

MADISON SQUARE (Esmeralda; H. Rockwood, mgr.): Nashville, 21, 22, 23; Chicago, 25, week.

MADISON SQUARE (Esmeralda; C. A. Haslam, mgr.): Austin, Tex., 21, 22, 23; Houston, 25, 26; Brenham, 27; Waco, 28, 29; Corsicana, 30.

MADISON SQUARE (Hazel Kirke; F. L. Bixby, mgr.): Olean, N. Y., 21; Bradford, Pa., 22, 23; Erie, 25; Dunkirk, N. Y., 26; Jamestown, 27; Corry, Pa., 28; Titusville, 29; Oil City, 30.

MADISON SQUARE (Hazel Kirke; A. Bouvier, mgr.): Thompsonville, Ct., 21; Westfield, Mass., 22; Palmer, 23; Gloversville, N. Y., 25; Johnstown, 26; Ft. Plain, 27; Little Falls, 28; Ilion, 29; Herkimer, 30.

MADISON SQUARE (Professor; C. McGeachy, mgr.): Kansas City, Mo., 21, 22; Quincy, Ill., 23; Indianapolis, 25, 26, 27; Bloomington, Ill., 28; Springfield, 29; Peoria, 30.

MADISON SQUARE (Hazel Kirke and Esmeralda; J. H. Hart, mgr.): Palatka, Fla., 21; Jacksonville, 22, 23; Tallahassee, 25, 26; Thomasville, Ga., 27; Eufaula, Ala., 28; Greenville, S. C., 29, 30.

NEIL BURGESS: Gardiner, Me., 21; Rockland, 22; Biddeford, 23; Worcester, Mass., 25; Keene, N. H., 26; Bennington, Vt., 27; Montpelier, 28; Northampton, Mass., 29; Meriden, Ct., 30; Orange, N. J., Jan. 1.

NICK ROBERTS' HUMPTY DUMPTY: Philadelphia, 25, week; Baltimore, Jan. 1, week.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Helen Blythe): Maquokita, Ia., 21, 22; Cedar Rapids, 23; Dubuque, 25; Cedar Falls, 26; Waterloo, 27; Waverly, 28; West Union, 29; Mason City, 30.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Agnes Herndon): Harrisburg, Pa., 21; Lancaster 22; Wilmington, Del., 23; Jersey City, 25, 26, 27; York, Pa., 28; Altoona, 29; Johnstown, 30; Columbus, O., Jan. 1, 2, 3; Indianapolis, 4, 5, 6.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON: St. Louis, 25, week.

PIGMIES' PICNIC PARTY: Montreal, 25, week; Quebec, Jan. 1, week; Toronto, 8, week.

PAT ROONEY CO.: St. Louis, 25, week.

ROBSON AND CRANE: N. Y. City, 11, two weeks; Philadelphia, 25, two weeks.

ROGERS' SWEETHEART (Minnie Palmer): St. Louis, 18, two weeks; Chicago, Jan. 1.

ROLAND REED (Cheek): Baltimore, 18, week; Nashville, 25, 26; Columbia, 27.

ROMANY RYE: Philadelphia, 18, three weeks.

ROSE EYTINGE: Dunkirk, N. Y., 21; Hornellsville, 22; Oswego, 23; Rochester, 25, 26; Syracuse, 27, 28; Troy, 29, 30; Brooklyn, Jan. 1, week.

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY: Galveston, 18, week.

RHEA: Cleveland, 18, week; Buffalo, Jan. 1, week; Washington, 8, week.

ROBERT MCWADE: Strathroy, Ont., 21; Paris, 22; Gault, 23; Hamilton, 25, 26; Brantford, 27; London, 28; St. Catherines, 29, 30; Medina, N. Y., Jan. 1; Albion, 2; Brockport, 3.

RENFREW'S COMEDY CO.: Quebec, 25, 26, 27; Ottawa, 28, 29, 30.

SALVINI: Chicago, 11, two weeks; Grand Rapids, 25; Detroit, 27, 28; Toronto, 29, 30; Boston, Jan. 1, two weeks; Philadelphia, 15, week; Baltimore, 22, week.

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS: Bradford, Pa., 21; Oil City, 22; Youngstown, O., 23; Cleveland, 25, week.

SQUARE MAN (Ben Maginley): Detroit, 21, 22, 23; Toledo, O., 25, 26, Cleveland, 27, 28, 29, 30.

STANLEY'S ALLIED SHOWS: Chicago, 18, week; Detroit, 25, 26, 27; Toronto, 28, 29, 30.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL: Chicago, 25, week; Milwaukee, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Racine, Wis., 4; Lafayette, Ind., 5; Terre Haute, 6; Cincinnati, 8, week; Columbus, O., 15; Canton, 16; Akron, 17; Jamestown, N. Y., 18; Oil City, Pa., 19; Bradford, 20.

TAKEN FROM LIFE CO.: N. Y. City, 18, three weeks; Brooklyn, Jan. 8, week.

TONY DENIER'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Baltimore, 18, week; Williamsburg, 25, week.

T. W. KEENE: Washington, 18, week; Easton, Pa., 25; Reading, 26; Wilkesbarre, 27; Pittston, 28; Scranton, 29.

THATCHER, PRIMROSE AND WEST'S MINSTRELS: Rochester, 21; Auburn, 22; Syracuse, 23; Utica, 25.

THE GIRL THAT I LOVE CO.: Zanesville, O., 25; Wheeling, W. Va., 26; Canton, O., 27; Akron, 28; Jamestown, N. Y., 29; Bradford, Pa., 30; Oil City, Jan. 1.

TOM THUMB: Springfield, Ill., 20, 21; Jacksonville, 22, 23; Chicago, 25, two weeks.

VOKES FAMILY: Brooklyn, 18, week.

W. J. SCANLAN (Friend and Foe): Flint, Mich., 22; Lansing, 23; Chicago, 25, week; Detroit, Jan. 1, 2, 3.

WILLIAM STAFFORD: Council Bluffs, Ia., 21, 22; Lincoln, Neb., 23; Nebraska City, 25; Topeka, 26, 27; Ft. Scott, 28, 29; Leavenworth, 30; Keokuk, Ia., Jan. 1, 2; Burlington, 4, 5.

WHITELEY'S HIDDEN HAND CO.: Denton, Tex., 21; Corsicana, 22; Calvert, 23; Waco, 25; Bryan, 26; Brenham, 28.

WHITELEY'S DRAMATIC CO.: Atlantic, Ia., 18, week; Council Bluffs, 25, week; Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 1, two weeks;

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS: Boston, 25, week.

WALDRON'S M'LISS COMB.: Delaware, O., 21; Zanesville, 22; Troy, 23, 24; Xenia, 25; London, 26.

WILBUR OPERA CO.: Cincinnati, 25, week; Richmond, Ind., Jan. 1; Ft. Wayne, 2; Logansport, 3; Crawfordsville, 4; Lafayette, 5; Danville, Ill., 6; Decatur, 8; Springfield, 9; Jacksonville, 10; Quincy, 11; Galesburg, 12; Peoria, 13; Chicago, 15, week.

WYNDHAM COMEDY CO.: St. Paul, 20, 21; Milwaukee, 22, 23; Detroit, 25, week; Cincinnati, Jan. 1, week; St. Louis, 8, week.

WAITE'S UNION SQUARE CO.: Lawrence, Kas., 18, week; Leavenworth, 25, week.

MADAME JANAUSCHEK.
Time all filled for 1882–83.
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The Fate of Baby Brown.

BY LILLIAN RUSSELL.

There are times in the grey month of December when the snow falls so softly, so gently, as to make one feel kindly toward all the earth—toward humanity in particular.

It was on one of these occasions (two years ago) of which I speak.

Little Baby Brown was delighting the audience at a down-town theatre and I took occasion to see and hear her, standing in the wings the while. A sweeter, more angelic voice I never heard. It was like the warbling of a canary bird. She sang "Fritz's Lullaby," and her notes were so silvery, so sympathetic, and the Tyrolean movement at the ending of each verse was executed with such delightful effect that it brought tears to my eyes; and in the little dance that followed, she exhibited such grace and poetry of motion that she seemed a thing just alighted from Heaven. Let me say just here that I am very fond of the ballet, especially when composed of children. I look upon poetry of motion to be just as much a fine art as poetry of language, sound or color; and I think dancing should be cultivated publicly with all other branches of knowledge and art. But I must return to my story. I watched that exquisite little form and wondered how a child so young, so small, could accomplish such things, and I adored the little creature. I was singing at the time in an operetta that closed the performance, and when Baby Brown came behind the scenes, I clasped her in my arms and nearly smothered her with kisses. "You lovely creature," I cried; "where did you get that charming voice?"

"God gave it me, Miss Russell," was her lisping reply.

"He was a very good God to you, was he not, my little darling?"

"He was indeed a good God to me, for He has enabled me to support my grandma and grandpa; He has enabled me to earn a good living for them, and to be so happy when I am doing so."

"Then you enjoy singing?"

"I do. I am never so happy as when I am singing or dancing, except when I am giving my earnings to my grandma. I bless God with every note I sing and every turn of my foot in the dance. Grandma says it is right, or God would not have given me the talent to do it, nor would He put it into my head to thank Him for it."

"It is quite right," I replied; "you were not given all this talent to be hidden under a bushel or to be buried. Increase your talents all you can, and you will be rewarded accordingly."

Her grandfather took her in his arms and wrapped a warm cloak carefully about her, covering her feet as though they were pearls of great price.

"Yes, Miss Russell," he said, folding her tenderly to his breast, "this little creature, only eight years old, is not only the comfort of our old age, but our support."

"And she earns more money than I do," I said, "and she only a baby."

"Well, Miss Russell doesn't have to support her grandpa and grandma, does she?" and she kissed him fondly. "Come and see my grandma, Miss Russell."

"I will," I replied.

After listening to her delightful voice daily for some time, I did accompany her to her house and found admirable company in her worthy grandma. She told me how her only child, baby's mother, had been a public singer; how she had married young, and had been overstocked with professional and family cares, and how she had yielded up her sweet young life in giving birth to Baby Brown, and how very poor they had all become and she herself so ill, and how when Baby was six years old she had sold newspapers at the ferry to keep them from starvation, until in the Mission Sunday-school it had been discovered that she had a voice of wonderful power and sweetness, and that a kind person had taught her several songs which she sang for money; and that Colonel Mapleson had paid for her lessons in dancing, so she could dance in his ballet; and that she had gone on, from receiving five dollars a week, until now she was receiving eight dollars a performance, making fifty-six dollars per week; and that they had moved from their miserable room, in a most miserable street, into comfortable quarters, where they were able to eat healthy food and wear respectable clothing, all with this dear Baby's earnings.

"Oh!" she cried, "God has been very kind to us all in blessing Baby with such remarkable abilities to earn money. She never overtaxes herself," she added—"no. She practices much of her time at home, and I have to amuse her some other way to keep her from it."

I bade the happy family adieu, wishing them a long and prosperous life. Fate drifted us apart, and Baby Brown became a bright spot in my recollections of the past. I was entering my dressing-room after the matinee Christmas day a year ago, when I heard the pleading voice of a child begging to see Miss Russell. I asked the doorkeeper to allow her to pass, and she flew to me, crying, "Oh, Miss Russell, I am so cold, so hungry and so poor, and grandma is going to die and leave me all alone. Will you help me?" Her face was strangely familiar to me, but I did not recognize her until she said, in a grieved way, "Have you forgotten your Baby Brown?"

"Can it be possible," said I; "and you so thin and wan-looking. How is it possible for you to come to want and suffering, when Nature has endowed you with such a wealth of talent?"

"Oh, my dear lady," she cried, "don't you know the society in behalf of children took me off the stage soon after you left our theatre and placed me among strangers, away from my grandma, until my grandpa died? Then I ran away and returned to grandma. I have been selling papers again, for they will not let me sing or dance any more, and I love to dance, I love it so much!" and she burst into a fit of sobbing. "I kissed her and dried her eyes and told me all she could about it. I covered her rags with a merino shawl and helped her on my knee. She looked with eyes, looking full into mine, 'God is not good to me any more, and those naughty men in that office drive away from my work and let grandma starve to death, and will not let me earn a good living for grandma—I am not too young to sing. I am not too young to dance. Many of our great artists were on the stage and became quite famous before they were as old as you. They were privileged to exercise their talents until they became famous for all time."

"Oh, Miss Russell, I wish I had lived in their time. Can I not go to their country now?"

I shook my head, and wrapping her more closely, took her in my carriage, and after purchasing some food for her grandma, I accompanied her to her miserable room. Baby hastened up the stairs with the basket in her hand, to announce my arrival; but there was no response to her call. Grandma was gone—we hope to a better home. She was buried in the Potter's Field, and broken-hearted Baby Brown was taken in charge again by the Society and kindly () bound to a farmer in Vermont to lead a life of domestic drudgery.

Some Operatic Types.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOWSON.

To an imaginary mind there is much instruction in the watching of those people who, for reasons of fashion, taste or idlesse, are in the habit of visiting the opera, whether in Italian, English, French or German, and the various concerts of classical or Wagnerian music that abound in the season like sands upon the seashore for multitude. First there is the soulful young lady, "most musical, most melancholy," whose mind is with Mendelssohn, whose heart is with Handel, whose spirit revels in Schumann, and to whom Beethoven is a blessing, Bach a beauty and Wagner a weakness. Pale-faced, straight-haired—for the most part spectacled for the easier deciphering of crabbed scores, learned in technicalities of art, fluent about fugue and curious in counterpoint, given to prate about "tone-color" and to gush over "technik"—from Boston, mostly; but spreading all over the continent like the locust or the phylloxer in similitude something like this.

"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."

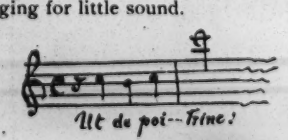
Rapt attention to the absolute music is the characteristic of this class. No trait of tenor nor beauty of baritone distracts the minds of these æsthetic damsels. They dwell in the pure empyrean of Art, with an upper-case A, and mere mundane loveliness has no charm for them.

In contrast to the soulful worshipper, is the girl who goes to the opera for business purposes, because it is the most eligible hunting-ground, next to the ball-room. She has no eyes for the beauty of the tenor, nor ears for the music of his voice. His "Ut. de poitrine" excites not her fancy. She is fully armed for slaughter, and she lets no extraneous nonsense divert her attention.

Bright-eyed, curly-haired, jimp-waisted, well-gloved, sprent with diamonds as a flower is dashed with dew, and tinted just up to the fashionable complexion, she blossoms in the boxes like a rose in June.

Her weapons are charms, and be sure she will not waste her ammunition. The opera is, to her, only a field of operation, and her motto is:

If music be the food of love, play on.

The male congener affords food for reflection also. *Primo*, there is the musical young man who fancies he has a voice, and turns down his collar to show the melodious gurgling of his throat. If a tenor, he mostly bursts on his high G; if a bass, he growls like an asthmatic bellows, in frantic e-*f*-*f*-orts to touch low F. See him as he stands with spreading shirt-bosom, one hand on the edge of the piano, the other as fate may decree; but always in the wrong place and a woeful trouble to its owner; his eye gazing on the vast unknown and his mouth like faith—"the evidence of things unseen;" or rather, in this case, unheard. For verily there is much cry for little wool; much singing for little sound.

THE TENOR OF HIS WAYS.

He thinks to win fortune by his voice and figure—at any rate, he wins many a dinner and much strong drink.

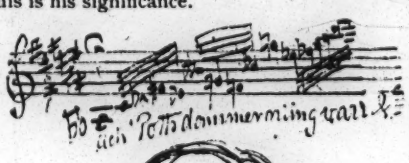
Next is the man who goes to the opera because it is the thing to do; but who hates it from his inmost soul. He is "something down town," given to champagne, cigars, big diamonds and fast horses; ruby of visage, inflammatory as to nose, and bumptious in manner. His talk is of stocks, and when a sudden pause occurs in the flow of the music you can hear a strangled sound of "Went down to 19 by G—d—lost $30,000 before you could say knife." If he had his will he would be in the barroom of the Hoffman House, with his congenial spirits and water—very little of the last, however—and a big cigar. Behold him "in his habit as he lived."

"'WAY DOWN TO 19."

Then there is the highly respectable society man, who looks like an undertaker in his professional costume. Lantern-jawed, mutton-chop whiskered, hard-handed, long-toothed and alligator-skinned, the impersonation of a "self-made man," whose honors and dress clothes sit uneasily on him, and who is only happy in

A SELF-MADE MAN.

his office, but goes to the opera to assert his claim to being one of the upper ten.

Then comes the American citizen of German descent, who swears by Schubert, rails at Rossini, and will talk you more nonsense about "musik" in ten minutes than would suffice to fill a whole page of inanity in a technical journal. Round-headed, doubtful-linened and big-ringed, he pervades the auditorium and lays down the law with all the weight of assertion and arbitrariness of dictum that his Teutonic origin entitles him to assume or use among mere American art-barbarians. This is his significance.

"ACH! VAGNAIR."

Last of all is the average man who goes to the opera because it amuses him, his wife and family; who applauds what pleases him and lets alone most severely that which he likes not.

"BECAUSE IT AMUSES HIM."

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Margaret Mather as Juliet.

The writer of this article heard Margaret Mather recite two Summers ago and predicted her certain success as an actress. The opinion was not lightly expressed, nor was it influenced by bias in her favor. It was based on the honest belief that a woman whose genius could move a handful of spectators alternately to tears and terror by depicting the grief and passion of Leah in a drawing-room, would find no difficulty in electrifying an audience by her achievements on the stage. Having committed THE MIRROR to this way of thinking, we awaited the *début* of Mather confidently. As our readers are generally aware, the outcome of this event more than justified our prediction. On Monday night we paid a visit to Theall and Williams' Novelty Theatre in Williamsburg to verify THE MIRROR'S augury ourselves.

J. M. Hill never "papers," consequently there was a small audience present, throughout which were sprinkled several professionals who had braved the journey, bent on a mission somewhat similar to our own. During the first two acts the people in front were passive. During the remaining three their enthusiasm was indescribable. After the potion scene men and women rose to their feet and cheered. Recalls were demanded at every opportunity. Mather came out before the curtain a dozen times during the evening. So much for the audience and the remarkable effect of the performance upon it.

In the first act the new star created a pleasant impression. At the masked ball her bearing was that of a pure, young, susceptible girl whose heart is yet untouched by love, and to whom the graces and coquettish arts of the fine ladies of Verona are unknown. At the sight of Romeo's face a new passion is born within her, and the grief with which she learns the identity of the young Montague is so sudden as to convey an idea of the intensity of the maiden's first love. In the balcony scene her love-making is marked by the boldness of innocence. There is no suggestion of lust about it. The passage with the Nurse in Act Third was full of dramatic power. The girlish impatience to get news from the lips of the fussy old drone; the horrible suspicion that Romeo is dead; the joy on learning that it is Tybalt who is slain; the reaction of grief when she finds that her husband is the slayer and is to be parted from her by the stern sentence of banishment—all these emotions were expressed with thrilling effect. In the parting scene Mather expressed dramatically the immensity of her love and the great grief of estrangement after a brief and stealthy honeymoon. Her simulation of utter despair at the command of Capulet to marry Paris on the morrow was painfully real. It was in strong contrast to the calmness that followed when the Friar shows her an avenue of escape by means of his potent drug. The funereal horrors that he pictures to her are scarce thought of in the great joy that thrills her very soul at the prospect of again being clasped in Romeo's arms. In the potion scene she rose to a grandeur that we have never seen equalled by any actor in any play, with the possible exception of Salvini's magnificent interview with Iago in the third act of Othello. The speech beginning, "I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins," was spoken with terrible intensity. The uncanny phantoms that assail the mind of the luckless girl on the eve of her experimen were conjured up in such a manner as to terrify the audience and chill their blood. They sat spell-bound and breathless until with the madness of fear and despair, quivering and shrieking, Juliet reeled and fell o'erpowered by the subtle drug. The audience gave a great gasp and sat for a moment as though deprived of the power of movement. Then there followed a scene of enthusiasm, phenomenal and exciting. The power of the actress had manifested itself so grandly in this wonderful scene that the people could not give vent to their appreciation except in cheers and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. It is so seldom Genius flashes on us from the stage that the sight of it stirs us strangely. The death scene Miss Mather acted in a manner consonant with the tragic tenor of the latter portion of the performance.

Her faults are few; her merits are many. She cannot be measured by the tape-measure of carping criticism, for her work is bold, free and unrestricted by considerations of conventions. She has been on the stage just seventeen weeks—she plays like an actress whose professional experience spanned as many years. She is a dramatic marvel, whose like we have never seen and whose ability is not the result of study merely, but the gift of generous Nature. She interpreted Juliet's lines with considerable originality. Her readings are often opposed to tradition; but this shows intelligence, the creative power, and a supreme contempt for imitative methods of procedure. Her imaginative faculty is wonderfully developed, and she communicates by action, emphasis, inflection and facial expression this to her audience in such a degree that they are able not only to understand but to appreciate it.

Mr. Hill has got a dramatic treasure of whose success more practiced actresses cannot be envious, as players of Mather's type are born, not made. She will not play in the Metropolis until a year from next Fall. Remarkable evidence of the fine impression she has created wherever she has appeared is found in the dates that managers have made with Manager Hill to play the new star two years hence.

We had almost forgotten to speak of Mather's personal appearance and dresses. She has a well-developed figure, a robust frame, a wealth of dark hair and a beautiful face, denoting strength and character. Her support is not adequate. Salvini's Romeo is a wretched piece of acting, although he looks the part to perfection. Of Milnes Levick's Mercutio the less said the better. He misconceives that charming character, making the merry, elegant gentleman of Verona a noisy buffoon. Eugene Jepson was an excellent Friar; Walter Eytinge a monkeyish Benvolio; Walter Standish a woodeny Paris, and W. V. Ranous a good Capulet. Miss Carrie Jamieson's Nurse was the soundest performance of the part we've seen in a good while.

Wednesday night Miss Mather played Pauline. Thursday she will be seen in Leah; Friday and Saturday as Rosalind, and Saturday afternoon as Juliet.

—Mrs. S. P. Edson, of West Forty-third street, is the mentor of Mrs. Will Davis (Jessie Bartlett), who is studying for the operatic stage with Rialp. At short notice Mrs. Davis has helped Colonel Mapleson out of trouble when singers disappointed him.

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The Girl That I Love was produced last night for the first time in St. Louis, with Mr. W. H. Fitzgerald as the star. There was a full house, and the comedy, which is by Elliott Barnes, was favorably received. Mr. Fitzgerald, in the rôle of Lawyer Grump, a comical disciple of Blackstone, who keeps a pair of lovers in hot water while each is laboring under the delusion that the other is implicated in a diamond robbery, displaying so much ability as a character actor that the audience warmly commended his work, and honored him with a couple of calls before the curtain. Miss Daisy Ramsden, a pretty, vivacious little lady who, it will be remembered, filled Alice Atherton's place in Dreams for a while last season, had the part of Polly Mellon, a stage-struck waiting-maid, which she entered into with a great deal of spirit, giving an impersonation which perfectly delighted the house. She sings several songs and dances like a fairy. The play is very interesting and is presented by a good company, with new and beautiful scenery.—*St. Louis (Mo.) Globe-Democrat.*

Mr. William H. Fitzgerald, a new star, made his appearance last night at the People's Theatre, in a comedy written by Elliott Barnes, entitled The Girl That I Love. The house that greeted him was a large one, and the co- with a flattering reception. The Girl That I ght play, and as Peter Grump, a New York Fitzgerald caused great laughter and made . Miss Daisy Ramsden, his support, was in her assumption of Polly Mellon, a stage-struck wa g-maid. There are nine other characters in the play, h meet with good treatment in the hands of Misses rie Bliss and Adele Carleton, Messrs. Keene, Carpenter, Roblee, Simmons, Miller, Sullivan and Jones.—*St. Louis (Mo.) Republican.*

A clean comedy, strong situations, with a pure story of human interest, calculated to please all and offend none. W. H. Fitzgerald is an old St. Louis favorite, and his character creation of Peter Grump, a peculiar type of New York lawyer, is exceedingly amusing, with no tinge of vulgarity.—*St. Louis Spectator.*

The Girl That I Love, a new play by Elliott Barnes, was presented to a very large house. The star is W. H. Fitzgerald, pleasantly remembered in St Louis as the leading attraction with Ford's Opera Company. We at that time, while complimenting him for his singing, were loud in our praise of his acting, and as Peter Grump, a New York lawyer, fully verifies our opinion, and he proves himself qualified to rank with Florence, Raymond, Owens and the other pronounced comedians. The supporting company is exceptionally good.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

The Girl That I Love, with W. H. Fitzgerald as the star, supported by Daisy Ramsden and a strong company, has made a most pleasing impression, and is nightly testing the capacity of the theatre. The play has a strong plot, intense dramatic situations, interesting story of the home circle and its influence for good, while the star part of Peter Grump, the lawyer, as played by Mr. Fitzgerald, is the best American character creation of the present century. Another noticeable feature of the play is the fact that a young Jew is made a hero and a gentleman. It will always be welcomed in St. Louis.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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[FIFTH YEAR.]

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Taken From Life

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.

Notice is hereby given that under the decision of the Hon. George C. Barrett, Justice of the Supreme Court, in an action commenced by me against Samuel Colville for the determination of my right, title and interest to the play Taken From Life, the injunction obtained by me restraining said Colville from making any engagements for the production of the play without my consent was in all respects continued and maintained. That injunction is now in full force, and all managers are warned against making any arrangements for the said play without my consent.

The statements in an advertisement by R. E. J. Miles, concerning a decision of Judge Lawrence, are made for the purpose of misleading. That decision was rendered in an action brought by Samuel Colville against Thomas B. MacDonough, and has not the slightest bearing upon my case against Samuel Colville.

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TAKEN FROM LIFE,

that I may be permitted to place before the managers of the United States and Canadas the proper status of the litigation.

TAKEN FROM LIFE

was duly purchased from Henry Pettitt, the author, by Samuel Colville. The legality of this purchase was questioned, and Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court, decided it to be the sole property of Mr. Colville.

An appeal from this decision to the General Term—the highest branch of the Supreme Court of the State of New York—Chief-Justice John R. Brady and Associate Judges Daniels and Dwight, recently affirmed the correctness of Mr. Colville's purchase and title.

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A Curious Family.

A NARRATIVE BY M. M. M.

[illegible] are curious to know about the family? [illegible] perhaps has given you the idea that we are a [illegible] race. Well, then, I will tell you, and you may [illegible] it is not a cheerful tale, remember, hardly [illegible] it may be sad, and yet only curious. It may [illegible] some people as absurd; but, then, religious creeds [illegible] reverence in thousands, while in as many others [illegible] only provoke smiles of incredulity.

Famous conjurors have performed extraordinary feats in legerdemain that have awakened in their audiences speculative theories, embracing a large percentage of faith in a supernatural cause, even though the magicians have announced the phenomena to be purely the result of skill. From this I would argue that intelligent people who ascribe to simple feats of magic supernatural agencies are apt to do the same thing in other matters where there is an unrevealed or inexplicable cause. In point of fact, it has always been in past ages, and will be in the present, a common feature of the mind to robe the incomprehensible in the garments of the supernatural. And, therefore, my friend, the history I am about to relate may seem at first to be highly colored by the supernatural, while in fact it may be only the effect of physical causes so delicate and so complex that modern science has not been able to grasp and define its law. However, the remarkable man of whom I am about to tell you was certainly possessed of faculties and powers which, though uncommon to men at large, were repeated generation after generation in the family of De Courcey.

I would have you bear in mind throughout two facts, which I have deduced from my knowledge of the traditions of the family and my observation of my cousin, Henry De Courcey. The first is, a preponderance of nerve power, or nervous strength, and that it predominated in the fourth generation as an accumulated force; the second is, that in every fourth generation the race became extinct, with the exception of one male heir, who inherited all the family estate. Bearing this in mind, I will first tell you of the traditions, that you may better appreciate the character of my cousin, to whom I was bound by every feeling of personal attachment.

Historians of late years have awarded far greater credit to the lieutenant of William the Conqueror than was customary a century ago. Henri De Courcey, our great ancestor, was recompensed by the Sovereign Invader, for his inestimable services, by liberal grants of lands wrested from the unhappy Saxon barons.

He was admirably fitted for the position he filled in the Norman Duke's service; he was a leader, a soldier, by natural genius; and it was he who alone could enforce discipline, loose though it might have been in that great army of adventurous freebooters. The chroniclers ascribe to him a sullen, cynical and morose disposition. He was short, slender in person, and almost diminutive by comparison with his contemporaries. The advantage he lost in this respect in the eyes of a semi-civilized army was counter-balanced by his indomitable will, his magnetic force as an orator, and his coolness and daring as a soldier. In the times of peace, when the sword was laid aside by the gallant to serenade his lady fair, De Courcey passed through the gay throngs with his head bowed down, dejected, listless, and muttering to himself. He seemed to hate the society of his fellow-man, and strolled listlessly along, or shut himself up with some books secured from Rome. But when the horn sounded with the martial notes of war a complete change took place; the wearied halting, lagging step became firm, quick and elastic, the large hazel eyes, shaded with melancholy, dilated with clear and piercing glances. And then the voiceless tongue seemed inspired with burning eloquence, to awaken enthusiasm in the sluggish and excitement in the willing.

It was said he believed in astrology and held communion with those who pretended to know what stores the mysterious Future confined in her halls. Certain it was, however, that many things happened which he had predicted, and in consequence thereof some of his sturdy followers openly asserted their belief in his allegiance to the Spirit of Evil. One day some of his most trusted friends and followers had gathered about the board in the banqueting-hall, and his little son stood by his knee. One hand rested on the fair-haired head of the lad and the other held high a massive tankard, in response to a toast. Suddenly De Courcey brought down his drinking-cup with a crash on the table, and seizing the boy, bore him to the huge chimney, where great forest logs crackled and flamed, and scanned the boy's features with intensity. Then he called an attendant and bade him remove the trembling boy to the women's apartments; and turning to his friends, who stood anxiously watching, said: "That boy will shoot an arrow up into the air, and before the twang of the string has passed away upon air or the arrow fall back upon earth, my body and life will be parted, and no man can prevent it." The prediction was true—perhaps it was fate—or, still, only a vision of the future.

* * * * * * *

The next and most reliable account of any member of the family who possessed the singular power of reading in a measure the destined future, was a Henry De Courcey, who settled on the left bank of the winding Potomac in the year 1710 or thereabout. The following extract, taken from a letter yellowed with age, describes an almost similar circumstance attending his death. It will be observed that this vision of death is always given to the one in the fourth generation who dies. The letter referred to reads:

"Henry De Courcey was filled with the wildest fancies; his nature was so morbid that his life seemed unbearable to himself, and we feared lest in some moment of extreme melancholy he would take his own life. He was led by a hope which has proven false, that possibly a change of climate, an emigration into a new world, might so act upon the physique and constitution, that the laws that caused the singular but constant accentuations of their race might be set aside. With this in view he left the halls of luxury in the mother country and built a rude cabin in this out-of-the-way colony in Virginia. The children feared him, and this caused him pain. Night after night he would walk up and down by the river bank, talking to himself in a low, monotonous voice. His moods were unaccountable; at times he would be merry, laughing and talkative; then suddenly his bright eye would become dimmed, and he would look sad and depressed. At first his motion was slow and mechanical; but little by little grew faster and faster, until he almost ran. He talked to us of visions, and toward the last they became more and more frequent; and once he startled us by a curious speech.

"'Thank your gods that the morrow is a secret hid from you and that the day you die is unknown. When the new moon can be first seen in the day I leave you. Lay me to sleep by the river, beneath the shade of the willow, and bear me in remembrance kindly.'

"You may imagine the effect it produced, and we calculated as closely as we could about what day the new moon would be seen as a pale crescent in the sky, with uncommon interest, not a little touched with superstitious fear, for the most skeptic among us refrained from jeering, because Henry De Courcey was acknowledged by all to be a remarkable person. The day we calculated arrived, and never was a man more gay than De Courcey. His spirits were exuberant; he laughed and jested with all. We had a dull feeling at our heart, as we ascertained afterward, and concealed it beneath affected high spirits. We noticed that suddenly when he seemed the brightest that day, a change came over him, and he left the gay group with his head bowed down as though wrapt in thought, with a slow, mechanical step. The sun was sinking, the pale silver crescent hung in the sky, and long shadows, lengthening shades of night, crept as spectral forms over the land from beneath the forest trees and the clumsy walls of stone. Onward with faster foot passed Henry De Courcey, his hands clasped behind his back, with his head bowed down, watching the creeping darkness mantling the things of light. He passed on, muttering, 'Shadows, shadows; I walk from them to the sunlight, yet their coldness follows, follows me, ever on.' A flower which, men say, symbolizes immortality, caught his restless eye; the shadows were creeping toward it, he leaned forward and plucked it from its fragile stem, continuing, 'Out of the shadow into the sunlight.' The shades of night grew deeper, the silver crescent was turning slowly to burnished gold, and fitful lights massed in brilliant colors the western sky, when, as a school-boy tired of play throws himself down on the lap of earth, so did De Courcey, clasping with a strong hand the little flower. And when we touched him to bid him rise, we knew that he had spoken the word of prophecy—the soul of Henry De Courcey had passed through the shadows of earth into the sunlight beyond."

* * * * * * *

What I have told you is the tradition of my family—what I will now relate is my own experience. You will perceive that the regularity of the generations for so many years establishes a precedent, if such a thing can [illegible] genealogical order of the future, and the accuracy of the fourth generation gives the [illegible] superhuman knowledge and a [illegible] power. There is a tradition in our family [illegible] of a curse, which is, briefly, that an [illegible] with feudal gallantry, exhibited various [illegible] to a young woman who had laughed his [illegible] to the fate of war became his prisoner. [illegible] gave her the choice of marriage to him [illegible] the latter, and, dying, cursed [illegible] her death before it came. But then [illegible] only a silly legend.

* * * * * * *

[illegible] day, which you may have [illegible] the celebrated lectures on [illegible] were delivered by a [illegible] institution of learn[illegible] with no relatives nearer [illegible] but an orphan [illegible] dispose[illegible] to be liberal, I did not lack friends or pleasant homes to visit. At that time I was ignorant of the peculiarities of my race. These lectures were on metaphysical subjects, and as some extraordinary performances in a so-called spiritualistic *séance* were exciting considerable gossip, the learned gentleman ventilated his opinions freely in a special paper, called "Physiological Affinities and Metaphysical Phenomena," greatly to his own credit and the satisfaction of his audience. The newspapers freely commented upon these lectures, and it was not long before they and their readers arrayed themselves in formidable battalions to discuss the pros and cons of the subject the learned gentleman had introduced to their notice. Once more the distinguished professor ascended the steps of the lecturer's stand to demonstrate the incomprehensible was not supernatural, but only the result of physical laws too subtle and complex to be reduced to a scientific basis. Naturally enough, from all parts of the country assembled a miscellaneous audience, in whom superstition, awakened by curious experiences, had left them uncomfortable—uncertain as to their beliefs in some matters.

My classmates, as well as myself, took pride in a code which rejected everything that could not be proven. We were a band of skeptics, of youthful cynics, and we dearly loved to smile at all who had faith in things which could not be demonstrated. We felt so very wise, poor fools! We daily examined a register in which were inscribed the names of all who were to attend the new course of lectures, and taxed our wit to jeer and scoff. One day, however, my eye was attracted by a name similar to my own; not so much on that account—although the name is an uncommon one—but because it awakened within me considerable interest. It was a signature hurriedly written in a quick, nervous hand, every character of which was ill-formed, but still singularly indicative of strength in its writer. I glanced at it casually at first; but soon discovered that it seemed to fascinate me, and I fell into a brown study over it. Wherever I went that day, I read it—it seemed branded on wood, engraven on stone and printed on every piece of paper I touched. What could there have been about a simple writing of a name which should have awakened within me such uncommon interest? I wondered why it should have attracted me. I could not dislodge it from my mind. It led me, strangely enough, back to the hall in which the volume it was recorded within was preserved. I read it over again, scanned it, and at last traced it on fine paper. I even inquired of the clerk if he remembered the subscriber, his appearance, his age, and had formed any impressions of him. The register contained the address of his lodgings as well as his name. I had occasion to remember this when I found myself strolling through the street in which the building he lodged in was located, some time later in the evening of the same day. I remember having stopped and looked up as though chance might have led the bearer of the name to the window. Mechanically I crossed the street, possibly to verify the number; and as a lodger standing at the door seemed inclined to regard me with suspicion, I ascended the stairs as though I had business on the premises. Tacked to a door was a card upon which was engraved the name Henry De Courcey, Maple Wood, Virginia, with a heavy pencil-mark passed over the address. Instantly there flashed over me a remembrance that I had heard as a boy from my father of connections in Virginia, of whom for some strange reason or other neither he nor my mother could ever be induced to speak. The door was opened by an aged colored servant, who seemed at first surprised to see me standing there, and in a voice faltering with agitation asked me if I had knocked and whether I had come to see his master. I gave him my card, and the old man retreated, looking once or twice over his shoulder, his features indicating such extreme emotion that I was sensibly affected, and he passed through an interior chamber into a third room. Whether it was the old man's disturbed countenance or the strangeness of my own situation, I could not tell at the time; but whatever the cause, I felt a cold, chill, depressed feeling stealing over me. The first room was evidently used as a breakfast-room and the second as a sleeping apartment, the doors of which communicated in a direct line with a third door, into a third room through which the servant had passed, and I followed and paused on its threshold, holding in my right hand, which rested on my right hip, a walking-stick, while I held my hat in my left. The room was in great disorder; a table stood in the centre, strewn with manuscript and large maps. About the room stood several cases of books, all more or less unpacked; a lounge, covered with books, somewhat back from the walls, crossed the corner diagonally; behind it stood a book-case closely packed with a miscellaneous library, holding two bronze figures, a clock and a lamp.

Between this book-case and lounge, resting against the latter with his left side exposed to me, stood Henry De Courcey, holding a book in the palm of his left hand, with the light from the lamp falling upon it over his right shoulder. His head was bent over the volume, and he turned the pages with a quick, nervous movement, running his index-finger along the margin of the page as though to check a passage the moment the eye should detect it. The servant approached him from the back, and spoke softly to attract his attention. He raised his head and saw me standing in the door; the book fell from his hand to the floor, and he swayed backward and forward as though violently agitated, while the hand so freed grasped the lounge for support. He passed the right hand over his forehead, and I heard him cry out, "My God! again!" The touch of the old servant seemed to reassure him, and observing the card, which had fallen to the floor, he stopped and picked it up, and then to my surprise advanced, saying: "Mr. De Courcey, I have expected you." He approached, crumpling the card in his hand, and I observed he had not once looked at it, and could not have seen my name.

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That man was my cousin. For three months we saw each other daily, and I observed he seemed subject to strange moods, which I watched with awe and interest. He was either extremely happy or extremely sad. Once in awhile, just prior to an intense fit of melancholy, he would appear thoroughly indifferent to all his surroundings, and would seek abstraction in study, but most frequently in music; his favorite instrument was a violin, which seemed to be the chosen mouthpiece of his inward feelings. At such times he was inclined to be cynical, and would deride and scoff everything without mercy or reverence. It was during these three months I first learned of the singularities of my race, and the fact that he and I were of the fourth generation; that of inheritance, in which one of us survived the other. One day I was seated in his rooms, smoking a cigar and glancing over some curious old folios, when he laid aside his violin and said: "As long as I live, you follow me; I go before." He then took up his instrument and played upon it. Again he laid it down in his lap, and touching the strings softly, said: "Why the future is revealed to me I cannot tell; but this thing I know, that if all men could read the future of their lives as I do, the very sparkle and effervescence would depart from it, and all would be tame and flat. A knowledge of to-morrow beggars to-day."

Henry De Courcey was a man of extraordinary mental capacity; his mind was mathematical in many respects, having once attained the rudiments of an art or science; a natural sequence of causes and effects worked out in his mind the most intricate problems of the science. His mind digested matters appertaining to the brain with as little effort as is occasioned to healthy digestive organs by the most easily digested substances.

In consequence of this mathematical tendency his natural inclinations were to reject any superstitions accepted by the world at large as religions. This, perhaps, was more odd, as he constantly acknowledged the existence of forces and influences to which he was unable to ascribe true causes, yet the existence of which was proven in himself. He constantly spoke to me of his leaving me, but never with one exception mentioned the word *death*. "I object," he said, "to the word death, as it generally brings with it the idea of dissolution instead of easement; few persons disassociate practically the factors of the human being—the earthly tenement and the spiritual tenant. To deduct either one is to dissolve the unit man, and the remainder is either animal or spirit. Both have a positive individuality: one is subject to the laws concerning matter, and the other rises above the comprehension of men who deduct the laws, and cannot therefore be circumscribed. Why the latter should be imprisoned in the former no one can tell; what its scope is, and where it belongs, cannot be even properly conjectured. All things known in the created world recognize the laws by which they exist, and exert the influences they possess to govern themselves accordingly.

"The animal sensitiveness, the delicate nerve organism given to flowers, as well as to men, occasions a shrinking back from approaching dissolution. The delicate flowers which bloom in the early morning close securely as the sun rises, which would cause them to fade and wither, and recognize thereby the laws under which they exist. Man, in shrinking back from what he knows is to be his translation to a traceless gas and a questionable palm full of dust, acts in accordance with the laws of matter and is liable to confuse the animal fear of dissolution with his spirit's timidity, which he charges erroneously with fear. In most cases men forget they are two things in one and live in their surroundings simply. My perceptions, unfortunate as they are, distinctly interpret the two existences. A false affection exists for the body and its place in the order of created things. But still, my cousin, sad is the heart of the man who knows the day on which he leaves the body—sad for the body's sake. If I had a vision of the hereafter, as I have of the coming events which will transpire before I leave the body, I would not be unhappy. But it is not so; my visions do not extend beyond the soul's escape. Of all visions, the clearest was the one which presented you to me as I first should meet you. I was only a boy when my first vision came. It was not clear and well defined; it was more like a dream—shadowy, not well defined; but the second was very clear, and the third was a perfect picture of the coming event. You stood that first morning as you had often appeared to me before, and truly, when I saw you, I thought you an apparition. You smile now, but the time will come when you will believe in the shadows of the future. Old Ned knew you; he knew the traditions of our race, and was at once struck by the strong family likeness which with us is so marked. The De Courceys are all of medium height, willowy, quick in motion, having the same lengthened face, high foreheads, hazel eyes, pallid countenances, heightened by straight black hair, pronounced noses and thin lips, as can be seen in the family portraits. Constantly of late has a vision appeared to me, which seems to have no signification, and yet you are so strongly portraited in it that I will tell you and see what you think of it:

"There seems to be a large hall of stone, in which there are many people. I could not see them distinctly, but they appeared bright and attractive. I thought they seemed interested in a little group at the end of the hall that stood on a raised platform. One figure of this little party was a woman, whose hand I held in mine. You stood watching me. There were other ladies and other men present, but I could not see them; they faded away before I could look at them. Suddenly there was confusion and darkness, and I could see I was lying on the floor and you were leaning over me, with your hand in the breast of my coat. Then you rose and held your right hand up, with the palm turned to the assemblage, and your lips moved. The scene then faded away; not quickly, but slowly and confusedly. I cannot tell what it all means; it must signify my death.

"When you go to England, go down to Surrey and visit the old hall. The pictures still hang on the walls. You will find that in all generations extraordinary likenesses exist with our fathers. And if you look more carefully and select the ones who were fated to die in the fourth generation, you will be struck with the fact of their resemblance to me, and the survivor, to yourself."

We talked for some time that afternoon, and as I left him and bade him good-bye, he said: "Henry, I may want you. You will feel that I want you. Come to me then, will you?" I promised. We parted—he for Virginia and I for England.

* * * * * * * * *

The following Summer I was in France, ever now and then making quiet little jaunts to the gay capital, and searching out those attractions peculiar to bachelor tastes, before which the art and more stable worlds are said to pale their ineffectual fires. A liberal deduction from the hours allotted to sleep hardly sufficed for the crowding pastimes hurried into the measured time of day. The present was all-absorbing, and though fatigue or discontent had not made itself manifest, I constantly felt myself drawn away in fancy to Virginia, to the home of my strange cousin, which amused me somewhat, as I had only seen photographs of the queer old manor. His letters were cheerful, chatty and instructive, and generally terminated with the suggestion that I should visit the old hall in Surrey. We visited some old castles, my friends and I; and then it was I spoke of the old Norman home of the De Courceys, which called forth a casual remark from an English friend that impressed me deeply. It was to the effect that when he had first seen me he wondered if we had not met before, so familiar was my face to him; but when I had spoken of the old castle he recalled a picture that was a likeness, in fact almost a portrait, of myself. I determined to visit the castle, and so strong had the desire grown upon me that I resolved to do so at once, and a few days afterward I was in England. The estate, though still held by my family, had been rented for years, and the occupant, a courteous English gentleman, kindly received me when I announced that I had visited it to see the old gallery, to make the acquaintance, in fact, of my forefathers, and insisted upon my visiting him. On the morning after my arrival we were early in the saddle and hunted the country. That evening a cold, drizzling rain had set in, and the guests seated themselves about the huge open fireplace, and watched the logs crackling on a hearth which was renowned for its antiquity. The extraordinary resemblance of several old paintings to myself induced my host to speak of the old hall, its history and traditions. Some queer old tales were told, and among other things mentioned was a story that no De Courcey could live comfortably in it—an old nursewife's tale, no doubt. Wearied by the morning's ride, the company early disbanded, and one after another they retired for the night. My bedchamber was one of the oldest rooms in the house, and the rafters, hewn out of oak, suggested to my mind many odd ideas connected with the De Courcey family. I cannot say that I had fallen asleep, and was perhaps only dozing, when I heard a distinct knock which brought me back to consciousness. On its repetition I arose, lighted a candle, and opened the door; and finding no one without, closed it again, and believing my senses deceived me, blew out the light and composed myself once more for sleep. I had observed that the rain was now falling fast and hard, and the winds sighed in the gables. The knocks may have been in imagination only, or perhaps occasioned by a branch of a tree or a loose board swung by the wind—however, sleep made me indifferent, and I dismissed it from my mind. In the course of an half hour, as well as I could judge, three distinct knocks aroused me, and raising myself on my elbows, I looked out into the darkness of the room, as the sound seemed to have been inside, not outside of it.

In the northwest corner, which should have been the darkest, there appeared an undefinable whitish mist, which, as I looked upon it, seemed to grow more dense and gradually took the shape of a human form. It advanced into the room and its shadowy hands began to enact a pantomime of grief, clasped one in the other, now stretched out from the body, then down, and then unclasping, covered the face and ran backward over the forehead and hair. I had seen my cousin in his worst moods doing this very thing and I immediately connected the phenomenon with him. I watched it and became convinced that it was in some way connected with him, and when this idea had firmly possessed me, it faded away, and left me nervous and far from desirous of sleeping. At last I fell asleep, and as I passed into unconsciousness my cousin's words came back to me, "Henry, I may want you; you will feel that I want you; come to me then, will you?"

Shortly after my arrival in New York city I received a letter from my cousin which surprised me. I was startled by the news it contained and perplexed by the strangeness of it. If ever I had for a moment questioned myself as to my belief in his sanity hitherto, I am sure that on this occasion I entertained grave doubts. His letter commenced in his usual frank and cheerful style, clearly written in his decided handwriting; but whether he was interrupted or a change of mood affected him, I cannot tell; however, the letter, so pleasantly commenced, terminated in a hurriedly-written, semi-legible hand, despondent and down-hearted. He had written to announce to me his engagement to a young lady of an old Virginia family—one with whom he had played as a little child.

The announcement surprised me. I had always known that my cousin had entertained a strong feeling of affection for her; but he had so persistently asserted his belief in the family traditions, and their repetition in his own case in the future, that I was surprised to hear his intentions, which were foreign to the facts of the family history. What I was most surprised at was the termination of his letter: "The happiness I have pictured will never be mine. Never before have I been so divided against myself as I am now. On one hand is arrayed all the feelings which make life endurable, if not enjoyable; it is the longing of the earthy part of man for life. On the other is my soul, or spirit, or whatever else it is, and it seems to mock the other pleasure it would find in this new state of living and longs for the freedom of which I know not. I know I must perish; but when, I cannot tell. I cannot comprehend the vision yet; it seems curtained with a mist. The vision is so obscure that I dare risk the pleasure of the present happiness; yet something whispers, I may taste of the sweetness, but will never drink it. Who can tell but love may prove a talisman? I am like a swimmer in mid-ocean, striking out boldly for life while hope has gone to the bottom. No, no, there is no hope; I must surrender this struggle. I must throw off this infatuation of earth's life. I must not be ready to stay here long. Here I am lost, lost, lost."

Plainly enough, he was engaged to be married, and the evidence I deducted from his letter was sufficient to convince me he never for a moment believes the marriage would take place; something would happen to prevent it. I realized De Courcey's feeling about life, his twofold character, the animal nature which loved the sun, the air, the trees, the birds, in fact the earth, and the spiritual, which saw only pain, sorrow, sadness around him, and which felt imprisoned in the body and longed for the immensity of boundless space. It was a struggle of the former to live; it was a coercion of the spiritual to the animal. I felt he wanted me, and I went to him, which happened within the week of my return, and I was surprised to find him in excellent spirits.

Maplewood was a grand old place—one of the few country-seats which, through all changes, had never suffered neglect, and in consequence of the care that had been bestowed upon it, it had become the Eden of Virginia. The buildings upon it were quaint and picturesque, and although an architect might have been shocked by the apparent recklessness in which various styles of architecture were blended in the hall, it so reflected the times through which it had passed, and the varying tastes of its generations of owners, that it possessed fascinations even greater than those of art to all good, staunch Virginians, who loved Maplewood as an ancient landmark. The centre building was a curious old pile of stone, built in a circle, with a broad veranda, the roof of which was supported by Corinthian pillars. Upon entering the hall, the first thing that attracted notice was a cabin of rough stone, with the chimney constructed upon its side. Above it was the dome of the house. The rooms all opened upon a gallery which encircled an open space. This old stone house was the home of the first De Courcey in America. Adjoining the main building were rambling wings, which had been added to, generation after generation, as the owner of the premises desired. The old house was filled with people during the week that preceded the wedding of Henry De Courcey. It was a continuous season of gaiety; the young people rode, drove and indulged in every amusement that could be imagined, and no one was brighter, happier or more merry than our host. The morning of the wedding came, and all the bridegroom's friends, and many of the bride's, who had been staying at the adjoining estates, walked to the old grey stone church which a De Courcey had built and endowed with a living, and politely struggled for aisle seats. The stone pillars were wreathed with festoons of smilax interwoven with roses, and the chancel was filled with palms and ferns. De Courcey had given the church an organ, one of the finest that could be purchased, and a celebrated organist had been employed to come from Boston to play it; and as the church was full and the bridal party had not arrived, the little grey church was filled with airs uncommon to its walls. Hitherto only the sweet, sympathetic voices of the village lads and lassies had been heard in it; but on this day the church was to be made fashionable, and the voices had been banished.

My cousin and I waited in the vestry room until the sexton should tell us that the bridal party had arrived. Every now and then we would peep out and see an usher showing some lady to a seat and chatting pleasantly to her as he escorted her. The people gossiped and said "love has regenerated De Courcey; the old family traits have died out; no De Courcey of his generation ever married." This I learned afterward was what the people said. How it was I cannot tell, but I said to De Courcey, "How do you feel?" I referred to his going out into the church to be stared at. He placed his hand upon my shoulder and said, looking into my eyes: "Never have I felt so singularly happy, yet so very sad. I feel as if I were tempting fate." Fortunately the arrival of the bridal party was announced, and I was saved a reply. His answer had affected me deeply. We stood at the chancel steps and saw the bridal party enter the church as the oaken doors swung wide open. First came six ushers, walking by couples with a measured step, preceding four bridesmaids prettily dressed and carrying suspended from their left arm by silken sashes odd-shapen baskets filled with flowers. The procession terminated with the bride, leaning on her father's arm. I noticed my cousin's face was deadly pale and his eyes sparkled like diamonds. He received his bride with a pleasant look of welcome and advanced to the altar with her. The aged clergyman in his snowy vestments read from a book the service prescribed by the Episcopal Church. The bridal party formed to the sides. I stood a little to one side. I watched my cousin and observed that he continually opened and closed his right hand, as though endeavoring to allay nervousness. I felt a hollow, sinking feeling at my heart, as though something terrible was impending. The clergyman read the question, "Henry, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

During the reading of the question, Henry De Courbey swayed backward and forward, as though deeply affected. A truant beam of sunlight found its way through some uncovered corner of a window, and fell upon the marble cross and flashed on its highly polished surface. I saw that De Courcey was startled by it; his eye had wandered from the clergyman to the cross behind him. The question had been read and the answer suggested by the priest. De Courcey did not seem to hear him. He still continued swaying backward and forward; he lifted his hands from his side and extended them; suddenly he fell with a dull thud on the mosaic floor. I leaned over him, and placing my hand within his coat over his heart, failed to detect its pulsation, and rising, I uplifted my hand, with the palm turned out to the assemblage, and said, "He is dead!"

The weird significance of my cousin's vision flashed over me, and looking back, I saw that the straggling beam of sunlight no longer lit up the marble whiteness of the cross.

Cosmetics are considered a luxury of the toilet, especially when these are not injurious to the skin. Powders for the face are used by nearly every lady who desires to look well, as a greasy, shining skin is never agreeable. One great difficulty has always been met with in using the various powders for the face—they are so light that in a few moments after application they disappear. The Oriental Cream of Dr. T. Felix Gouraud is a magical beautifier, and, being a liquid preparation, it remains on the skin, giving it a charming bloom. Its ingredients are proven by chemical analysis perfectly harmless, and those using it for many years have testified to its healthfulness. It is a fact acknowledged that nothing adds more to the beauty than a transparent and clear complexion. Fine features are desirable; but with these and a rough, wrinkled, or tawny skin, there is but small attraction. The Oriental Cream of Dr. T. Felix Gouraud will dispel all blemishes of the skin. It is highly desirable for the use of those attending evening entertainments, when dancing heats the face and causes it to look greasy. It is the duty of all persons to look as well as possible, and how much better they will appear by an application of Oriental Cream can only be seen by using it. A few years since the Board of Health, in condemning the cosmetics of the period as poisonous, specially exempted Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, pronouncing it harmless. The main depot for its sale is at No. 48 Bond street, but can be found at all first-class Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canadas and Europe.—*New York Commercial Advertiser, Feb. 19, 1880.—Com.*

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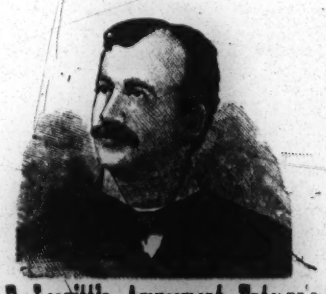

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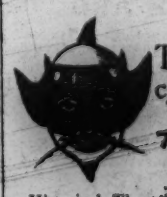

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OLIVETTE.

The first appearance in this city of the Fay Templeton Comic Opera company, which took place at the Park Theatre, Monday night, was a great success, the greatest ever accorded to a comic opera company in Brooklyn.—Union-Argus, May 2, 1882.

MASCOTTE.

The Fay Templeton Opera company gave one of the best productions of La Mascotte yet witnessed in Brooklyn, at the Park Theatre, last evening.—New York World, May 2, 1882.

PATIENCE.

Every seat in the house was occupied, and standing room was barely attainable. The singing was excellent.—N. Y. Herald, May 2.

The company made a decided hit and leaped at once into popular favor and esteem.—Brooklyn Eagle, May 2, 1882.

PIRATES.

The organization is the best comic opera company that has visited Brooklyn this year, and in acting, dancing and singing, costumes, accessories and chorus is a veritable model.—Brooklyn Review.

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BERTHA WELBY.

The Triumph of '82 and the Undisputed Success of '83, in

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE!

[Grand Rapids Times.]

Miss Welby gives a conscientious rendering of her rôle. In its present shape the part is a hard one, yet she handles its lights and shades well, and makes a pretty picture of it.

[Grand Rapids Evening Leader.]

Miss Welby is a talented actress and a handsome woman. Her success in portraying the difficult character she assumes is worthy unstinted praise.

[Daily Gazette, Kalamazoo.]

She represents the best hope of the American stage.

[Detroit Chall.]

Bertha Welby certainly made a hit in Detroit.

[Port Huron Times.]

Bertha Welby is a true artist, and appears to good advantage in her new rôle.

[Flint Journal.]

Miss Welby's acting was grand, her delineation of a charming woman being perfect.

[Saginaw Courier.]

In emotional scenes she has developed especial strength.

[Bay City Evening Press.]

Bertha Welby is all her ardent admirers of her dramatic ability claim for her.

[Bay City Morning Call.]

Bertha Welby came fully up to what the press has lavishly accorded her as an actress of rare form, manner and ability.

[East Saginaw Tribune.]

She acts strongly, and is calculated to ensure the sympathy of the audience.

[London Advertiser.]

As the play advanced she won the admiration of the audience, and was enthusiastically called before the curtain at close of second and third acts.

[Brantford Evening Telegram.]

She possesses all the qualifications for a successful star, and was frequently called before the curtain.

[Brantford Courier.]

Her acting is easy and graceful, her voice sweet, clear, well modulated and under perfect control. She received a genuine ovation from the audience.

[Indianapolis Independent.]

Miss Welby's forte is in the delineation of suppressed but deep emotion. In such scenes Miss Welby's acting was really fine.

[Hamilton Times.]

Bertha Welby's portrayal of the leading rôle was excellent throughout. She is possessed of a fine presence, and a naturalness which shows a true appreciation of her art. Her voice is good, and she possesses all the qualifications for a successful career. She was enthusiastically called before the curtain.

[Adrian Times and Expositor.]

As Agnes and the Marquise, Miss Welby sustained every requirement of the character with a force and fidelity of detail that elicited the general commendation of the large audience.

[Toledo Bee.]

Miss Welby possesses talents of a high order.

[Toledo Blade.]

That Bertha Welby's admirers were not disappointed last evening was manifested by the liberal applause lavished on her.

[Ann Arbor News.]

Miss Welby was superb as Agnes, and may well feel proud of her new triumph.

[Oil City Derrick.]

Miss Welby is an actress of great power, and will win a high position in the profession.

[Elyria Republican.]

Bertha Welby gave a splendid performance, and what is very unusual, received two calls before the curtain. She deserves a successful season.

[Rochester Post-Express.]

She has a fine stage presence, and was twice called before the curtain.

[Springfield (Ill.) State Register.]

Her portrayal of the character is at once pleasing and powerful. As the Marquise she is all life and grace and beauty, elegance of her costumes and the richness of her jewels, which properly belong to the character, one seldom sees equaled on the stage. In the later scenes, as the suffering and despairing woman, her tender pathos subdues the audience to a stillness that is absolutely painful. Nature has done much for this lady in endowing her with a beautiful face and a form of elegant symmetry, and the money which she has earned has enabled her to provide herself with magnificent costumes; but above and beyond all this there appears the very evident fact that her great natural talent has been cultivated by diligent study and a determination to advance to the front rank in her particular line of dramatic art. She carefully avoids over-acting and injudicious "staginess," is careful, does not slight the most minute detail, and in a word is thoroughly artistic in word, look and gesture. Her support is efficient, and the play seems to be destined to a long run.

[Peoria National Democrat.]

She showed herself a talented actress. Her figure is handsome and carriage graceful.

[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

She is pleasant and reserved in her style, and brought out of the part all there was in it, and was called before the curtain at close of second act.

[Defiance Times.]

Her acting was faultless—full of grace. She carried the audience with her all through the plot in a manner that will entitle her to a warm reception at any return visit.

[Decatur Review.]

To decided talent Miss Welby adds a grace and beauty of person charming in the extreme. Her course is plainly onward and upward.

[Springfield (Ill.) Journal.]

Bertha Welby is a handsome woman of considerable talent.

[Columbus Times.]

She appeared before a large audience, supported by a full and powerful company. The acting of Miss Welby was excellent. Grasping the requirements of the character, she filled the full measure of success, and recalls before the curtain attested the appreciation with which her efforts were greeted. She depicted the emotions with great skill, carrying the interest of the audience with her through the entire plot.

[Dayton Daily Democrat.]

An actress of recognized ability.

[Portsmouth Times.]

Bertha Welby played to a crowded house, proving herself a born actress. She was twice compelled to come before the curtain and acknowledge the ovations.

[Dunkirk Journal.]

She has that enthusiasm for her work which must insure success. She will be always warmly welcomed here.

[Ohio State Journal.]

Miss Welby gave the part great interest by her graceful acting. She was twice called before the curtain by the enthusiastic audience. After the performance quite a number of admiring friends, with band, serenaded the star at the Neill House.

[Columbus Bohemian.]

Bertha Welby scored a decided success. She rendered the rôle of Agnes admirably. She enters into the spirit of the piece with true dramatic vim. There is a natural grace and ease about Miss Welby that makes her acting a pleasure to witness.

[Rochester Union and Advertiser.]

Her mellow voice, her expressive face, her fine stage presence, had their effect upon the audience. She was enthusiastically called before the curtain.

[Rochester Morning Herald.]

The part gives Miss Welby full opportunity of displaying her emotional powers. In the last act she appears especially to good advantage, and deservedly won the hearty and spontaneous applause of the audience.

[Toronto World.]

As the gay Marquise she was a decided success.

[Toronto Globe.]

That Miss Welby gave a finished portrayal of the part was evinced by the hearty applause, and receiving the compliment of recall.

[Toronto Telegram.]

She is an actress of great promise, and will no doubt make her mark as a star. She was all that could be desired as the worldly Marquise.

[Toronto Mail.]

She gave a highly pleasing performance. She is graceful in her actions.

[Canton Repository.]

Aside from the force of her acting she possesses a fine voice and attractive stage presence so essential to a permanent success.

[Tarrytown News Register.]

Bertha Welby is an actress of extraordinary merit.

[Akron Daily Beacon.]

Miss Welby is an artist of high rank, and has gained a strong hold on Akron amusement-goers. She will be always welcome.

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